

Smoke

Ben Folds

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
And all of the grief we never even knew
We had it all along
Now it's smoke

The things we've written in it
Never really happened
All the things we've written in it
Never really happened

And all of the people come and gone
Never really lived
All the people come have gone
No one to forgive
Smoke

We will not 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 time when we didn't speak
It seems, for years and years
And here's a secret
No one will ever know
The reasons for the tears
They are smoke
Smoke
Smoke

We will not write a new one
There will not be a new one
Another one, another one

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

Those who say the past is not dead
Can stop and smell the smoke
You keep saying the past is not dead
Well, stop and smell the smoke (you keep saying)

You keep on saying the past is not even past (you keep saying)
And you keep saying (you keep saying)
We are smoke
Smoke

Smoke