

Wide Mouth Mason, King Of Poison

He was an all-day bar sitter with a cocked hat on his head
The drink sank from the brim like it was laced with lead
And it could've been poison for all that he cared
'cause didn't everything he kiss seem to hurt

And everything lately was moving too fast
From his years to the drink that he chased down the glass
Then the bottle, then the bottles from the "sweet piece of ass"
Who never appreciated when he told her

No surprise that he's become
The king of what's your poison

Late in the night he would bay and bemoan
And he'd curse all the bastards who had left him alone
And he'd wish for somebody to humiliate and send home
'cause in doing so he knew he'd feel power
And he so loved to feel powerful

And his wife left home
In his high school coat
He had lost his queen
To go sail the seas
On a ship in a bottle

Loudly telling everyone
He's the king of what's your poison