

Ben Folds - Fred Jones, Pt. 2

Tipo de gaita: Diatônica
Tom: C

--Verse One--

6 6 66 5 -5 6 6 6 6
Fred sits alone at his desk in the dark

5 -5 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6
There's an awkward young shadow that waits in the hall

7 7 7 7 7 -7 7 7 7 7 7 -7
He's cleared all his things and he's put them in boxes

6 6 6 6 5 6 -5 5 -4
Things that remind him: 'Life has been good'

8 8 8 8 7
Twenty-five years

8 8 8 8 8 7
He's worked at the paper

8 8 8 8 8 -9 8 -8
A man's here to take him downstairs

-9 -9 -9 8 7 7 -6
And I'm sorry, Mister Jones

6 5 4
It's time

--Verse Two--

6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6
There was no party, there were no songs

5 -5 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6
'Cause today's just a day like the day that he started

7 7 7 7 -7 7 7 7 7 7
No one is left here that knows his first name

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 -7 7 -8
And life barrels on like a run-a-way train

7 -8 8 8 8 8
Where the passengers change

7 -8 8 8 8 8
They don't change anything

7 -8 8 8 8 8 -9 8 -8

You get off; someone else can get on

-9 -9 -9 8 7 7 -6
And I'm sorry, Mister Jones

6 5 4
It's time

--Interlude--

7 7 7 -7 -6 6
Streetlight shines through the shades

6 6 -6 -6 -6 -6 6 6 -5 5 -4
Casting lines on the floor, and lines on his face

5 -4 4 4 4 4
He reflects on the day

--Verse Three--

6 6 6 6 5 -5 6 6 6 6 5
Fred gets his paints out and goes to the basement

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 -7
Projecting some slides onto a plain white
7 7 7 7 -7 -6
Canvas and traces it

7 7 7 7 -7
Fills in the spaces

6 6 6 6 6 5 -5 6 -7 7 -8
He turns off the slides, and it doesn't look right

7 -8 8 8 8 8 7
Yeah, and all of these bastards

7 8 8 8 8
Have taken his place

7 -8 8 8 8 8 -9 -8
He's forgotten but not yet gone

-9 -9 -9 8 7 7 -6
And I'm sorry, Mister Jones

-9 -9 -9 8 7 7 -6
And I'm sorry, Mister Jones

-9 -9 -9 8 7 7 -6
And I'm sorry, Mister Jones

6 5 4
It's time

Acordes

