

# Fred Jones Pt 2

## Ben Folds

Fred sits alone at his desk in the dark  
There's an awkward young shadow that waits in the hall

He has packed all his things  
And he's put them in boxes  
Things that remind him that life has been good  
Twenty five years he's worked at the paper  
A man's here to take him downstairs  
And I'm sorry Mr Jones, it's time

There was no party and there were no songs  
Cause today's just a day like the day that he started  
And no one is left here that knows his first name  
Yeah, and life barrels on like a runaway train  
Where the passengers change  
They don't change anything  
You get off  
Someone else can get on  
And I'm sorry Mr Jones, it's time

The streetlight it shines through the haze  
Casting lines on the floor  
And lines on his face  
He reflects on the day

Fred gets his paints out and goes to the basement  
Projecting some slides onto a plain white canvas  
And traces it  
Fills in the spaces  
He turns off the slides  
And it doesn't look right  
Yeah, and all of these bastards have taken his place  
He's forgotten but not yet gone  
And I'm sorry Mr Jones  
And I'm sorry Mr Jones  
And I'm sorry Mr Jones, it's time

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