

# Marianne Faithfull, Before The Poison

Before the posion  
I wasn't down,  
If you'd been there  
If you'd been around  
I couldn't hear  
Couldn't hear a sound  
I was floating  
Above the ground

Before the poison  
I'd lost my fear  
Maybe too happy,  
To even care  
Safe in my dreams  
Couldn't see the fall  
Coming on, coming from nowhere  
My name to call

No more to say  
Nothin's coming my way  
No you, no me  
No more, how can it be  
Nowhere to run  
Out of nowhere, poison  
That is the end  
What's left for you, my friend

Before the poison  
I'd laugh out loud  
I'd see your face  
In any crowd  
But speak softly  
Without fear  
Hold on to me  
Hold me near

No more to say  
Nothin's coming my way  
No you, no me  
No more, how can it be  
Nowhere to run  
Out of nowhere, poison  
That is the end  
What's left for you, my friend?  
What's left for you, my friend?  
What's left for you, my friend?  
What's left for you...?