

# Wynn Stewart, Poison Red Berries

POISON RED BERRIES

Writer Mickey Newbury

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You know I don't think much about her anymore  
Seldom if ever does she cross my mind  
Yesterday's gone Lord it's better forgotten  
Like the poison red berries to die on the vine  
This mornin' at dawn I pulled into town  
Had some coffee and talked with some old friends of mine  
Laughing at all the good times they remember  
And then I remembered the time  
I can still see those bright lights back in Dallas  
As yesterday moves like a dream through my mind  
I really didn't suppose that I'd never forget her  
And you know it took such a long time  
But I don't think much about her no more  
Seldom if ever does she cross my mind  
Yesterday's gone it's better forgotten  
It's like a poison red berry that clings to the mind