Late

[Ben Folds](#)

Under some dirty words on a dirty wall
Eating takeout by myself I play 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
Don't you know
It's been too late
For a long time
No, no
Things were looking up
Least that's what I heard
No, no
Someone came and washed
Away your hard earned
Piece 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 ya
Oh, but it's too late
It's too late
Don't you know?

It's been too late
For a long time