

# 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