Ben Folds Five, Fred Jones Pt. 2

Fred sits alone at his desk in the dark theres an akward young shadow that waits in the hall hes cleared all his things and hes put them in boxes things that remind him that life has been good 25 years hes worked at the paper a mans here to take him downstairs And I'm sorry Mr. Jones Its time There was no party and there were no songs cause todays just a day like the day that he started theres no one thats left here that knows his first name and life barrells 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 Its time Streetlights shine through the shades casting lines on the floor like the 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 ya and all of these bastards have taken his place hes forgotten but no yet gone and I'm sorry Mr. Jones and I'm sorry Mr. Jones and I'm sorry Mr. Jones Its time