

# 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?"