

## Poison

Bert Jansch

I once thought I did know all about it  
Since the rain falls, the wind blows and the sun shines  
Don't you know that your creator is a'running out of ideas?

I know that I might die from poison  
Invisible hanging there in the sunlight  
And don't you know that your creator is a'running out of ideas?

If I was you I'd be friendly to your neighbour  
Be glad that he don't want to be your enemy  
For don't you know that your creator is a'running out of ideas?