

Poison Years

Bob Mould

Poison thoughts in my mind
Got to free myself from this bind
I know I'm a reasoning guy

In an act like Jesus Christ
Stare into the sun
You don't see eye to eye with anyone

I throw it all away (Don't talk to me no more)
The more I think, the less I've got to say (I don't remember yo
u no more)
About these poison years: it's just a memory

And every time you knock me down
It's all that I can do to get up off the ground
Pull myself apart again

At the end of this rope
Rope at the end of the line
I see you swing by your neck on a vine

Treason is the reason for my poison years
Leaves are changing seasons of my poison years

Poison years in my mind
Got to free myself from this bind
I know I'm a reasoning guy

Every time you knock me down
It's all that I can do to get up
To get up off the ground