

Video

Ben Folds Five

Barren stares as they light up the screen
Bearing teardrops that shatter in slow-motion
Novocaine our brains and we're out like lights
But as I'm growing older I'm bored
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

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

Closing in on the pain and the torture
He's slamming the doors like it's something to strive for
The girl tearing the curtains down looks funny as hell

And of sense of humor is there be any doubt
But that natural selection has 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

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