

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?