

Ben Folds, Brick

Six a.m. day after Christmas
I throw some clothes on in the dark
The smell of cold
Car seat is freezing
The world is sleeping
I am numb

Up the stairs to her apartment
She is balled up on the couch
Her mom and dad went down to Charlotte
They're not home to find us out

And we drive
Now that I have found someone
I'm feeling more alone
Than I ever have before

She's a brick and I'm drownin' slowly
Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere
She's a brick and I'm drownin' slowly

They call her name at seven-thirty
I pace around the parking lot
And I walk down to buy her flowers
And sell some gifts that I got

Can't you see
It's not me you're dying for
Now she's feeling more alone
Then she ever has before

She's a brick and I'm drownin' slowly
Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere
She's a brick and I'm drownin' slowly

As weeks went by
It showed that she was not fine
They told me, "Son it's time to tell the truth," and
She broke down and I broke down
Cause I was tired of lying

Driving back to her apartment
For the moment we're alone
Yeah she's alone
And I'm alone
Now I know it

She's a brick and I'm drownin' slowly
Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere
She's a brick and I'm drownin' slowly