

# 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