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