not the same

words and music by ben folds

Energico  = ca. 98

Intro

N.C.         C

C          G/C       Fm6/C       C

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A

C  G/C   Fm6/C  C

took a trip and climbed a tree at Robert Sledge's party.

C  G/C   Fm6/C  C

there you stayed until morning came and you were not the same.

B

C  G/C

after that, you gave your life to Jesus Christ.

took the word and made it heard
and after all your friends went home you came down, you
and eased the people’s pain and for that you were idolized.

looked around
more mortalized.

ah. walking tall you’d bought it all.

after that. ah. after that until someone 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

---

to it.
zak and sara

words and music by ben folds

Giocoso \( \text{\textit{j}} = \text{ca. 184} \) (\( \text{\textit{j}} = \frac{3}{4} \))

[Image of music notation]
Now, without an ‘h’ was getting bored.

On a piano amp in nineteen eighty-four,

While Zak without a ‘c’ tried out.
she saw the future, she heard voices from inside some strange machines repeating beats and thumping bass.

the kind of voices she would soon visions of pills to put you in

learn to deny a loving trance.

they got her smacked.
C
zak called his dad

Dm
about layaway plans. sara told

C
the friendly salesman that

Bb
"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,

ah. ass-hole!

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

and when Zak finished Sara’s song.

D.S. al Coda

Sara clapped. La

woo.

woohoo.

la.
Verse:

1. Take a walk.

Out the gate, you go and never stop. Past dollar stores and shops.
A quarter in a cup, for every block. And
way.
face.
farms.

With riverboats, casinos and
Billboards quoting things you never
Crosses flying high above

To Coda

you still.
er said.
the malls.

have yet to see a soul.
You hang your head and pray.

Chorus:

Jesus land.
For Jesus land.
miles.

And the sun’s going down.

Pulses glow from their homes.

You’re not alone. Lights come on.

as you lay your weary head on their.
LATE

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

Moderately \( \text{d} = \text{ca. 76-80} \)

Verse:
Dm \hspace{1cm} F \hspace{1cm} Bb \hspace{1cm} C \hspace{1cm} F \hspace{1cm} F/A

Under some dirty words, on a dirty wall,...

I played the shows,... got back in the van and put the walk-

man on,... And you were playing,... In some other dive a thousand miles...
_a-way_.

I played a thou-sand times, be-fore.

And like pa-the-tic stars, the truck stops and the rock club walls I al-ways knew. You

Chorus:
saw them too; but you nev-er will a-gain.

It's too late.

Don't you know; it's been too

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late, for a long time.

Elliot, you played a fine guitar.

And some dirty basketball.

The songs you wrote, get me through a lot just want to tell.

Chorus:

But it's too late.

(Bkgd vocals: Ahh)
It's too late. ahh. Now, don't you know.

it's been too late for a long time.

(Bkgd vocals cont. sim.)

Interlude

Oh no. things were looking up least that's what

I heard. Oh no. someone came and washed away your
When desperate static beats, the silence up...

A quiet truth to calm you down.

The songs you wrote... got

hard-earned peace of mind.

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Gm7  C  Bb  Bbadd2
me through a lot just wan-na tell you that
Ah.
but it's too late.

Chorus:
F  C  Csus4  C  Gm  Gm9
(Ahh.
It's too late.

Bb  F  C  Csus4  C
No. don't you know... it's been too late for a long

1. Bb  Bbadd2  Bbadd9

time.
It's too late... time.
YOU TO THANK

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

Freely
B♭  C  F

With a lilt \( \frac{3}{4} = 76 \)

Verse 1:
B♭  C  F  F/A  B♭  C

By the time the buzz was wearing off, we were

C7  F  B♭  C

standing out on the sidewalk, with our tattoos, that looked like rings, in the

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hot Nevada sun.

Gifts piled high, our moms and dads shook hands. And the

party of Polaroid friends rented a pool and hired a band.

Maybe they knew more than we knew as they danced and drank while we jumped off the
Chorus:

Bb Bbm7 F F/A Bb Bb/F
depth end _ I've got you to

C/E C7/Bb A7 A7/G Dm/F Dm/A Gm/Bb Bb/F
thank for this.

Verse 3:

C/E C/D A/C# A7 Bb C7 F
Christmas came a-round. And

Bb C6 C7 F
ev'rything was go-in' to crap. (and) for moms and dads not a clue to be had. Yeah we
put on a pretty good act. And they seemed to all believe it. So we
danced and smiled and paddled hard beneath it. Oh, I've got

Chorus:

you to thank for

this.
Bridge:

You can't say you've never had a doubt. And smoked it down, but really want wanted

(Bkgrd. Aah, Vocals)
Chorus:
F F/A Bb Bb/F C/E C7/Bb A A7/G

out.

