Con brio \( \approx 122 \)

Intro.

C G F C C G F C

and so __

\( \uparrow \) 1. (Straight)

A C

1.3. an-nie waits an-nie waits an-nie waits
2. _ ne-ver stops ne-ver stops ne-ver waits.

for a call she's grow-ing old...
Am7

G

D

it's getting late.

it's from a friend.

the same

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

C

Am7

G

annie waits

for the last

time.

oh.

the clock

f

C
D

and so________ he forgot, he forgot (but) may be
the same________ it’s the same, why’s it always the

Am
not, may be he’s been seriously hurt
same?

not.

D7

G7

would that be worse?

C

Gm

Dm

F

head lights crest the hill
an nie sees in dreams
head lights crest the hill
an nie, I could be

shadows pass her by
friday bin go,
who will be the one
if we’re both still lone

4
this is why I'd rather be alone.

and so

Coda 1.

Coda 2.

an

nie waits

for the last time.
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 un

to life, understand.
she stared for hours... she's different when it's
always someone carrying ca-thy.

2x (Cut to D)

G7

2x Ca-thy.

E E G7 C7

1.

E A E G7 C7

G7

C7 E A E
we gave you ev'rything,
you could've been

a-nything,
we gave you ev'rything,

you could've done a-nything,
but to ima-

give a fall
with no one at
and out of sight.

I woke up sad from this dream I've been having the last couple nights or so.

With her fa-
ther, her brothers, were all at the funeral carrying a box through the rain.

and somebody says, "yeah, it's always been this way." cathy.

D.S.
Lucia walks into a room.

Because she does, it's not the same.

Room. The one she wants.

She says.
"ev'rywhere I go, damn, there I am." and I just want na walk away
won't you let me walk away sometimes
I just wanna walk away
every one of you is fired.

I'm just an ordinary guy.
and all I want

is to be loved is that so wrong?

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.
C E Am7 F G7 C C/E Am7 F G7 C C/E Am7 F G7 C E7 Am7 F G7 C E7 Am7 F G7 C E7 Am7 G Am7 G Am7/G 2. A'maj7
ev'-ry one of you is fired.
A7maj7

A7maj7

A7maj7

A7maj7

E7maj7

E7maj7

E7maj7

E7maj7

E7maj7

Fmaj7

G7

G7

G7

G7

G7

Cmaj7

Fmaj7

Fmaj7

Fmaj7
fred jones part 2
words and music by ben folds

Con sentimento \( \frac{1}{2} \div 46 \)

Intro.
C 2x only Am7 Em7 G7 C Am7

Time.

Em7 G7 Am7 C

fied sits a-lone at his desk in the dark. there's an awk-
there was no par-ty and there were no songs cause to-day's-

Em G7

fied gets his paints out and goes to the base-

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time.

(the) street-light it shines through the shades cast- ing lines on the floor and

lines on his face, he reflects on the day...
F  Em7  Am  Em7

D  C  D

Coda

F  Gsus4G7  C

and I'm sorry Mr. Jones.

F  G7  C

and I'm sorry Mr. Jones, it's time.
gone
words and music by ben folds

Animato \( \text{♩} \equiv 82 \) (♩♩♩♩)

Intro.

\begin{align*}
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 \\
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 \\
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 \\
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,} \\
&\text{know that you went straight to someone else} \\
&\text{days go on the lights go off and on} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{that the while i} \\
&\text{and} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,} \\
&\text{know that you went straight to someone else} \\
&\text{days go on the lights go off and on} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{that the while i} \\
&\text{and} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,} \\
&\text{know that you went straight to someone else} \\
&\text{days go on the lights go off and on} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{that the while i} \\
&\text{and} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,} \\
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\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{that the while i} \\
&\text{and} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,} \\
&\text{know that you went straight to someone else} \\
&\text{days go on the lights go off and on} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{that the while i} \\
&\text{and} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩} & F & A7 & B♭ & Csus4 & C7 & \text{♩}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{i thought i'd write, i thought i'd let you know,} \\
&\text{know that you went straight to someone else} \\
&\text{days go on the lights go off and on} \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
&\text{that the while i} \\
&\text{and} \\
\end{align*}
F A7  B\^ Csus4  C7
year since you've been gone I've fi-nal-ly let you go... and i
worked through all this shit here by my self... and i
no-thing re-al-ly mat-ters when you're gone... if you

F A7  B\^ Csus4  C7
hope you find some time to drop a note... but if you
think that you should spend some time a lone... but if you
think that you feel no-thing at all... if you

Am  C7  B\^ F  A7
won't won't then you won't and 1, i will
won't won't then you won't 2, 3, i will

B\^ Csus4  C7  F  A7
con-si-der you then i gone.

