

7. SO SENTIMENTAL

What's the point in asking the point, all I know is I've loved her so long,
I guess I will till life calls time on me, sends another poor schmuck to live a life like mine,
and his heart will shed leaves like winter trees, leaves that will never grow back
but the sun'll shine alike on scumbags and saints
and cats dream on window-sills in sunshine and rain
and he'll get so sentimental....

The fields will be full of storm under a blob of lonely moon that'll drip along the old pit road,
he'll kill himself slow, one glass at a time....
He'll have a photo of his love in cold dawn light, she'll have binned him like some childhood doll....
The because of things will be hard to call,
there'll be a kid bouncing a football off a gable-end wall
and he'll get so sentimental.

She'll shiver against him, her body'll warm his,
She'll say such sweet, wild, crazy things,
Oh my goodness, good golly, gee whizz,
Twirling her turquoise rings....

He'll nod along to Sidney Bechet and the stuff they'll play at that two-chair barbershop,
or watch the wind wrinkling the pond or the bald, bandy busker do the lindy hop.
There'll be two girls kissing at the fountain, he'll be just a one-cigarette walk from a bar.
And the moon'll be that tyger tyger burning bright
as he pulls the blinds on another night
and he'll get so sentimental.

The wind'll play a song he'll half-know, eternity's all they'll have left to share,
he'll only wear his laurel-leaf crown to hide his thinning hair.
He'll have joint burns on all his shirts, drive a clown's car, parts falling away,
he'll pick at a crummy Chinese meal in a diner booth
but the stuff he'll make up will be as true as the truth
and he'll get so sentimental.

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