

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)

(Ohhhhh-aah)
Weightless as I close my eyes
(Ohhhhh-aah)
The ceiling opens in disguise

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