

Dido, Who Makes You Feel

I don't touch you the way I used to
I don't call and write when im away
We don't make love as often as we did do
what couldn't wait now waits and usually goes away

But listen and think when I say it
Oh but listen and think when I say it
Who makes you feel the way that I make you feel
Who loves you and knows you the way I do
Who touches you and holds you quite like I do
Who makes you feel like I make you feel

I don't mind if you come home late
I don't ever ask you where you've been
I just assume there's a problem will you tell me

But listen and think when I say it
Oh but listen and think when I say it
Who makes you feel the way that I make you feel
Who loves you and knows you the way I do
Who touches you and holds you quite like I do
Who makes you feel like I make you feel
Who makes you feel like I make you feel
Who makes you feel like I make you feel

Being weak when I am strong
Being seen, who you are
Being sad and love's not alone

But listen and think when I say it
Oh but listen and think when I say it
Who makes you feel the way that I make you feel
Who loves you and knows you the way I do
Who touches you and holds you quite like I do
Who makes you feel like I make you feel