

# Zak And Sara

## Ben Folds Five

Sara spelled without an 'H' was getting bored  
On a peavea amp in 1984  
While Zak without a 'C' tried out some new guitars  
Playing Sara with no H's favorite song La da da, la da da, la da da  
La da da, la da da, la da da  
Zak and Sara 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  
But because at home they got her slapped La da da, la da da, la da da  
La da da, la da da, la da da  
Zak and Sara  
Zak and Sara Zak called his dad about layaway plans  
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" 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, la da da, la da da  
La da da la da da, la da da  
Zak and Sara  
Zak and Sara

Songwriters

Benjamin Scott Folds Published by

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