

# 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]