

Ben Folds / Ben Folds Five**"Brick"**

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6 a.m.,
day after Christmas
I throw some clothes on in the dark
the smell of cold
car seat is freezing
the world is sleeping
I am
numb

up the stairs
to her apartment
she is balled up on the couch
her mom and dad
went down to Charlotte
they're not home to find us out

and we drive
now that I
have found someone
I'm feeling more alone
than I ever have before

she's a brick and I'm
drowning slowly
off the coast and I'm
headed nowhere
she's a brick and I'm
drowning slowly

they call her name
at 7:30
I pace around the parking lot
then I walk down
to buy her flowers
and sell some gifts that I got

can't you see,
it's not me you're dying for?
now she's feeling more alone
than she ever has before

she's a brick and I'm
drowning slowly
off the coast and I'm
headed nowhere
she's a brick and I'm
drowning slowly

as weeks went by
it showed that she was not fine
they told me, "Son, it's time
to tell the truth" and
she broke down
and I broke down
'cause I was tired...
of lying

driving back
to her apartment
for the moment we're alone
yeah, she's alone
and I'm alone
and now I know it

she's a brick and I'm
drowning slowly
off the coast and I'm
headed nowhere
she's a brick and I'm
drowning slowly

(I hope we got that on tape, because it was a really...)
(Is someone saying something?)
(...it was a really...)
(I don't know)
(...I was thinking...)
(No, I think I hear some kind of noise ? cut that shit!)
(I was thinking about, you know,
respecting your work with Steven and...)
(Shut the fuck up!)

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