

# Ben Folds, Video

barren stares  
as they light up the screen  
bearing teardrops  
that shatter in slow-motion, no-  
vocaine our brains  
and we're out like lights  
and as I'm growing older  
I'm bored  
and I remember when misery  
thrilled me much more  
when I can't relax  
and I'd like to go back  
but that's gone  
yeah, that's gone  
turn around  
turn the volume down  
we're counting the days down

'til the day  
when we'll live in a video  
I'll be stone-faced and pale  
you'll pout in stereo  
24 hours  
every day of the year  
and oh what fun  
I can't wait 'til the future gets here

closing in on the pain  
and the torture  
he's slamming the door  
like it's something to strive for  
the girl tearing curtains down  
looks funny as hell  
and a  
sense of humor,  
can there be any doubt?  
yeah, well, natural selection  
just weeded it out  
used to keep me  
from laughing out loud

but that's gone  
we don't think that way no more  
that's gone  
turn around  
turn the volume down  
we're counting the days down

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when we'll live in a video  
I'll be stone-faced and pale  
you'll pout in stereo  
24 hours  
every day of the year  
and oh what fun  
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well, I've seen  
some old friends sort of die  
or just turn into whatever  
must've been inside them  
(and whatever all of us had then in common)  
(grew up)  
and left home

we don't think that way no more  
turn around  
turn the volume down  
we're counting the days down

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