

Ben Folds, Video

barren stares
as they light up the screen
bearing teardrops
that shatter in slow-motion, no-
vocaine our brains
and we're out like lights
and as I'm growing older
I'm bored
and I remember when misery
thrilled me much more
when I can't relax
and I'd like to go back
but that's gone
yeah, that's gone
turn around
turn the volume down
we're counting the days down

'til the day
when we'll live in a video
I'll be stone-faced and pale
you'll pout in stereo
24 hours
every day of the year
and oh what fun
I can't wait 'til the future gets here

closing in on the pain
and the torture
he's slamming the door
like it's something to strive for
the girl tearing curtains down
looks funny as hell
and a
sense of humor,
can there be any doubt?
yeah, well, natural selection
just weeded it out
used to keep me
from laughing out loud

but that's gone
we don't think that way no more
that's gone
turn around
turn the volume down
we're counting the days down

'til the day
when we'll live in a video
I'll be stone-faced and pale
you'll pout in stereo
24 hours
every day of the year
and oh what fun
I can't wait 'til the future gets here

well, I've seen
some old friends sort of die
or just turn into whatever
must've been inside them
(and whatever all of us had then in common)
(grew up)
and left home

we don't think that way no more
turn around
turn the volume down
we're counting the days down

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