

Cake "Fred Jones"

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Ben Folds

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"

w/John Mcrae

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"

Ben Folds: "John Mcrae of Cake, y'all"

