

The Last Polka

Ben Folds

Well, she crept back in the house
At half past three
Shook her head to see him
Snoring in his sleep
"if he 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
He 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 sha-la-la
The end is growing near
Though we're treading water now
And holding back our tears
And the day is rising
Wer're singing,
Sha - la - la - la - la

In a minute it will all be coming down
And they know it now
But no one makes a sound
It's 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 twenty-five
Before you?"

[Chorus]