

The Dismemberment Plan

"Sentimental Man"

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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

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