

Ben Folds, Adelaide

Adelaide
On a plane
Far from the United States
Of LA
Dropping in from outer space
Takes a day
Now I see the bogans
At the motor race
Here you know the world could turn
Or crash and burn
And you would never know it
Going where the air is clear
There's better beer in Adelaide

Charlie L. Smith's forty
Someone spiked my rice
The rest, history
Now I am a fixture down

Rundle Mall
Watching as the locals pass
Silver balls
I can see their eyes around
They're pointed down
They scan the spanning sidewalks
Learning that there is no hurry
Fuss or worry
Adelaide

It's raining
In Adelaide
A face is waiting in a window
A voice says
Why Adelaide
You could live anywhere and I say
Because I want to
Because I want to
I really really want to

And you know the earth could turn
Or crash and burn
And you would never know it
Really got to make it to the finish line
Get the record done on time
Pack the bags
And catch a flight
And you can kiss my ass goodbye
On Adelaide
Adelaide
Adelaide
Adelaide