

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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>