

## All Caps

### "Centralia"

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Is it all a question of timing ? It sounded right in my head  
Is it all a matter of content ? Or something else I said ?  
These lips part waves to blank stares I forgot to think again  
These words are the cause of cold shoulders and an empty room  
This place is a ghost town. This silence is frightening  
I'm talking to a wall again. I never know when to say when  
It's not like there's no intent. It's not like I can't see  
Every time I open up ... "Is something the matter ?"  
This place is a ghost town. This silence is frightening  
I'm talking to a wall again I never know when to say when  
You won't be back. December night, my third strike  
You won't be coming back for more. "Is something the matter ?"  
You won't be back.

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