

Ben Folds, Sentimental Guy

There's a moment in my mind
I scribbled and erased a thousand times
Like a letter never written or sent
These conversations with the dead
I used to be a sentimental guy
Now I'm haunted by the left unsaid

I never thought so much could change

Little things you said or did
are part of me, come out from time to time
Probably no one I know now would notice

But I never thought so much could change

You drifted far away
Far away it seems
Time has stopped, the clock keeps going

People talkin' and I'm watching
As flashes of their faces go black and white
And fade to yellow in a box in an attic
But I never thought so much
Could change, now I don't miss anyone
I don't miss anything
What a shame cause I used to be a sentimental guy