

# Silver Street (Clean Live Album Version)

**Ben Folds**

Now the houses are ghosts  
Over Silver Street  
They got 'em dressed up like clowns  
Married couples slamming doors  
Bums praising the Lord  
You're playing tapes for the town  
Now the neighborhood's mixed  
And your college friends  
Are getting younger every year  
The wind don't blow  
And the grass don't grow  
You're never leaving Silver Street You bought some brown wire-frames  
At a junk shop  
And that was you trademark at school  
Now they're barely hanging on  
And the styles are moving on  
It's hard for a man to stay cool.  
Now the seasons change  
And the storefronts change  
While everything stays the same  
The wind don't blow  
And the grass don't grow  
You're never leaving Silver Street But, now don't get me wrong  
Cause I like this neighborhood  
Oh, and seeing you was good  
But now we spent the day  
So completely uninspired  
Asking, "Why should I be tired?" They're filling the potholes in on Silver Street  
You're waking the neighbors up at noon  
Now your friends are out on break  
And you're out on your brown lawn  
Breaking the dirt with a broom  
Never leaving

Songwriters

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