

Ben Folds, Effington

If there's a God, he is laughing at us
And our football team

Effington could be a wonderful effing place
I can see it from the highway
And I'm wondering
Are they effing in their yards, effing in their cars
Effing in their trailers in the back roads
And the parking lots
Of Effington
Making my way to Normal, Illinois

Maybe I should ditch this little white rental
On the interstate
And start a new effing life
In Effington

I could change my name, grow a beard, start a family
Or I could just keep on moving on, moving on, moving on, moving on
Not stop 'til I get to Normal

I want to live in Effington
I want to die there too
Please bury me in Effington
In Effington, in Effington, oh

I've got this movie in my mind of Effington
And the soundtrack to it sounds like this . . .

I want to live in Effington
I want to die there too
Please bury me in Effington
In Effington, in Effington, oh

If there's a God, he is laughing at us
And our football team

And then the people who live in Normal
Can buy the movies that I'll make in Effington
That's what normal people do
Do normal people do it too, normal people do it too,
Normal people do it, people do it . . .

Hey, hey

I want to live in Effington
I want to die there too
Please bury me in Effington
In Effington, in Effington
In Effington, in Effington . . .