

Ben Folds / Ben Folds Five**"The last polka"**

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well, she crept back in the house at half past 3
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

the end is growing near
and we're treading water now
and holding back our tears
and the day is rising,
we're sinking

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

the end is growing near
and we're treading water now
and holding back our tears
and the day is rising,
we're sinking

my oh my,
the cruelest lies are often told
without a word
my oh 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?"

the end is growing near
and we're treading water now
and holding back our tears
and the day is rising,
we're sinking

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