Dm/F Dm/A Gm/Bb Bb/F C/E C/D A/C# A

Oh gawd!

gliss.

Piano solo:
F B♭maj7 C13 A7

(See us.)

Dm/F B♭maj9 C6

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Verse 1 (reprise):

By the time the buzz was wearing off, we were standing out on the sidewalk with our tattoos that looked like rings, in the
hot Nevada sun. And they won't fade.

Chorus:

I've got you to thank.
TRUSTED

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

Moderately \( \frac{L}{4} = 136 \)

Verse:

\( \text{Eb} \)

It's funny I know.

\( \text{Am7(b5)} \)

but I'm disappointed in you.

\( \text{Abmaj7} \)

I thought you could read my mind.
It seems to me - you're all alone - be kind, you clever girl.

Chorus:

Bridge:

In the end, you've been real - my love

Almost come home - er...
if you can't trust, you can't be trusted.

Verse:

Caught in a dream;

pick-ing up as-tral sig-nals. Some of them psy-

(Bkgd. vel): Ah

- chic, you'd better watch what you think. Happens to be-
that every body else's dreams are
Freudian clues

you'd better watch what you dream.
You wanna see

the other side;
what's going on

behind the eyes.
Still it seems if you can't
trust, you can’t be trusted.

Oo, na na na.

Na na na.

ah. Did you know that we’re as close as we can
The sun's coming up, she's pulled all the blankets over.
Curled in a ball, like she's hiding from me. And that's when I know.

She's gonna be pissed when she wakes up. For terrible things.

I did to her in her dreams.
Bridge:

You wanna see the other side;

Chorus:

what's going on behind the eyes.

Still it seems

if you can't trust, you can't be trusted.

Oo, na na na na.
Na na na, na na na, ah.

Don't you know that we're as close as we can be.

Hello.
TIME
Steadily \( \frac{j}{4} = 104 \)
Intro:
\[
D \quad C_{7/G} \quad Bm7 \quad A7sus \quad D \quad C_{7/G} \quad Bm7 \quad A7sus
\]

Verses 1 & 2:
\[
D \quad C_{7/G} \quad Bm7 \quad A7sus \quad D \quad C_{7/G} \quad Bm7
\]
1. Think of me, any way you want.
2. In your head move the pieces around.

Bass gr. (2nd time)
\[
A7sus \quad D \quad C_{7/G} \quad Bm7 \quad A7sus
\]
I can be the things I said.

D \quad C_{7/G} \quad Bm7 \quad A7sus

Problem if that's easier.

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Pre-chorus I:

And it makes it better I know, but sometimes it's hard.

Chorus I:

—to swallow. And in time I will fade away.

In time I won't hear what you're saying in time. But

time takes time you know.
In time, I won't hear what you're saying in time.

Aah.

Bridge:

time takes time you know, In your head

(and) move the pieces 'round.

Things I said turn the mem-
E7

Very upside down.

Aah

Aah

Aah

Pre-chorus 2:

D

It might make it better I know.

Chorus 3:

Gmaj9

but sometimes it's hard to swallow. And in time I

Aah.

A11

Gmaj9

A11

will fade away. In time I won't care what you're say-

Aah.
ing in time. But time takes time you know.
Aah. And

A11

A11

time takes time you know.

Interlude 1:

Gmaj9/D

A11/D

Gmaj9/D

A11/D

Gmaj9/D

A11/D

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Vocal Ensemble 1:

Gmaj9


Aah. Pah-dah-dah."

Gmaj9


Aah. Pah-dah-dah.

A11

Gmaj9

A11

Gmaj9


Pah-dah-dah.
Interlude 2 (Piano solo):


Vocal Ensemble 2:

Gmaj9  A11  Gmaj9


A11  Gmaj9  A11

SENTIMENTAL GUY

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

Moderato \( \frac{4}{4} = 108 \)

Verse

D \( \text{F}^\#7/\text{C}^\# \) Bm7 E9 A Asus

1. There's a ___ mo-ment in my mind. I scrib-bled and ___ e-
2. Lit-tle things you said or did__ are part __ of me. come
3. Peo-ple talk-ing and I'm watch-ing as flash-es of ___ their

To Coda \( \Phi \) Play 1st time only

A Bm7 A/C\# D \( \text{F}^\#7/\text{C}^\# \) Bm7 E9 A Asus

raised a thou-sand times, like a ___ let-ter nev-er writ-ten or sent.___
out from time, to time,. fac-es go _ black and white.

\( \frac{4}{4} \)

A/C\# Bm7 A/C\# D \( \text{F}^\#7/\text{C}^\# \) Bm7 E9 A Asus

These con-ver-sa-tions with the dead. I used to be___ a

\( \frac{4}{4} \)

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Bridge:

D  Em  G+  G  A7/E

You drift-ed far a-way.

