

Joe Jackson, When You're Not Around

You come into my life
And then you go away
You make me feel like a fool
For wanting you to stay
But I'm a busy guy
A lot of things to do
But there's a reason why
Some of them just seem to lose their flavor
I feel like death warmed up
I can't taste the coffee in my cup
I feel so low I'm underground
Every time you're not around
And if I didn't feel so high
And if I didn't feel so proud
Then I wouldn't cry
I wouldn't feel so down
When you're not around
You come and fill me up
With ecstasy and pain
And then I run on empty
'Til I see you again
But I've got things to do
And places I can go
I guess I can't blame you
If some of them just seem to feel like nowhere
No, I don't feel so great
I can't taste the sandwich on my plate
I try to sing but there's no sound
Every time you're not around
And if I didn't feel so high
And if I didn't feel so proud
Then I wouldn't cry
I wouldn't feel so down
When you're not around