

Treble Charger, Red

I saw you looking for a light,
Face painted cigarette white.
You asked the cleanest boy you found;
You couldn't see me turned around.
His fingers stretched across your empty gaze,
But I just can't escape.

Chorus:

As the red fades from your wrinkled dress,
A picture of the people you've impressed,
Hangs on a wall around here;
Vision starts to crawl when I'm near.
And the evening waits,
While you get caught up to your own mistakes,
Made up of different lines,
I wouldn't want to keep in my mind.

I wondered why you'd come around,
Remembering your little girl frown.
Your answers kept the crowd at bay,
With compliments unwilling to pay.
I have some things I'd like to say to you,
But they just can't be true.

Chorus

solo

Chorus