A  B  B sus3/C#  B/D#  Em  Em7  A  Bm7 A/C#

a-way it seems. Time has stopped. The clock keeps go-ing.

G/D  D(add9)/F#  Em9  D(add9)  Em  A11  D  G  A

a tempo

G/D  Dmaj9/C#  Gmaj7/B  D(add9)/A  Em/G  A11  D  G  A  D.C. al Coda
I don't miss you. I don't want you to change anything. Never thought so much.

I'll wait in a box in an attic.

CODA
What a shame 'cause I used to be a sentimental guy.

Ah

a tempo

G D(add9)/F♯ Em9 Dm(add9) Em A11 D

a tempo

G A G/D Dmaj9/C♯ Gmaj7/B Dadd2 Esus/G
PRISON FOOD

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

J = 132

Gmaj7 Dmaj9 Gmaj7

Verses 1 & 2:

Dmaj9 Gmaj7 Dmaj9

We walked the earth we
I said you know.

The biggest

Gmaj7 Dmaj9 Gmaj7

talked and never spoke a word.
things we gotta face alone.

She wonders who will be the first.
Don't wanna when it's time to go.

Dmaj9 Gmaj7 Dmaj9

(2nd time)

to go.

 Alone.

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Chorus 1:

Am

G6

G

a - lone _ a - gain. _ A - lone, _

Am

G6

G

a - lone _ a - gain. _

Interlude 1:

D6/9

Piano solo:

Gmaj7
Verse 3:
Gmaj7  Dmaj9  Gmaj7  Dmaj9

Of me. that glows in my periphery.

And

Gmaj7  Dmaj9  Gmaj7  Dmaj9

Every time I turn to see. it goes.

A lone.
Chorus 2:
Am

G6
G

a - lone
a - gain.
A - lone.

Interlude 2:
D6/9
Bridge:
Am9

Floating by like a satellite, to pass the time,

Dmaj9

you'll float by again.

Am9

And I can tell you 'bout the little things so

Dmaj9

you don't think about the big things for a while.
Interlude III (band):

Verse 1 (reprise):

We walked the earth.

We talked and never spoke a word.
Dmaj9       Gmaj7       Dmaj9       Gmaj7/D

She wonders who will be the first to go.

Dmaj7       Gmaj7/D       Dmaj7

Dmaj7       Gmaj7/D       Dmaj7

Gmaj7/D       Dmaj7       Gmaj7/D       Dmaj7

A-lone

Chorus 3:
Am       G6       G

a-lone a-gain. A-lone.
Outro:
Dmaj9

Aah.
GRACIE

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

Moderato \( \frac{\text{duple}}{\text{duple}} = 126 \)

Intro:

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
A & E & D & E & A & E & D & E \\
\end{array}
\]

Ch.

Am7/C

D

A

Verses 1 & 2:

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
A & E & D & E & A & E \\
\end{array}
\]

1. You can't fool me I saw you when you came out.
2. With your cards to your chest walk-ing on your toes.

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
\text{Vx. solo: (2nd time)} \\
\end{array}
\]

Ch. (2nd time)

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You've got your mama's tastes but you got my
What you got in the box only Gracie

mou-th, knows.

And you will always have a
And I would never try to

part of me.

No-body else is ever gonna see Gracie
Any thing you didn't really wanna be Gracie

girl,
girl.
Bridge:

D E/G# A Esus E E7 A

Time flies by in seconds. You're not a baby

E7 A D E7 A

Gracie you're my friend. You'll be a lady

E7 A D E

soon but until then, you gotta do what I say.

A E D E A E D E

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Verse 3:

You nodded off in my arms watching TV.

I won’t move you an inch even though my arm’s asleep.

One day you’re gonna wanna go,

I hope we taught you everything you need to know. Gracie.
There will always be a part of me,

Outro:

no - bod - y else is e - ver go - na see but you and me.

My lit - tle girl,

my Gra - cie girl.
LANDED

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

Moderately \( \text{j = 84} \)

Intro:
\[
\begin{align*}
&Bb & Fm(add9) & Eb & Bb(add9) & Ab & Eb \\
\end{align*}
\]

Verse 1:
\[
\begin{align*}
&Ab & Eb & Bb & Bb & F/A \\
\end{align*}
\]

We'd hit the bot-tom.
I thought it was my fault

\[
\begin{align*}
&Gm7 & Ebm7 & F \\
\end{align*}
\]

and in a way I guess it was.
I'm just now find-ing out

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Verse 2:

F7sus/Eb

Bb

F/A

what it was all about. We moved to the West Coast... away from every one.

Gm7

Emaj7

F/A

she never told me that you called. back when I was still...

