

# 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

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