

# Ben Folds, Cologne

Here in Cologne,  
I know I said it wrong,  
I walked you to the train,  
And back across alone,  
To my hotel room,  
And ordered me some food,  
And now I'm wondering,  
Why the floor has suddenly become a moving target.

Four, three, two, one,  
I'm letting you go.  
I will let go,  
If you will let go.  
(Four, three, two)

Says here an astronaut,  
Put on a pair of diapers,  
Drove eighteen hours,  
To kill her boyfriend,  
And in my hotel room - I'm wondering,  
If you read that story too,  
And if we both might,  
Be having the same imaginary conversation.

Four, three, two, one,  
I'm letting you go.  
I will let go,  
If you will let go.  
(Four, three, two)

Weightless as I close my eyes.  
The ceiling opens in disguise.

Such a painful trip,  
To find out this is it,  
And when I go to sleep,  
You'll be waking up.

Four, three, two, one,  
I'm letting you go.  
I will let go,  
If you will let go.