

# 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 no one 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  
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And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones  
It's time