Cologne

Ben Folds

Here in Cologne,
I know I said it wrong,
I walked you to the train,
And back across alone,
To my hotel room,
And ordered me some food,
And now I'm wondering,
Why the floor has suddenly become a moving target.Four, three, two, one,
I'm letting you go.
I will let go,
If you will let go.
(Four, three, two)
Says here an astronaut,
Put on a pair of diapers,
Drove eighteen hours,
To kill her boyfriend,
And in my hotel room - I'm wondering,
If you read that story too,
And if we both might,
Be having the same imaginary conversation.Four, three, two, one,
I'm letting you go.
I will let go,
If you will let go.
(Four, three, two)Weightless as I close my eyes.
The ceiling opens into skies.
Such a painful trip,
To find out this is it,
And when I go to sleep,
You'll be waking up.Four, three, two, one,
I'm letting you go.
I will let go,
If you will let go.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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