Ben Folds, Cologne [Piano Orchestra Version]

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 into skies 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