

Ben Folds "Fred Jones"

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Fred sits alone at his desk in the dark
There's an awkward young shadow who waits in the
hall
Yeah, he's cleared 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
The 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 who knows his first name
And life barrels on like a runaway train
Where the passengers change, but they don't change
anything
You get off someone else can get on

And "I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, it's time"

Street light shines through the shades
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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