

Sentimental Man

The Dismemberment Plan

There is no heaven and there is no hell
No limbo in-between -- I think it's all a lie
Just a white light out to velvet black
and back to neutral gray -- that's all when we die

There is no fate that divides our day
no spirits hard at work, no unseen hand at play
people talk like it's a given thing
I dunno what they mean -- nor, I suspect, do they
I guess that's OK

But how do you know I'm not a sentimental man?
is it really so hard to see these things? I guess it is
I couldn't tell you why, I think it's right there
nobody's perfect, but I'm doing what I can
and you best believe I'll keep it real

I'm an old testament type of guy
I like my coffee black, and my parole denied
even as I flake on every deal
I ever made with myself, before the ink could dry
Well I should keep that one inside...

How do you know I'm not a sentimental man?
is it really so hard to catch that vibe? I guess it is
I couldn't tell you why, I think it's plain to see
certain disaster, and I really couldn't say how the fuck I could let this get
so far

How do you know that I'm not your biggest fan?
Can you really make that case so clear? I think you can't
I don't know why you try, I guess it's all a game
I'm under the covers and I'm telling you good night
'cos I plan to have some real fine dreams