

Fred Jones, Part 2

Ben Folds

Fred sits alone at his desk in the dark
There's an awkward young shadow that waits in the hall
He's cleared all his things and he's put them in boxes
Things that remind him, life has been good
Twenty-five years, he's worked at the paper
A man's here to take him downstairs
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, it's time
There was no party, there were no songs
'Cause today's just a day like the day that he started
No one is left here that knows his first name
And life barrels on like a runaway train
Where the passengers change, they don't change anything
You get off, someone else can get on
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, it's time
Streetlight shines through the shades
Casting lines on the floor and lines on his face
He reflects on the day
Fred gets his paints out and goes to the basement
Projecting some slides onto a plain white
Canvas and traces it, fills in the spaces
He turns off the slides, and it doesn't look right
Yeah, and all of these bastards have taken his place
He's forgotten but not yet gone
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, and I'm sorry, Mr. Jones
And I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, it's time

Songwriters

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