

# Gypsy Kyss, What I Feel

You must know how it feels to belong  
Yes you, the fortunate one : So much in demand  
So much in want  
Maybe you can't see the light in my angle  
But I can and I know how it feels  
To belong to myself  
You might know how to speak the language  
And you might know how to suffer it  
Yes, maybe you know things that I don't know  
More likely just things I've abandoned  
All your painted words  
Without truth expressions  
In your little world  
Of acting example  
And that's what I feel  
About places and speeches and social appeal  
Of rumours and judgements and greasing the wheel  
I'll have nothing for you 'til you feel what I feel  
It's strange how you and I are so different  
And it's sad that we can never agree  
We will never find a solution  
When yours is you and mine is me  
We could sit and speak  
Letting our words do their dances  
Aware of only threats  
With dangerous glances  
It's what I feel  
About places and speeches and social appeal  
Of rumours and judgements and greasing the wheel  
You'll have nothing for me 'til I feel what you feel  
We'll have nothing to gain 'til we learn how to feel  
Can't we feel?