

# Ben Folds, 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