

Ms. Led

Jack Stauber

Afternoon, Ms. Led
Why are your eyes so red
Something need be said
Or pretty soon you're dead

That spiteful love you adore
Won't be taken anymore
Get your feet on the floor
Just three a day you won't get sore

Alone and dull
You needed therapy
I gave you all
You wanted more from me

I want to call
And listen to memories
Alone and dull
You lived my hell for me