

# 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