

Ben Folds, Fred Jones, Part 2

Fred sits alone at his desk in the dark
There's an awkward young shadow that waits in the hall
He's cleared all his things and he's put them in boxes
Things that remind him that life has been good
Twenty-five years
He's worked at the paper
A man's here
To take him downstairs
And I'm sorry
Mr. Jones, it's time
There was no party and there were no songs
'Cause today's just a day like the day that he started
And noone is left here that knows his first name
And life barrels 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, it's time
Streetlight shines through the shades
Casting lines on the floor and 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
Yeah and all of these bastards
Have taken his place
He's forgotten but not yet gone
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones
It's time