

F.E.E.L.I.N.G.C.A.L.L.E.D.L.O.V.E

Pulp

The room is cold,
And has been like this for several months.
If I close my eyes,
I can visualise everything in it,
Right down, right down to the broken handle on the third drawer down
Of the dressing table.
And the world outside this room,
Has also assumed a familiar shape,
The same events shuffled in a slightly different order each day.
Just like a modern shopping centre.

And it's so cold - yeah it's so cold.
It's so cold yeah, it's so cold.
What is this feeling called love.
Why me, why you, why here, why now.
It doesn't make no sense no.
It's not convenient no.
It doesn't fit my plans no.
It's something I don't understand oh.
F.e.e.l.i.n.g. c.a. double l.e.d. l.o.v.e.
Oh what is this thing that is happening to me.

And as I'm standing across this room,
I feel as if my whole life has been leading to this one moment.
And as I touch your shoulder tonight,
This room has become the centre of the entire universe.
So what do I do? I've got a slightly sick feeling in my stomach,
Like I'm standing on top of a very high building, oh yeah.
All the stuff they tell you about in the movies,
But this isn't chocolate boxes and roses.
It's dirtier than that,
Like some small animal that only comes out at night.
And I see flashes of the shape of your breasts,
And the curve of your belly,
And I may have to sit down and catch my breath.

Oh. what is this feeling called love.
Why me, why you, why here.
And why now.
It doesn't make no sense no.
It's not convenient no.
It doesn't fit my plans,
But I got that taste in my mouth again oh.
F.e.e.l.i.n.g. c.a. double l.e.d. l.o.v.e.
What is this thing that is happening to me
F.e.e.l.i.n.g. c.a.double l.e.d. l.o.v.e.
What is this thing that is happening to me.
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah.