

Ben Folds, Zak And Sara

Sara spelled without an 'h' was getting bored

On a Peavee amp in 1984

While Zak without a 'c' tried out some new guitars

Playing Sara-with-no-h's favourite song

(La da da da, la da da, la da da)

(La da da da, la da da, la da da)

Zak and Sara

Often Sara would have spells where she lost time

She saw the future, she heard voices from inside

The kind of voices she would soon learn to deny

Because at home they got her smacked

(La da da da, la da da, la da da)

(La da da da, la da da, la da da)

Zak and Sara

Zak and Sara

Zak called his dad about layaway plans

And Sara told the friendly salesman that:

"You'll all die in your cars,

And why's it gotta be dark?

And you're all working in a submarine"

(Asshole)

She saw the lights, she saw the pale English face

Some strange machines repeating beats and thumping bass

Visions of pills that put you in a loving trance

That make it possible for all white boys to dance
And when Zak finished Sara's song, Sara clapped

(La da da da, la da da, la da da)

(La da da da, la da da, la da da)

Zak and Sara

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