

Silver Street

[Ben Folds](#)

Now the houses are ghosts over Silver Street
And you've got 'em dressed up like clowns
Married couples slamming doors, bums are praising the Lord
And you're playing tapes for the town
Now the neighborhood's mixed and your college friends
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
That was your trademark at school
Now they're barely hanging on and the styles are moving on
Hard for a man to stay cool
Now the seasons change and the storefronts change
Everything else 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 oh why would I be tired?"
They're filling the potholes in on Silver Street
You're waking the neighbors up at noon
Now you're friends are out on break and
You're out on your brown lawn raking the dirt with a broom
Now the seasons change and the storefronts change
Everything else stays the same
The wind don't blow and the grass don't grow
You're never leaving Silver Street
Never leaving, never leaving, never leaving, never leaving

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