Con brio \(\approx 122\)

Intro.

C G F C

C G F C

and so __

C

and so __

\(1.\)

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it's getting late.

the same
it's the same, why's it always the same?

annie waits

for the last

time.

oh.

the clock
and so the same he forgot, he forgot (but) may be
he's the same, why's it always the
may be he's been seriously hurt
not same?

would that be worse?

head lights crest the hill shadows pass her by
an nie sees in dreams f riday bin go,
head lights crest the hill who will be the one
an nie, i could be if we're both still lone
...and out of sight.
...for ever more.
likely when we're old.

C Gm to G F Bb

Annie waits for the last time.

C G F C

just the same as the last time. Annie says, "you see?"
this is why I'd rather be alone.

and so

gliss.

D.S.1.

Coda 1.

Coda 2.

an née waits

for the last time.

just the same
as the last time.

but not for me.
her window was hung like a painting, she worried it might come.
there were times i would find myself saying to friends you don't under...
D7          B          G7

just me and her; and I'd so obsessed was i, and self absorbed that i

G          Fb

close the door... and I'd try to hang on as she

Em7          D

didn't see that she was

D

sank into the dark. i was

Gb          Db

cry over my head... there was always someone

Bm7          C

E          Amaj7          Dmaj7

ca'rying. there was always someone ca'rying
we gave you every thing, you could've been

a-ny thing, we gave you every thing,

you could've done a-ny thing, but to i-ma-

give a fall with no one at
all to catch you there'd always been
some one
then one night she climbed into the picture frame, out into frozen air
and out of sight.

i woke up sad from this

dream i've been having the last couple nights or so.

with her fa-
Lucia walks into a room

because she does it's not the same

room. the one she wants

ed to be in she says
"ev'rywhere i go, damn, there i am." and i just wan-

na walk a-way

won't you let

me walk a-way sometimes

i just wanna walk a-way
Fmaj7

ev'-ry one of you is fired._

B C E7 Am7 F G7 C E7 Am7 F G7

C E7 Am7 F G7 C E7

Am7 F G7 C C E7 Am7 Fmaj7 G7

I'm just an ordinary guy_
and all I want

is to be loved

don't think that I
don't know what you're saying about

me

I hear it all through these thin walls
and I just wanna walk away.

won't you let me walk away.

this time.

I just wanna walk away.
ev'ry one of you is fired.

oh, oh, oh. ev'ry one of you is fired, yeah.

woo.

F C C/E Am7 F G7
ev'ry one of you is oh, oh, oh, oh.
ev'ry one of you is fired.
ev'ry one of you is oh, oh, oh, oh.
oh, oh, oh, fired.
hoo.

Cmaj7

Fmaj7
Con sentimento 46

Intro.

C 2x only  Am7  Em7  G7  C  Am7

Em7  G7

fled sits alone at his desk in the dark.
there was no party and there were no songs.
there's an awk-
fled gets his paints out and goes to the base-
cause to-day's pro-ject-

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(the) street-light it shines through the shades casting lines on the floor and
lines on his face, he reflects on the day...
F Em7 Am Em7

F Em7 D C D

D.S.

Coda
C F Gsus4G7 C

- ry____ mr.____ jones.____ and i'm sor ry____ mr.____ jones.

F G7 C F G7 Cadd9

and i'm sor ry____ mr.____ jones,____ it's time.
Animato \( \approx 82 \) (\( \frac{4}{4} \))

Intro.  
\[ F \quad A7 \quad Bb \quad Csus4 \quad C7 \quad F \quad A7 \]

Bb  
\[ Csus4 \quad C7 \quad A \quad F \quad A7 \quad Bb \quad Csus4 \quad C7 \]

i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,  
know that you went straight to someone else  
days go on the lights go off and on  
that the while i and
year since you've been gone I've finally let you go. and I
worked through all this shit here by myself. and I
no - thing really matters when you're gone. and I

hope you find some time to drop a note. but if you
think that you should spend some time alone. but if you
think that you feel no - thing at all. if you

won't then you won't and I will
won't then you won't then 2, 3, I will

consider you then I gone. 1.
will
night all alone, and that's all.

- right. the chemicals are wearing

off since you've gone.

good.
Coda 1.
Am
C
C7
Bb
Am7

D.S.2.

C
don't
then you__ don't,_______
if you___ won't______
then you_

won't______________ and

and

D.S.2.

