

Constantines, The "Poison"

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At the out-city dance hall,
where the wild ones lead the fire-night parade...
If you're looking for affection,
best be careful where you lay your name.

'Cause they'll pin your renegade heart to the wall
and leave you there to hang.

Last night, at some Scarborough disco,
another empty pocket took a fall.
The wild ones put a kid out of business,
and they shake it off like shivering dogs.

No dog-tooth trigger will poison us.
No sinister blade will poison us.
When we dance the night belongs to us.

Who gives a damn for the blue lawn
when the sun comes up on an empty lot?
A little more blood in the weekends wake
and they shake it off like shivering dogs.

No dog-tooth trigger will poison us.
No sinister blade will poison us.
When we dance the night belongs to us.

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