

## Red

Treble Charger

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  
That 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 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 had some things I'd like to say to you  
But they just can't be true