

# Ben Folds Five, Wave A White Flag

Take off your shoes, hang up your wings  
Stack up the chairs, roll up the rug  
Savor the things that sobriety brings  
Drain in the last from a jug

But when I hit the bottle, there's no tellin' what I'll do  
'cause something deep inside me wants to turn you black and blue  
I can't resist you, I can't wait  
To twist your loving arms 'til you capitulate

Beat me in the kitchen, and I'll beat you in the hall  
There's nothing I love better than a free for all  
To take your pretty neck and see which way it bends  
But when it is all over we will still be friends

Wave a white flag, put away the pistol  
Too many people just can't get kissed  
But if there's nothin' I can do to make amends, baby  
Hope you don't murder me

Oh, was it all right, or was it okay  
I'll make it all up to you someday  
Oh, but you didn't have to laugh that way  
Oh, no, you didn't have to laugh that way

Wave a white flag, put away the pistol  
Too many people just can't get kissed  
But if there's nothin' I can do to make amends, baby  
Hope you don't murder me  
Gee, baby, hope you don't murder me