

# Bright Eyes, Poison Oak

Poison oak, some boyhood bravery  
When a telephone was a tin can on a string  
And I fell asleep with you still talking to me  
You said you weren't afraid to die

In polaroids you were dressed in women's clothes  
Were you made ashamed, why'd you lock them in a drawer?  
I don't think that I ever loved you more

Then when you turned away  
When you slammed the door  
When you stole the car  
And drove towards Mexico  
And you wrote bad checks  
Just to fill your arm  
I was young enough, I still believed in war

Well, let the poets cry themselves to sleep  
And all their tearful words will turn back into steam

But me I'm a single cell  
On a serpents tongue  
There's a muddy field where a garden was  
And I'm glad you got away  
But I'm still stuck out here  
My clothes are soaking wet  
From your brother's tears

And I never thought this life was possible  
You're the yellow bird that I've been waiting for

The end of paralysis  
I was a statuette  
Now I'm drunk as hell on a piano bench  
And when I press the keys  
It all gets reversed  
The sound of loneliness makes me happier