

Wandering

Ben Folds

she's a million miles away
from me
seperated by a hollow wooden door
some time we can't erase
serves me right
to let her in the first time
that she knocked and all this wandering
got you nothing
you were ready to but
never could things you never saw in me
she'll see
observations that she'd heard from other people
that she never understood
serves her right
not knowing just exactly what she wants
and all this wandering
got me nothing
you were ready to but never could dare you happy
wandering remember sitting on your car
that night
clouds rolled out unvailing lights around the bay
and you told me all those things
remember that?
you told me you can't match your clothes
remember that?
confessed how when I laugh sometimes, I'm crying
and we sat and didn't talk for half an hour
remember that?
alone
cause I won't remember
anymore and all this wandering
and all this wandering

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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