

Zak And Sara

Ben Folds Five

Sara spelled without an "h" was getting bored
On a Peavey 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)

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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)

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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)

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