

Ben Folds Five, Silver Street

Now the houses are ghosts
Over Silver Street
They got 'em dressed up like clowns
Married couples slamming doors
Bums praising the Lord
You're playing tapes for the town
Now the neighbourhood's mixed
And your college friends
Are getting younger every year
The wind don't blow
And the grass don't grow
You're never leaving Silver Street
You bought some brown wire-frames
At a junk shop
And that was you trademark at school
Now they're barely hanging on
And the styles are moving on
It's hard for a man to stay cool.
So the seasons change and the storefronts change
While everything else stays the same
The wind don't blow and the grass don't grow
You'll never leaving Silver Street
But now don't get me wrong
cause, oh-woah-oh, I
like this neighborhood
oh, and seeing you is good
But now we spend the day so completely uninspired
Asking why oh why should I be
tired
They're filling the pot holes in on Silver Street
They're waking the neighbors up at noon
Now you're friends are out on break
And you're out on your brown lawn
Raking the dirt with a broom
Well the seasons change and the storefronts change
While everything else stays the same
The wind don't blow and the grass don't grow
You never leave Silver Street
Never leaving, never leaving,
never leaving, never leaving
oh, woah-oh, ah