

Smoke

Ben Folds Five

Leaf by Leaf page by page
Throw this book away
All the sadness all the rage
Throw this book away
Rip out the binding, tear the glue
All of the grief we never ever knew
We had it all along

Now its smoke
The things we've written in it
Never really happened
All of the people come and gone
Never really lived
All of the people have come have gone

No one to forgive smoke
We will never 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's the time we didn't speak
it seemed for years and years
Here's a secret
No one will ever know the
reasons for the tears
They are smoke

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
Stop and smell the smoke
You keep on saying the past is not dead
Come on and smell the smoke
You keep saying the past is not even past
You keep saying
We are, smoke