

Ben Folds

"The Last Polka"

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Well, she crept back in the house at half past three
Shook her head to see him snoring in his sleep
"If you 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

Sha la la, sha la la lo li
The end is growing near
We're treading water now
And holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la lo li

In a minute it will all be coming down
And they know it now but no one makes a sound
Such a shame to ruin this bright
Lazy sunny day

Sha la la, sha la la lo li
The end is growing near
We're treading water now
And holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la lo li

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?"

Sha la la, sha la la lo li

The end is growing near
We're treading water now
And holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la lo li

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