

# Cologne

**Ben Folds**

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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