

Ben Folds, The Last Polka

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...

Shall I lie, shall I lie, la lie?
The end is growing near
And we're treading water now
And holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking
Shall I lie?

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 sunny day...

Shall I lie, shall I lie, la lie?
The end is growing near
And we're treading water now
We're holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking
Shall I lie?

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 25 before you?

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And we're treading water now
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