

## **Bob Mould**

# **"Poison Years"**

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There's poison thoughts in my mind  
I've 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 you no more)  
About these poison years, it's just a memory  
(It's just a memory)

Why 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

There's poison years in my mind  
I've got to free myself, oh, 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

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

Leaves are changing seasons of my

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