

The Last Polka

Ben Folds Five

Well, she crept back in the house at half past three
Shook her head to see him snoring in his sleep
If you really loved me she said
I wouldn't have to be so mean

He's a heap of junk that pours from his top drawer
Sometimes likes to spread it out around the floor
It's evidence of what he was like
He likes to remember when...

Sha la la, sha la la lo li
The end is growing near
We're treading water now
And holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la lo li

In a minute it will all be coming down
And they know it now but no one makes a sound
Such a shame to ruin this bright
Lazy summer day...

My my, the cruelest lies are often told without a word
My my, the kindest truths are often spoken, never heard

She said, "You've been pushing me like I was a sore tooth.
You can't respect me 'cause I've done so much for you."
He said, "Well I hate that it's come to this
But baby I was doing fine. How do you think
That I survived the other 25 before you?"