

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