

Ben Folds, Cologne [Piano Orchestra Version]

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
Weightless
As I close my eyes
The ceiling
Opens into skies
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