

Ben Folds Five, Wave A White Flag

Take off your shoes, hang up your wings
Stack up the chairs, roll up the rug
Savor the things that sobriety brings
Drain in the last from a jug

But when I hit the bottle, there's no tellin' what I'll do
'cause something deep inside me wants to turn you black and blue
I can't resist you, I can't wait
To twist your loving arms 'til you capitulate

Beat me in the kitchen, and I'll beat you in the hall
There's nothing I love better than a free for all
To take your pretty neck and see which way it bends
But when it is all over we will still be friends

Wave a white flag, put away the pistol
Too many people just can't get kissed
But if there's nothin' I can do to make amends, baby
Hope you don't murder me

Oh, was it all right, or was it okay
I'll make it all up to you someday
Oh, but you didn't have to laugh that way
Oh, no, you didn't have to laugh that way

Wave a white flag, put away the pistol
Too many people just can't get kissed
But if there's nothin' I can do to make amends, baby
Hope you don't murder me
Gee, baby, hope you don't murder me