

Sense Of Sentiment

The Tiger Lillies

Desire and despair and decadence
All wrapped up in providence
Your misery which you let bleed
Your sense of sentiment

You climb the stairs and have no cares
Except tomorrow and except despair
I wish that I had half your strength
Your sense of sentiment

I got smacked by the idol worship
Well, I hope that it was worth it
Exotic, quixotic and so neurotic
Your sense of sentiment

And if it makes no sense at all
Then you will give it your all
I love you, I need you
I'll die and bleed for
Your sense of sentiment

Yes, I love you, I need you
I'll die and bleed for
Your sense of sentiment