

Hiroshima

Ben Folds

Oh-oh, Oh! It was the start of the show
Hiroshima
And the people were shouting my name
As the house lights came down
And the spotlight followed me out
I waved down low to the crowd
As I busted ass on the front of the stage Oh-oh Oh!
They're watching me, watching me fall Maybe it was the course of adrenaline
As the concrete rose to meet my face
Maybe it was the sheer embarrassment
That kept me concious and standing as I
Crawled back on the stage
And started pounding out the first song
There was blood on the keyboard...
..Oh my God. Oh-oh Oh!
They're watching me, watching me fall
Oh-oh Oh!
They're watching me, watching me fall You wanna see what's in my head?
You wanna see what's in my head?
You wanna see what's in my head?
Check it out 'cause;
I got pictures of what's in my head
I got pictures of what's in my head
They took of me in Tokyo
And I brought 'em back with me to the USA Oh-oh Oh!
They're watching me, watching me fall
Oh-oh Oh!
They're watching me, watching me fall
Alright, fall!

Songwriters

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