

Ben Folds

"Smoke"

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Leaf by leaf and page by page
Throw this book away
All the sadness, all the rage
Throw this book away

Rip out the binding and tear the glue
And all of the grief we never even knew
We had it all along, now, it's smoke

The things we've written in it
Never really happened
All the things we've written in it
Never really happened

And all of the people come and gone
Never really lived all the people come have gone
No one to forgive, smoke

We will not write a new one
There will not be a new one
Another one, another one

Here's an evening dark with shame
Throw it on the fire
Here's the time I took the blame
Throw it on the fire

Here is the time that we didn't speak
It seemed for years and years
And here's a secret no one will ever know
The reasons for the tears they are smoke, smoke,
smoke

We will not write a new one
There will not be a new one
Another one, another one

Where do all the secrets live?
They travel in the air
You can smell them when they burn
They travel

Those who say the past is not dead
Can stop and smell the smoke
You keep saying the past is not dead
Well, stop and smell the smoke

You keep on saying the past
Is not even past
And you keep saying
We are, smoke, smoke, smoke

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