

# The Last Polka

**Ben Folds**

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  
We're treading water now  
And holding back our tears  
And the day is rising  
We're sinking sha la la lo li 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  
We're treading water now  
And holding back our tears  
And the day is rising  
We're sinking sha la la lo li My my, the cruelest lies are often told without a word  
My my, the kindest truths are often spoken, 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"  
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 lo li

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>