

The Last Polka

Ben Folds Five

Well, she crept back in the house at half past three
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 Sha la la, sha la la lo li, the end is growing near
And we're treading water now and holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la la la 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 Sha la la, sha la la lo li, the end is growing near
And we're treading water now and holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la la la My, my, the cruelest lies
Are often told without a word
My, my, the kindest truths
Are often spoken but 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"
And 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?" Sha la la, sha la la lo li, the end is growing near
We're treading water now and holding back our tears
And the day is rising
We're sinking sha la la la la

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