

# Smoke

Ben Folds

Leaf by leaf and page by page  
Throw this book away  
All the sadness, all the rage  
Throw this book away

Rip out the binding and tear the glue  
And all of the grief we never even knew  
We had it all along  
Now it's smoke

The things we've written in it  
Never really happened  
All the things we've written in it  
Never really happened

And all of the people come and gone  
Never really lived  
All the people come have gone  
No one to forgive  
Smoke

We will not 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 is the time when we didn't speak  
It seems, for years and years  
And here's a secret  
No one will ever know  
The reasons for the tears  
They are smoke  
Smoke  
Smoke

We will not write a new one  
There will not be a new one  
Another one, another one

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  
Can stop and smell the smoke  
You keep saying the past is not dead  
Well, stop and smell the smoke (you keep saying)

You keep on saying the past is not even past (you keep saying)  
And you keep saying (you keep saying)  
We are smoke  
Smoke

Smoke