

Yes Man

Ben Folds

Why didn't you tell me that
I got fat?
It's so easy I could see it now looking back
As I empty one more round of smiling photographs
So many things you never mentioned to me
You didn't think I could listen
Do I come across so weak?
I guess sometimes I am
Now you're so gone
Oh, I don't need a yes man and a song
Oh, why didn't you tell me 'bout it?
I watched a patch of morning light
As it crept across the bed and it reached your sleepy eyes,
And in that time, I'd forgotten why
I couldn't tell you why I was mad,
So I held it in and you kept it back
Every picture that I click
And drag
It's obvious
Now we're so gone
Oh, I don't need a yes man and a song
Oh, why didn't you tell me 'bout it?
I know, sometimes you try to talk to me,
And I make a joke of it
I do that sometimes
I know it's gonna hurt
Why didn't you tell me that I got fat?
Now I'm crying all the way from the photoman
Cause I see I got more chins than
A Chinese phonebook has
Now you're so gone
Oh, I don't need a yes man and a song
Oh, why didn't you tell me 'bout it?
Oh, why didn't you tell me 'bout it?

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