

# Ben Folds, Wandering

she's a million miles away

from me

seperated by a hollow wooden door

some time we can't erase

serves me right

to let her in the first time

that she knocked

and all this wandering

got you nothing

you were ready to but

never could

things you never saw in me

she'll see

observations that she'd heard from other people

that she never understood

serves her right

not knowing just exactly what she wants

and all this wandering

got me nothing

you were ready to but never could

are you happy

wandering

remember sitting on your car

that night

clouds rolled out and vailing lights around the bay

and you told me all those things

remember that?

you told me you can't match your clothes

remember that?

confessed how when I laugh sometimes, I'm crying

and we sat and didn't talk for half an hour

remember that?

alone

cause I won't remember

anymore

and all this wandering

and all this wandering