Cologne

J. Minor

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
Oh why weightless as I close my eyes?
Oh why the ceiling opens in disguise?
Such a painful trip to find out this is it
And as 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
Oh why? Oh why?
Oh why? Oh why?
I said

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