

# Ben Folds, Kate

She plays wipeout on the drums  
the squirrels and the birds come  
Gather around to sing the guitar  
Oh I...have you got nothing to say

When all words fail she speaks  
Her mix tape's a masterpiece  
Walks through the garden  
so the roses can see  
Oh I...have you got nothing to say  
And you can see the daisies  
in her footsteps  
Dandelions, butterflies  
I wanna be Kate

Everyday she wars the same thing  
I think she smokes pot  
She's everything I want, She's everything I'm not  
Oh. I...  
Have you got nothing to say

She never gets wet  
She smiles and it's a rainbow  
And she speaks and she breathes  
I wanna be Kate

Down by the Rosemary and Cameron  
She hands out the Bhagaved Gita  
I see her around every couple days  
I wanna see her so that  
I can say...hey Kate

She never gets wet

She smiles and it's a rainbow

Oh oh...You can see

I wanna wanna wanna wanna be

Kate, Kate, Kate, Kate, Kate, Kate

No, no, no, no, no