

# Treble Charger, More's The Pity

I am everything  
I am on the brink of still  
It's not all it's true  
Sitting on a sprinkler  
Take my call and see  
The receiver to your ear  
When you bridge the leap  
It will all become so clear

That there's not only one of me  
Just look closely now  
Count them all and you'll get three  
That one's clever, this one's free  
But it's your favourite  
I hate more's the pity

I've seen everything  
I can only think is true  
Check my windowpane  
If you can't enjoy the view  
I could fall for less  
I believe a thing you say  
Write it down for me  
And it will all come into play

There's not only one of me  
Just look closely now  
Count them all and you'll get three  
That one's clever, this one's free  
But it's your favourite  
I hate more's the pity

Lined up in a row  
Like little dolls, like bungalows  
The reasons look the same  
A newer version, same old game

I am everything  
I am on the brink  
I'm not anything  
I could use a drink

Tell me what you see  
You look close but it's not me  
I'm not what you need  
And I'll never ever be