

# Hiroshima

Ben Folds

Oh-oh, Oh!

It was the start of the show  
Hiroshima  
And the people were shouting my name  
As the house lights came down  
And the spotlight followed me out  
I waved down low to the crowd  
As I busted ass on the front of the stage

Oh-oh Oh!  
They're watching me, watching me fall

Maybe it was the course of adrenaline  
As the concrete rose to meet my face  
Maybe it was the sheer embarrassment  
That kept me concious and standing as I  
Crawled back on the stage  
And started pounding out the first song  
There was blood on the keyboard...  
..Oh my God.

Oh-oh Oh!  
They're watching me, watching me fall  
Oh-oh Oh!  
They're watching me, watching me fall

You wanna see what's in my head?  
You wanna see what's in my head?  
You wanna see what's in my head?  
Check it out 'cause;  
I got pictures of what's in my head  
I got pictures of what's in my head  
They took of me in Tokyo  
And I brought 'em back with me to the USA

Oh-oh Oh!  
They're watching me, watching me fall  
Oh-oh Oh!  
They're watching me, watching me fall  
Alright, fall!