

Treble Charger

"Red"

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Saw you looking for a light
Face painted cigarette white
You asked the cleanest boy you found
Couldn't see me turned around

His fingers stretched across your empty gaze
But I just can't escape

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 wanna 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

As the red fades from your wrinkled dress
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Hangs on a wall around here
Vision starts to crawl when I'm near

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