

Sentimental Guy
Ben Folds

F#7/C# Bm7 E9

There s a moment in my mind

A Asus4 A Asus4

I scribbled and erased a thousand times

D F#7/C# Bm7 E9

Like a letter never written or sent

A Asus4 A Asus4

D F#7/C# Bm7 E9

These conversations with the dead

A Asus4 A Asus4

I used to be a sentimental guy

D F#7/C# Bm7 E9 A Asus4

Now I m haunted by the left unsaid

A Asus4 D 1

I never thought so much could change

D F#7/C# Bm7 E9

Little things you said or did

A Asus4

Are part of me

A Asus4 D

Come out from time to time

F#7/C# Bm7 E9

Though probably no one I know now

A Asus4

Would notice

A Asus4 D 1*

But I never thought so much could change

You drifted far away

G **Em/G**
Far away it seems

Em
Time has stopped

A **Asus4 A** 1
The clock keeps go-ing

D **F#7/C#**
People talking

Bm7 **E9**
And I m watching

A **Asus4** **A** **Asus4** **D**
As flashes of their faces go black and white

D **F#7/C7**
And fade to yellow

Bm7 **E7** **A** **Asus4**
In a box in an attic

A **Asus4** **D** **F#7/C7** **Bm7**
And I never thought so much

E7 **A** **Asus4 A**
Could change now I don t miss any-one

Asus4 **D** **F#7/C#** **Bm7**
I don t miss anything

E7
What a shame

A **Asus4 A** **Asus4** 1**
I used to be a sentimental guy