

## Late

Ben Folds

Under some dirty words on a dirty wall  
Eating takeout by myself  
I played the shows  
Got back in the van and put the Walkman on  
And you were playing

In some other dive a thousand miles away  
I played a thousand times before  
And like pathetic stars, the truck stops and the rock club walls  
I always knew  
You saw them too  
But you never will again

It's too late  
Don't you know  
It's been too late  
For a long time

Elliott, man, you played a fine guitar  
And some dirty basketball  
The songs you wrote  
Got me through a lot  
Just wanna tell you that

But it's too late  
It's too late  
No, don't you know  
it's been too late  
for a long time

Oh no  
Things were looking up  
Least that's what I heard  
Oh no  
Someone came and washed away your hard-earned  
Peace of mind

When desperate static beats the silence up  
A quiet truth to calm you down  
The songs you wrote  
Got me through a lot  
Just wanna tell you that

But it's too late  
It's too late  
No, don't you know  
It's been too late  
For a long time  
It's too late  
It's too late  
No, don't you know  
It's been too late  
For a long time