F7/Eb

Bb

Fm(add9)

I was still in love. 'Til I opened my eyes and walked out the door, and the...

Cm9

Eb

Bb

Eb

clouds came tumbling down. And it's bye-bye, good-bye. I tried. And I...
Twisted it wrong just to make it right, had to leave myself behind. And I've been
Treading the sea of her troubled mind, had to leave myself behind, singing

Flying high all night. So come pick me up;
Bye-bye, goodbye I tried.

I've landed.

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Verse 3:
Bb
F/A

The dai - ly dra - mas, she made from noth - ing.

Gm7
Ebmaj7
F7sus

So noth - ing ev - er made them right. She liked to push me.

F/A
Gm7
Eb
Gm7/F
F

and talk me back, down ’til I be - lieved. I was the cra - zy one. And in a way, I guess, I was. When I
Bridge:

Cm  Cm7/B♭  F/A  Cm  Cm7/B♭  F/A
If you wrote me off, I'd understand it. 'Cause I've been on, some other planet.

Cm  Cm7/B♭  F/A  Fm9/A♭  B♭(add9)
So come pick me up, I've landed. And you will be-

Fm9/A♭  B♭(add9)  Fm9/A♭  B♭(add9)
so happy to know I've come alone.

B♭m  Fm/A♭  F
It's over.
Chorus:

When I o-pened my eyes, and walked out the door, and the

clouds came tum-bl-ing down. And it's bye-bye, good-bye. I tried.

Down falls the rain on the tel-e-phone czar. it's O. K. to call, now. I'll an-swer for my self.
Outro:

Come pick me up.

(Bkgd. Vcls.: Ba da ba da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da)

Come pick me up.

Ba da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da)

Ba da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da)


I've landed.

Ba da da da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da ba da da ba ba da da.)

roll.
BASTARD

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

\[ \text{Verse:} \]
\[ \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]

The old bastard left his ties and his suit.
A brown box, moth-balls and bowling shoes...

And his o-pin-ions so you'd nev-er have to choose...

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \]
Bridge:

Prett-ty soon, you’ll be an old bas-tard too.
You get small-er as the world gets big.

The more you know you know you don’t know.
“TheWhizMan” will nev-er fit you like “TheWhiz Kid”.

Chorus:

— did.
So why you got-ta act like you know when you don’t know?

It’s O-kay.

if you don’t know ev-’ry-thing.
Why you got-ta act like you
Verse:

know when you don’t know.

It’s O - kay

if you don’t know ev’ry-thing.

Close your eyes, close your ears young man.

You’ve seen and heard, all an old man can.

Spread the facts on the floor like a

fan.

Throw a-way, the ones that make you feel bad.
Kids today are getting old too fast. They can’t wait to grow up so they can kiss some

A

They get nostalgic ‘bout the last ten years, before the last ten years have passed.

Coda I

A

It’s okay if you don’t know everything.

Interlude:

Em

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(Bass cues)

(Bkgd. Vocals: Ahs and Bals)

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Verse:
Em            D            G
D            G            D            G            C
Tears land on a hand on a ___ chest.

The old bastard, had a paradigm arrest.

Bridge:
Em/B          A
C
He got smaller as the world got big.
The more he knew he knew he didn’t know

D.S. ♩ al Coda II
Em/B          C
Fadd9         C

“The Whiz Man” never fit him like “The Whiz Kid” did.
Coda II
Hold back, tempo ad lib.

It's Okay if you don't know everything.

Outro:

G (2nd time ad lib.)

G    G7    C    A    Bdim    C

G    G7    C    A    Bdim    C

G    G7    C    A    Bdim    C

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GIVE JUDY MY NOTICE

Allegro $= 130$

Words and Music by
BEN FOLDS

F Am Gm B♭

Judy, could any one be loved any more than
I knew, if I made it easy for you, you'd
Tears fall, but that don't mean nothing at all. It's just 'cause I

C Csus C/G B♭ To Coda ♯ B♭maj7 Gm7/F F

I love you and does it hurt you too? But Judy,
settle for me, yeah, eventually. But Judy,
said it first. Yeah, that's why it hurts ya.

Am Gm B♭ C Csus C/G

I've been feeling small too long. I love you so but
I won't be your any more and follow you 'round

B♭ B♭maj7 C Dm/G Dm/G

some thing's wrong. 'Cause I come running when you want here.
hold the door. 'Cause I can't do this any longer.
and when you want me to I disappear.
Give Judy
The vacuum left is so much stronger.

Bkgd. vel. Ah, ah,

Give Judy my notice.
Ah, ah, ah,

Judy, you know I'm not mad anymore.
At least most of the time.
but that could take a while.

I've been living just to see you smile.

And I'm not sorry if you're not sorry.

you're not sorry until I make you.

Give Judy

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