

Treble Charger, Morale

Morale is low, the weather's good
Thought it might be understood
You're not alone, the rest is more or less the rest
Would you be so kind as you can be
Thought it'd start to bother me
And please don't stop
Until I tell you something else

There's not a lot of time
And the feeling is slow
Will the hurt be generous?
Will it ever be known?

The weather's bad, the room is cold
Lights are off in the house down the road
You pass the time, I'll try to stay the wait alone
Would it help to ask and be polite?
If not it'll wait an overnight
To be so bold
I thought I'd tell you something else

If you stop me, ask me why
You can't help it if you try
So try and try and try and try

I wandered out the back and held my ground