

Silver Street

Ben Folds

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 neighborhood'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.
Now the seasons change
And the storefronts change
While everything stays the same
The wind don't blow
And the grass don't grow
You're never leaving Silver Street

But, now don't get me wrong
Cause I like this neighborhood
Oh, and seeing you was good
But now we spent the day
So completely uninspired
Asking, "Why should I be tired?"

They're filling the potholes in on Silver Street
You're waking the neighbors up at noon
Now your friends are out on break
And you're out on your brown lawn
Breaking the dirt with a broom
Never leaving