1. B\^ Csus4  C7

2. B\^ Csus4  C7
night all alone, and that's all right. the chemicals are wearing off since you've gone. go. the
Coda 1.

Am      C      C7      Bb

Don't    then you  don't.   if you  won't    then you

C

Won't    and

Bb      C7

D.S.2.

F      A7      Bb      C7

I        will    con  sider you

Dm      Dm7    Bb6    Bb   Bb    Db   F

gone.

Db
hiro’s song
words and music by ben folds

Appassionato ♩=114

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. ah her, (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, god damn her.
I refuse to rot like my contemporaries. I
I told her I wouldn’t be down with that.
She likes his style, she likes his

Wanna explode
Rock star glamour.
In a karaoke supernova.
Well, she’s an infant he can damn well have her.

I don’t wanna grow old.
Won’t you let me, won’t you

Let me explode.
I don’t wanna grow old.
won't you let me, won't you let me explode a ah. in a karaoke

super nova. 'cause lately i can feel the years between us,

and hope to god that friends at work don't see us. to-night she asked me if i'd

ever seen jesus 'cause she had backstage passes for three of us.
won't you let me, won't you
let me ex-plode a ah
in a ka-ra-o-ke

su-per-no-va.

E7
losing lisa

words and music by ben folds and frally hynes

Risoluto \( \frac{1}{4} \equiv 134 \) (\( \frac{2}{4} \equiv \frac{3}{4} \))

[Intro.]

G

---

A G

---

the lights are
re-mem-ber

---

Dm7

C

G

off a-gain
long a-go,

she took me
by surprise.

to-gether
laugh-ing
lov-ing
she's so sensitive,

oh so long ago,

and shit just hap-

pens sometimes.

ing something.

she's my ev'-ry thing,

dot life was sim'ple then.

dot she's my best friend and more.

but she's not hap-py now and i don't feel

dot any thing

we don't do the day...

an-y thing.

her lips are mov- ing, i am mes.
black tears are falling and she won't
black tears are falling, falling.

say what I've done.

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

black tears are falling, falling.

black tears are falling.
-ing falling

black tears are falling, falling

-ing falling, falling

losing lisa,
took a trip and climbed a tree
at robert sledge's party.
and

there you stayed (until morning came
and you were not the same__

after that. you gave your life
took the word to jesus christ.
and after all your friends went home and eased the people's pain. and for that you were idolized, you

looked around mortalized.

and you were not the same after that.

ah. walking tall you'd bought it all.

you were not the same

after that until some one died on the water slide.
you were not the same after that you've seen 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

1. to it.
2. you
C

E Am

Fmaj7

C

Coda

Fmaj7

G

you see them

G

CODA

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

(you see them

D.S.

Fmaj7

G

Fmaj7

G

you're hanging on, you're hanging on...

drop like flies.)
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, sham on.

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__

y'all don't know what it's like__

being male middle class and white__

all alone in my white boy pain__

shake your boot-y while the band complains__

y'all don't know what it's like__

being male middle class and white__

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

fuuck.

i'm rock'in' the su -
burbs
just like michael jackson did.
just like quiet riot did.
just like jon bon jovi did.

i’m rockin’ the sub-

burbs, except that he was talented.
i’m rockin’ the sub-

burbs, i take the checks

and 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...
(‘mgon-na cuss on the mic tonight.
I don't know how much I can...

Take.

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

My shitty tracks.
in a haze these days i

pull up to the stop-light, i can feel that something's not right. i can feel that someone's blasting me with hate

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

great great great grandad slaves. it wasn't my idea it wasn't my i
- de-a.
  
  (it) never was my i-de-a.
  
  i just drove to the store for some

F

pre-pa-ra-tion h.

Coda

F

my shit-ty tracks these days.

D.S.

