

Ben Folds Five, Fred Jones Pt. 2

Fred sits alone
at his desk in the dark
theres an akward young shadow
that waits in the hall
hes cleared all his things
and hes put them in boxes
things that remind him
that life has been good
25 years hes worked at the paper
a mans here to take him downstairs
And I'm sorry Mr. Jones
Its time
There was no party
and there were no songs
cause todays just a day
like the day that he started
theres no one thats left here
that knows his first name
and life barrells on
like a runaway train
where the passengers change
they don't change anything
you get off someone else can get on
and I'm sorry Mr. Jones
Its time
Streetlights shine through the shades
casting lines on the floor
like the lines on his face
he reflects on the day
Fred gets his paints out
and goes to the basement
projecting some slides
onto a plain white canvas
and traces it fills in the spaces
he turns off the slides and it doesn't look right
ya and all of these bastards
have taken his place
hes forgotten but no yet gone
and I'm sorry Mr. Jones
and I'm sorry Mr. Jones
and I'm sorry Mr. Jones
Its time