Coda 2.
Bb
C7

F
A7
Bb
C7

i________will con - si - der you__

Dm
Dm7
C
Bb6
Bb
Bb
Dm
F

gone._
my name is hiro i am fifty one.
since nineteen eighty life has

been no fun and i don't wanna die.
i left my family for the secretary.
(yeah.)

ah her,

ah her,

ah her,

her name is yuko, she is twenty-two.
she and my daughter were best
last night she dressed me up in hip hop pants,
the phat g-style that rides be-

friends in high school.
they say i'm crazy and it's temporary but
she wants to show me to her mom and dad.
so now she's gone and broke my heart, goddamn her.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>G</th>
<th>D</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>i refuse to rot like my contemporaries.</td>
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<tr>
<td>i told her I would not be down with that.</td>
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<tr>
<td>turns out she's been fucking his drum programmer.</td>
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<td>she likes his style, she likes his</td>
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<th>B9</th>
<th>E7</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>wanna explode</td>
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<td>rock star glamour</td>
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<tr>
<td>in a karaoke supernova</td>
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<tr>
<td>well, she's an infant he can damn well have her</td>
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<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>A</th>
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<th>G</th>
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<tr>
<td>i don't wanna grow old</td>
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<tr>
<td>won't you let me, won't you</td>
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<th>D</th>
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<td>let me explode</td>
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<tr>
<td>i don't wanna grow old</td>
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62
won't you let me, won't you let me explode a ah.
in a karaoke supernova.
'cause lately I can feel the years between us.

and hope to God that friends at work don't see us.
tonight she asked me if I'd ever seen Jesus
'cause she had backstage passes for three of us.

D.S.1.
won't you let me, won't you let me explode a ah in a karaoke super nova.

A E G D

E G D
she's so sensitive,
oh so long ago,
and shit just hap-

pens sometimes.
-ing something.

she's my ev'ry thing,
life was sim-ple then.

she's my best friend and more.
but she's not hap-py now and i
we don't do
don't feel

any thing
any thing

we didn't do the day... before
her lips are mo-v ing, i am mes...
you go
merized

you oughta know
by tiny lines.

that I didn't mean to hurt you, I just want

I'm watching as the shapes are drawing slowly.

ed you to know.
ly from her eyes.

1.2. black tears are falling.

black tears are falling.

ing, falling

ing, falling

and I am wrong.

ah.
black tears are falling, falling, falling.

_ say what I've done._

ah.

she's sitting here beside me and she is gone.

black tears are falling, falling, falling.

1.

black tears are falling.
\[ C_{sus4} \quad C \quad G \]

- ing fall ing

\[ B^b \quad B^b6 \quad B^b\text{maj7} \quad C \]

black tears are fall ing, fall ing

\[ B^b \quad B^b6 \quad B^b\text{maj7} \quad C \]

black tears are fall ing, fall ing

\[ D_{sus4} \quad D7 \quad D \quad Am \quad Am7 \quad D \]

lo sing lisa,
Am7  Am  Am7  Am7  D

losing lisa,

Am7  D  Fmaj7

losing lisa and there's no

Dsus4  D7  Dsus4

thing i can do

D7  E  G  Dm7


not the same
words and music by ben folds

Energico  \( \frac{3}{4} \) 98

Intro.

N.C.    C

C    G    Fm6    C
took a trip
and climbed a tree
at ro-bert sledge's par-ty.
and
there you stayed
(un)til morn-ing came
and you were not the same
— af-ter that.
you gave your life
took the word
and made it heard
you

55
and after all your friends went home you came down, you
and eased the people's pain and for that you were idolized, you

looked around mortalized.

and you were not the same after that.
you were not the same after that.

ah. walking tall you'd bought it all.
you were not the same

after that.

after that until ah.
someone died on the water slide.
you were not the same after that you've seen them
and you were not the same after that you see them
drop like flies from the bright sunny skies, they come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes. you've got one

---

good trick and you're hanging on, you're hanging on

c

---

1. to it.

2. you
you see them
good trick and you're hanging on, you're hanging on.

D.S.

drop like flies.)

you're hanging on,

you're hanging on,
you're hanging on...
let me tell ya'll what it's like being male, middle class and white.

it's a bitch, if you don't believe, listen up to my new c-d, sh'mon.  

2x (ya'll don't know what it's like

being male, middle class and white. ya'll don't know what it's like

being male, middle class and white.)
I got shit running through my brain, so intense that I can't explain.

All alone in my white boy pain, shake your boot-y while the band complains.

You'll don't know what it's like being male middle class and white. It gets me.

Real pissed off (and) it makes me wanna say...

It gets me real pissed off (and) it makes me wanna say...

It gets me real pissed off (and) it makes me wanna say...

I'm rockin' the su -
- burbs, just like "Michael Jackson" did.
- burbs, just like "Quiet Riot" did.
- burbs, just like "Jon Bon Jovi" did.

I'm rockin' the suburbs except that he was talented.
I'm rockin' the suburbs, I take the checks.

