

Michael Praytor, Five Years Later

Ben Folds Five

It was the opposite of 'Fire and Rain'
You know the song
I never thought I'd see this guy again
But I was wrong
Oh, every five years
Since 1972 when at recess
He recruited me to try to kick
The church down to the ground

Michael Praytor
So random
Who knows why some satellites
Come by and by
While others disappear
Into the sky

Good morning, mirror
Break the change to me
I tried to stay too close to see
That there's a pattern in the tiles
And a fool who marks the miles
It was long hair
And this time it was no hair
Seeming thin, divorced, inspired
Engaged in chemo, born again and fired

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So random
Who knows why some satellites
Come by and by
While others disappear
Into the sky
Disappear into the sky

Hey

At Hanes Mall parking lot at 5am
I saw him sleeping in his car
I've been up all night from New York
Bumming out on 95
Now I'm 30 and we all live with our parents
"And my wife," he said, "she kicked me out"
I said, Same here
Guess I'll see you 'round
(I'll see you around)
Guess I'll see you 'round
(I'll see you around)

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So random
Who knows why some satellites
Come by and then they disappear