

# 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  
realsons 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