G F

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

G F

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

F C

yeah,  
  
-burbs,  

G F

yeah,  
  

still fighting it

words and music by ben folds

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

\( \text{C} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \)

good mor - ning son

\( \text{A} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \)

i am a bird

\( \text{C} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)

wearing a brown

poly - es - ter

\( \text{C} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)

shirt.

\( \text{C} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)

you want a coke?

\( \text{C} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \)

may-be some fries?
the roast beef combo's only nine nine-ty five. (but) it's o- kay,

you don't have to pay, i've got all the change.

sunny days and rain i knew you'd feel the same.

sunny days and rain i knew you'd feel the same.

ev 'ry-bod - y knows it hurts to grow up

ev 'ry-bod - y knows it hurts to grow up

ev 'ry-bod - y knows it hurts to grow up

but ev 'ry-bod - y does, it's so weird to be back here.

and ev 'ry-bod - y does, and so weird to be back here.

and ev 'ry-bod - y does, and so weird to be back here.

let me tell you what

2,3x
the years go on and we're still fighting it, we're still fighting it... and you're... you'll try... and
so much and try like me, and one day i'm sor... you'll fly...

good morning son twenty years from now maybe 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 mor-ning son... good mor-ning son...
C G F A E6 A C E

---
im am a bird. ---
good morn-ing son. ---

G6 G7 F

it was pain, ---
we're still figh-ting it.

---
D.S.

---

C

---
we're still figh-ting it. and you're ---
so much ---
like me. ---

---

F G C G

---

Fmaj7

---

---
i'm sor-ry.
that you're no fun
and you won dered
since the war

was won.
in fact, you have become

all of the things you've al ways run
now you don't wonder any more.

from

the ascent of stan...
1. get rest while you can,
2. get rest while you can,

1. so where'd the years go?
all the time we had

been poor was
not such a drag in hind-sight.
once you wanted revolution, revolution,

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

the man?

it's no fun to be

the man.
Cm7  E♭

da  da  da  da  da  da  da  da  da  da.  and

Cm7

i

watched it all go down.

E♭

the ascent of stan

B♭

it's no fun to be

D.S.

B♭

the man
the luckiest
words and music by ben folds

Con sentimento $\approx 60$

[Intro.] D | G | D | A | Bm7 | F#m

G | A7 | A | D | A | D | G

i'd    don't    many things    right    the first time
door    been born    fifty years    before you
in

there's an old man who lived into his nineties and one day

poco rit.
Bm    F♯m   G  D  A7  to  D  A7
i am,  i am,  the  luck-i-est.

poco rit.

D       G     D       A7      D  Em7
what if  i love  you  more  than  i  have

Bm     A7     D       G       D  A    A7
e-ver  found  a  way  to  say  to you.

D.S.

Coda

Bm    F♯m   G  Asus4  A7  D
luck-i-est.

poco rit. 

8va bassa
zak and sara
words and music by ben folds

Giocoso \( \frac{3}{4} \) 184 (\( \frac{\text{♩=}3}{\text{♩=}3} \))

Intro.

\( \text{F, F7, Bb, F} \)

\( \text{Bm, F, F, F7} \)

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sara, spelled _

without an “h” was getting bored _

on a peavey amp in nineteen eighty -

four, while zak without a “e” tried out _
C7

some new guitars,

Gm7

playing

Gm7

ra with no “hi” favorite song

C7

la da


F

Fmaj7

Gm7 C

(Gm7) da.
(C) zak and sara.

(D) F woo.

F7 ah.

Bb F woo.

Bbm F (then) she saw the lights,

ah.

F7 Bb ah.

Bbm F (ra she saw a pale english face.

F7 Bb ra would have spells where she lost time.

Bbm F}
she saw the future, she heard voices from inside.

the kind of voices she would soon

learn to deny a loving trance,

because at home

they got her smacked.
da da da da da da la da da da

Gm7 C

la da da da da da da da la da da da

Gm7 C

zak and sara.

C

mm. zak and sara.
zak called his dad

about lay-away plans.

the friendly salesman that

"you'll all die in your cars."

and "why's it gotta be dark?"
and "you're all work-in' in a sub-

ma-rine, woo.

ah ass-hole!" woo.

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

and when zak finished sara's song.

sara clapped. la

woo.

woo.

la.