

## When You Feel It

Brett Dennen

Momma got to worrying because her boy left home in a hurry again  
Her photographs are fading, she keeps a box in the closet full of negatives

Well, I left a note on the floor in my room  
I've always been stubborn and late to bloom  
I had to lay down my load, my burdens are my own  
It's a coming of age when you feel it you know

When you feel it you know  
When you feel it you know  
and I know, I know

I was longing on a short summer night when I had the urge to leave  
I went out to find my muse with a eight in my pocket and a craving for some cajun blues  
I was following my follies when I saw her aboard the river queen  
I was courting my frail lady all the way to New Orleans  
But I was swoon by a luminous tomb so I climbed the roof and gave that woman my croon  
I had to tell her all I know, my business is my own  
It's a coming of age when you feel it you know

When you feel it you know  
When you feel it you know  
And I know, I know

When you feel  
When you feel it you know  
When you feel  
When you feel it you know  
When you feel  
When you feel it you know  
When you feel  
When you feel it

Well, mamma got to worrying she said "Now boy, I stay up late wondering where you been!  
Oh, soon your gonna have to give in no you can't live forever the way that you been."  
Oh, mamma I'm not trying to do not wrong I had to learn this is the way I get along  
It's a life that I chose, my reasons are my own  
It's a coming of age when you feel it you know

When you feel it you know  
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When you feel it you know  
When you feel it you know  
When you feel it you know  
I know, I know  
When you feel it you know

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