

Ben Folds

"How I Wish You Were Here"

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So, so you think you can tell Heaven from Hell,
blue skies from pain.
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail
A smile from a veil
Do you think you can tell
And did they get you to trade your heroes for ghosts
Hot ashes for trees
Hot air for a cool breeze
Cold comfort for change
And did you exchange a walk on part in the war for a
lead role in a cage
How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year
after year,
Running over the same old ground.
What have you found the same old fears.
Wish you were here

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