

## **Ben Folds Five "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.  
All the grief we never even knew,  
We had it all along,  
Now it's,  
Smoke.

All the things we've written in it,  
Never really happened.  
All the things we've written in it,  
Never really happened.  
All of the people come and gone,  
Never really lived,  
And all the people come have gone,  
No-one to forgive.  
Smoke.

We will never 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 view we didn't speak, it seemed, for years  
and years,  
And here's the secret no-one will ever know.  
No reasons for the tears,  
Made of smoke.  
Smoke.  
Smoke.

We will not write a new one.

There will never be a new one,  
Another one,  
Another one.  
Another one.

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

Those who say the past is not dead,  
Come and smell the smoke.  
You keep saying the past is no dead,  
Stop and smell the smoke.  
You keep on saying the past is not even past,  
You keep saying,  
We are smoke.  
Smoke.

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