

# The Poison

Alkaline Trio

It's not just the pain, the pain in my back  
That laughs in my face, my face every night  
Or the poison that took my lungs  
That keeps me from feeling warm.

But how could a rooftop view in London  
Look just the same as one in Brooklyn?  
Nothing has changed but now I fight with words  
And I can't see so good.

And there's got to be more, much more than this.  
I got pages of dreams, they're covered in piss  
And the poison that took my soul,  
It keeps me from feeling anything.

And how could a rooftop view in London  
Look just the same as one in Brooklyn?  
Nothing has changed but now I fight with words  
And I can't see so good.  
And now I fight with the words,  
And now I fight with the words,  
Now I fight with the words.

And how could a rooftop view in London  
Look just the same as one in Brooklyn?  
Nothing has changed but now I fight with the words,  
And I can't see so good.  
And I can't see so good (I can't see so good).  
And I can't see so good (I can't see so good).  
And I can't see so good.