

# So There

## Ben Folds

A mattress and a stereo,  
Just like I started.  
And a note composed with thumbs and phone  
On unpacked boxes. It's so well written,  
But I won't be sending it.  
And I will not forget you;  
There is nothing to forget.  
Oh, so there. Through shiny streets and dirty snow,  
Blue skies and deadness,  
Oh Brooklyn it's my second sleep.  
I damn well did this. The world got big again.  
You could get rid of it.  
And I cannot forget you;  
There is nothing to forget.  
Oh, so there. You taught me nothing.  
I owe you nothing.  
How could I forget you  
When there's nothing to forget?  
Oh, so there.

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