

Byrne David**"Poison"**

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When time is tight. Huh? You can use it. Uh-huh.
Gonna break this up. What? Before we lose it. Uh-huh.
Uh-huh.

We just let things slide. All the way home.
Over all these years. And nothing was done.
Turn over once.
Turn over twice.
And now the clock has stopped
For me and for you
I'm not afraid
Of bursting at the seams
And there's nothing that we can do.

Gotta check these out (right) He don't like it Uh-huh.
Got an empty head (huh?) And she can't stand it. Uh-
huh uh-huh

We just let things slide. All the way home.
Over all these years. And nothing was done.
Get a hold of his hands
Hold of this legs
Hold on curly top
Hold over blue
Dragged through the dust
What do I care?
And there's nothing that we can do

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