

# 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  
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  
FEELING CA double LED LOVE  
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 And it's so cold, and it's so cold  
What is this feeling called love?  
Why me? Why you?  
Why here? And why now? Oh, 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  
FEELING CA double LED LOVE  
What is this thing that is happening to me?  
FEELING CA double LED LOVE  
What is this thing that is happening to me?  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

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