Poison Tree

The Milk Carton Kids

The steam above the water rises through the air.
All I wants to touch it; feel it on my skin.
Follow in it's motion; travel where it's beenI'm a little man in a little town.
It's a little cold; I'm a little down.
I get a little angry a little bit each day.
A little while longer we'll dig a little grave.The stitches of my pocket fray upon the seam.
My truest secrets spilled over my heart beat.
A frail little drop of the poison tree.I'm a little man in a little town.
It's a little cold and I'm a little down.
I get a little angry a little bit each day.
A little while longer we'll dig a little grave.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/