

One Down

Ben Folds Five

(One...
Two...
One, two, three, four...)

I got up and I drove to work
On the wrong side of the road
What the hell would I do
I must admit I didn't know

Andrea came along y'all
To add a couple lines or so
I got one I finished yesterday
And I got three-point-six to go

One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm outta here

One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here

People tell me
Ben, just make up junk
And turn it in
but i could never could quite bring myself
to write a bunch of shit

i don't like wasting time
On music that won't make me proud
But now I've found a reason
To sit right down and shit some out

One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm outta here

One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here

Yeah, yeah...

I love you more than
Any man has loved before I
Love you more than
All the stars up in the sky

I think that we should
Settle down and
Live happily forever
After

What do you think of that?...

I'm really not complaining
I realize it's just a job
And I hate hearing belly-aching rockstars
Whine and sob

'Cause I could be bussing tables
I could well be pumpin' gas
Yeah, but I get paid much finer
For playin' piano and kissin' ass

And it's one-point-six
Yesterday
And three-point-six
The last

One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm outta here

One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here

One down
And three-point-six
One down
And three-point-six
Tomorrow
And I'm out of here