

## Past Poisons

Patrick Park

I pull up your drive and I lay on the horn.  
Cling to the bottle that's keeping me warm.  
Sweet whiskey Jesus I wish I weren't born.

You get up to leave and you hear in the dark,  
Those early evening arrows missing their mark.  
'Cause they're out to get you, but they don't have the heart.

You're just another one of last summer's 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 smiles

If you want me you know where I'll be  
Putting past poisons gently to sleep.  
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There's 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.

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