Poison

Rancid

Like Chaucer's And end up killing one another in the name of greed When three men find a pot of gold Canterbury TalesSome people are poison Under my skin like opium I'll stare in their eye to annoy them Well, they're poison Yeah, they're poison Admissions of liabilities I'm livin' in my own private cold war And I can't find the doorIn a room full of spies Some people are poison Under my skin like opium Well, they're poison I'll stare in their eye to annoy them Yeah, they're poisonThe violent aspects of the tattered man Let me respond to that if I can Illuminated manuscripts written by hand Accusations have been made from the very beginningSome people are poison Under my skin like opium I'll stare in their eye to annoy them Well, they're poison Yeah, they're poison Yeah, their fuckin'... POISON

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