

Joe Jackson, Sentimental Thing

We always were the kind of people
To take it hard when things would go wrong
Little things would bother me
And little things would make you cry
And after all the confrontations
When it comes time for saying goodbye
All that I can wonder
Is what do I do with these flowers
And what do I do with my evenings
And what do you do with that ring
I'm gonna go now
No you can't hold me
Not with such a sentimental thing
So tell me why I'm feeling nothing
And tell me how you can't even cry
Little things are logical
But if there's a god above then
can it be that love was
Just another sentimental thing