

Brick (The Warfield, San Francisco CA, 1/31/13)

Ben Folds Five

Six am day after Christmas
I throw some clothes on in the dark
The smell of cold
Car seat is freezing
The world is sleeping
I am numbUp the stairs to her apartment
She is balled up on the couch
Her mom and dad went down to Charlotte
They're not home to find us outAnd we drive
Now that I have found someone
I'm feeling more alone
Than I ever have before
She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly
Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere
She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly
They call her name at seven thirty
I pace around the parking lot
Then I walk down to buy her flowers
And sell some gifts that I gotCan't you see
It's not me you're dying for
Now she's feeling more alone
Then she ever has before
She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly
Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere
She's a brick and I'm drowning slowlyAs weeks went by
It showed that she was not fine
They told me son it's time to tell the truth
She broke down and I broke down
'Cause I was tired of lying
Driving home to her apartment
For the moment we're alone
She's alone
I'm alone
Now I know itShe's a brick and I'm drowning slowly
Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere
She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

Songwriters

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