

# Treble Charger, Cubicle

The news absconded all  
Past dually marked  
Of what you wanted done  
January's been long  
He walked around his stuff  
As she's been so  
The manager speaks of him  
Twenty five years down

There's nothing there at all  
The biggest things are always small  
It doesn't matter at all

The emptiness on his face  
Now you've put wrong  
The simple moments of  
Tempering the night

Stand around my seething  
On what's involved  
From arguments left out  
Can't you hear the call?