I face the facts, that some producer with computers fixes all my shitty tracks.
I'm pissed off but I'm too polite when people break in the McDonald's line.

Mom and dad you made me so uptight. (I'm gon-na cuss on the mic to-night.) I don't know how much I can take.

Girl, give me something I can break. I'm rockin' the suit.

My shitty tracks.
C

in a haze these days

C

F

C

F

C

F

pull up to the spotlight, i can feel something's not right. i can feel that someone's blast ing me with hate

C

F

C

F

and bass, sending dirty vibes my way 'cause my great great great grand dad made someone's great

C

F

C

F

great great great grand-dad slaves. it wasn't my idea it wasn't my
d-e-a. (it) ne-ver was my i-de-a. i just drove to the store for some

pre-pa-ra-tion h.

Coda

my shit-ty tracks these days.

G F C G F

yeah, i'm rock-in' the su-burbs.

yeah, i'm rock-in' the su-

F C G F

burbs.

yeah.
still fighting it

words and music by ben folds

Espressivo \( \frac{3}{4} \) 70

\[ \text{good morning son} \quad \text{a bird} \quad \text{wearing a brown } \]

\[ \text{polyester shirt} \quad \text{you want a coke?} \quad \text{may be some fries?} \]
the roast beef combo's only nine ninety five. (but) it's okay.

1. you don't have to pay, i've got all the change.
2. sunny days and rain, i knew you'd feel the same.
3. sunny days and rain, i knew you'd feel the same.

Everybody knows it hurts to grow up.

but everybody does it's so weird to be back here.
and everybody does and so weird to be back here.
and everybody does and so weird to be back here.

let me tell you what
the years go on and we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it... you'll try and
so much and try like me, and one day i'm sorry you'll fly

1. Good morning son twenty years from now may be we'll both
sit down and have a few beers and i can tell you about to-day
and how I picked you up and everything changed... it was pain...

a way from me...
good morning son... good morning son...
I am a bird. Good morning, son.

It was pain. We're still fighting it.

We're still fighting it and you're so much like me.

I'm sorry.
pangs of silence
from the room upstairs.
how's the view there?

do you read what they're saying about you?
that you're no fun and you wondered
since the war

was won.
in fact, you have become

all of the things you've always run
now you don't wonder anymore.

from the ascent of stan...
once you wanted revolution

now you're the institution.
how's it feel to be

the man?

it's no fun to be

the man.
"Coda"

"Coda"

"Coda"
Con sentimento \( \approx 60 \)

\[ \text{Intro.} \quad D \quad G \quad D \quad A \quad Bm7 \quad Fm \]

\[ \text{G} \quad A7 \quad \text{A} \quad D \quad A \quad D \quad G \]

\[ \text{poco rit.} \quad \]

I'd don't get ma-ny things right the first time. in
door been born fifty years before you in a house
there's an old man who lived into his nine-ties and one day

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fact, i am told that a lot, now i know all the wrong turns, the stum-
on the street where you live? may-be i'd be out-side as you passed
passed a-way in his sleep. and his wife, she stayed for a couple
bles and falls brought me here.
on your bike, would i know?
of days and passed a-way.

and where was i be-fore the day that i first saw your love-ly face.
in a wide sea of eyes see one pair that i re-cog-nize.
i'm sorry i know that's a strange way to tell you that i know we be-long.

and i know that i know that i am,
Bm  F#m  G  D  A7  to  D  A7

i am, i am, the luck-i-est.

poco rit.

1. D  G  D  A7  [D Em7]

what if i love you more than i have
ever found a way to say to you. next

Bm  A7  D  G  D  A7

D.S.

Coda

Bm  F#m  G  Asus4  A7  D

luck-i-est.

poco rit.  — 8va bassa —
B\(^{b}\) F

sara, spelled

without an “h” was getting bored

F7

on a peavey amp in nineteen eighty-four,

while zak without a “c” tried out
some new guitars, playing salsa with no "his" favorite song.

C7    Gm7

F     Fmaj7


Gm7    C

C7    Gm7

F     Fmaj7

da. zak and sara. woo.

ah. woo.

ah. (then) she saw the lights.

sara would have spells where she lost time.

she saw a pale english face.
she saw the future, she heard voices from inside.

the kind of visions she would soon

learn to deny because at home

they got her smacked lala
zak called his dad.

about layaway plans. sara told.

the friendly salesman that.

"you'll all die in your cars." and "why's it got ta be dark?"
and "you're all work in' in a sub-
- ma - rine, 

woohoo.

ah ass - hole!" woohoo.

ah
that make it possible for all white boys to dance.

and when zak finished sara's song.

sara clapped. la woo.

woo. la.