Past Poisons

Patrick Park

I pull up your drive and I lay on the horn.
Cling to the bottle thats keeping me warm.
Sweet whiskey Jesus I wish I werent born.You get up to leave and you hear in the dark,
Those early evening arrows missing their mark.
Cause theyre out to get you, but they dont have the heart.Youre just another one of last summers dreams,
Your eyes are blue, and your seas are green.
Some small consolation you get for a while
So drink down your sorrows and their crooked ass smilesIf you want me you know where Ill be
Putting past poisons gently to sleep.
If you want me you know where Ill be
Putting past poisons gently to sleep.Theres a fire inside that makes your blood run.
The lovers who love you smell your smoke from your gun.
You keep your confusion to your hell made for one.Youre just another one of last summers dreams,
Your eyes are blue, and your seas are green.
Some small consolation you get for a while
So drink down your sorrows and their crooked ass smilesIf you want me you know where Ill be
Putting past poisons gently to sleep.
If you want me you know where Ill be
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