

Poison Tree

The Milk Carton Kids

The steam above the water rises through the air
All I want's to touch it, feel it on my skin
Follow in its motion, travel where it's been

I'm a little man in a little town
It's a little cold, I'm a little down
I get a little angry, a little bit each day
A little while longer, we'll dig a little grave

The stitches of my pocket fray upon the seam
My truest secret spilled over my heartbeat
A frail little drop of the poison tree

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