

Poison

Rancid

Like Chaucer's
Canterbury Tales
When three men find a pot of gold
And end up killing one another in the name of greed

Some people are poison
Under my skin like opium
I'll stare in their eye to annoy DEMM (them but he says it in a
black way)
Well, they're poison
Yeah, they're poison

Admissions of liabilities
I'm livin' in my own private cold war
In a room full of spies
And I can't find the door

Some people are poison
Under my skin like opium
I'll stare in their eye to annoy DEM
Well, they're poison
Yeah, they're poison

The 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 beginning

Some people are poison
Under my skin like opium
I'll stare in their eye to annoy DEM
Well, they're poison
Yeah, they're poison
Yeah, their fuckin'... POISON