

Ben Folds, Smoke

leaf by leaf and
page by page
throw this book away
all the sadness
all the rage
throw this book away
rip out the binding and
tear the glue
and all of the grief
we never even knew
we had it
all along

now it's...
smoke

the things
we've written
in it
never really happened
all the things
we've written
in it
never really happened

and all of the people
come and gone
never really lived
and all the people come
have gone
no one
to forgive

smoke

we will
not write a new one
there will
not be a new one
another one
another one

here's an evening
dark with shame
(throw it on the fire)
here's the time
I took the blame
(throw it on the fire)

here is the time
that we didn't speak,
it seemed for years and years and
here's the secret
no one will ever know
the reasons for the tears

they are...
smoke

smoke
smoke

we will
not write a new one

there will
not be a new one
another one
another one

where do all
the secrets live?
they travel in the air
you can smell them
when they burn
they travel

those who say
the past is not dead, can
stop and smell the smoke
you keep saying
the past is not dead, well,
stop and smell the smoke
you keep on saying
the past is not even past, and
you keep saying

we are...
smoke

smoke
smoke