

# Smoke

## Ben Folds Five

Leaf by leaf and page by page  
Throw this book away  
All the sadness, all the rage  
Throw this book away  
Rip out the binding and tear the glue  
And all of the grief we never even knew  
We had it all along, now, it's smoke  
The things we've written in it  
Never really happened  
All the things we've written in it  
Never really happened  
And all of the people come and gone  
Never really lived all the people come have gone  
No one to forgive, smoke  
We will not write a new one  
There will not be a new one  
Another one, another one  
Here's and evening dark with shame  
Throw it on the fire  
Here's the time I took the blame  
Throw it on the fire  
Here is the time that we didn't speak  
It seemed for years and years  
And here's a secret no one will ever know  
The reasons for the tears they are smoke, smoke, smoke  
We will not write a new one  
There will not be a new one  
Another one, another one  
Where do all the secrets live?  
They travel in the air  
You can smell them when they burn  
They travel  
Those who say the past is not dead  
Can stop and smell the smoke  
You keep saying the past is not dead  
Well, stop and smell the smoke  
You keep on saying the past  
Is not even past  
And you keep saying

We are, smoke, smoke, smoke

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