

Grant Lee Phillips, Folding

One two three
One two three

Oh what a colorful lie
Leading me on
Without ever batting an eye
How many pecks on the cheek
Before I get wind
That I'm on a losing streak
Yeah too many for me
Too many for me

Darlin' I'm folding
I'm tired of holding
Onto a love untrue
Darlin' I'm folding
I lay down my hand
And walk away from you

And oh what a painful lament
Knowing what was
And not knowing where it went
Destiny beckoned my name
Drew me to you
But destiny loves to play games
Yeah loves to play games

Darlin' I'm folding
I'm tired of holding
Onto a love untrue
Darlin' I'm folding
I lay down my hand
And walk away from you

I'll walk away it's true
For I keep breaking this promise
Breaking this promise

Darlin' I'm folding
I'm tired of holding
Onto a love untrue
Darlin' I'm folding
I lay down my hand
And walk away from you