

Hard Feelings

The Constantines

We live in the light
the constant light
a family of eyes
Talking about common sense
Coming thru the bedroom window
shining across the ceiling
You can't sleep in a nation
of imagination
You can tell by the way I talk

I've got hard feelings

Two mirrors in the middle of the world
Passers by making modern love
Some sensations are better than others
Some people's love isn't strong enough

But We've got hard feelings

We walk with a common desire
The fantasy is a way of dealing
We've been told pleasure kills
But we don't get nervous
You can tell
You can tell by the way we walk

We've got hard feelings

You can tell by the way I talk
You can tell
You can tell by the way we walk

We've got hard feelings

Some people's love isn't strong enough