

Julianne

Ben Folds Five

I met this girl, she looked like Axl Rose
Got drunk and took her home and we slept in our clothes
In the morning put my feet on the floor and thought
Being awake never felt like this before
And Julianne y'know she wouldn't approve
Spent all day on the phone 'cause I had nothing to do
Got rid of Axl by the afternoon
Being awake never felt so clear and blue

That's all I knew
Guess that I was innocent too
I'll sing a song and it won't be the blues
I don't miss Julianne

A friend she told me she felt sorry for me
She said the truth would come crashing down on me
That I'd be sorry but the truth of it is
That I feel guilty for not giving a shit

I got my bag of trash
I got my bag of trash
I drag it up and down, I drag it up and down the road
How could she miss a man
Who drags a bag of trash down the road

This week I feel like I been born again
I know that Julianne would have a fit
She'd find a reason for the things that I did
And gave me credit for the things that I've never been

That's all I knew
Guess that I was innocent too
I can try just as hard as I can
But I don't miss Julianne