

## Morale

Treble Charger

Morale is low, the weather's good  
Thought it might be understood  
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