Late

Ben Folds

Under some dirty words on a dirty wall
Eating takeout by myself
I play the shows
Got back in the van and put the walkman on
And you were playingIn some other time a thousand miles away
I played a thousand times before
And like pathetic stars, the truck stops and the rock club walls
I always knew
You saw them too
But you never will againIt's too late
Don't you know
It's been too late
For a long time
Elliott, man, you played a fine guitar
And some dirty basketball
The songs you wrote
Got me through a lot
Just wanna tell you thatBut it's too lateIt's too late
Don't you know
it's been too late
for a long timeNo, no
Things were looking up
Least that's what I heard
No, no
Someone came and washed away your hard-earned
Piece of mind
When desperate static beats the silence up
A quiet truth to calm you down
The songs you wrote
Got me through a lot
Just wanna tell ya...Oh, but it's too lateIt's too late
Don't you know?
It's been too late
For a long time.
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