

Marianne Faithfull, Before The Poison

Before the poison
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...?