

# When You're Not Around

Joe Jackson

You come into my life  
And then you go away  
You make me feel like a fool  
For wanting you to stay  
But I'm a busy guy  
A lot of things to do  
But there's a reason why  
Some of them just seem to lose their flavor

I feel like death warmed up  
I can't taste the coffee in my cup  
I feel so low I'm underground  
Every time you're not around

And if I didn't feel so high  
And if I didn't feel so proud  
Then I wouldn't cry  
I wouldn't feel so down  
When you're not around

You come and fill me up  
With ecstasy and pain  
And then I run on empty  
'Til I see you again  
But I've got things to do  
And places I can go  
I guess I can't blame you  
If some of them just seem to feel like nowhere

No, I don't feel so great  
I can't taste the sandwich on my plate  
I try to sing but there's no sound  
Every time you're not around

And if I didn't feel so high  
And if I didn't feel so proud  
Then I wouldn't cry  
I wouldn't feel so down  
When you're not around