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 playingIn 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 againIt's too late
Don't you know
It's been too late
For a long timeElliott, man, you played a fine guitar
And some dirty basketball
The songs you wrote
Got me through a lot
Just wanna tell you thatBut it's too lateIt's too late
Don't you know
It's been too late
For a long timeNo, no
Things were looking up
Least that's what I heard
No, no
Someone came and washed
Away your hard earned
Piece of mindWhen 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 yaOh, but it's too lateIt's too late
Don't you know?
It's been too late
For a long time

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