

Ben Folds / Ben Folds Five**"Silver street"**

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Now the houses are ghost over Silver Street
you've got them dressed up like clowns
married couples slamming doors
bums praising the lord
your playing tapes for the town

well the neighborhoods next
and your college friends
are getting younger every year

the wind don't blow
and the grass don't grow
your never leaving Silver Street

You bought some brown wire frames at a junkshop
that was your trademark at school
now they're barely hanging on
and the styles are moving on
hard for a man to stay cool

now the seasons change
and the storefronts change
everything else stays the same

the wind don't blow
and the grass don't grow
your never leaving Silver Street

Now don't get me wrong
cause, oh-o, woah - I
like this neighborhood
and, now, seeing you was good
but we spent the day
so completely uninspired
asking why oh why would I be tired?

they're filling the potholes in on Silver Street
waking the neighbors up at noon
and your friends are out on break
and your out on your brown lawn
raking the dirt with a broom

now the seasons change
and the storefronts change
everything else stays the same

the wind don't blow
and the grass don't grow
your never leaving Silver Street

never leaving
never leaving
never leaving
never leaving
oh oh oh oh

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