

Ben Folds "Wandering"

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She's a million miles away
From me
Separated 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 unvailing 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

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