Red

Treble Charger

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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