

John Hiatt, Feelin' Again

I thought I had to curl up from my head down to my toes

But heaven knows that I was wrong, I'm feeling again

Holding my breath and holed up in this cheap motel, I feel like hell

I'm holding my own heart, I'm feeling again

When I get that feeling like a bass drum

Pounding til my head is numb

Electric onion peeling within

I got that feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again

And all those nights just kill a billion brain cells

Now I'm swelling up inside with teeth and nails, I'm feeling again

From the bottoms up I put the top down on this town

And drove it around till I passed out, I'm feeling again

When I get that feeling like a bass drum

Pounding til my head is numb

Electric onion peeling within

I got that feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again

Morning comes like Catholic guilt, wilted lettuce from

The family farm on false alarms, I'm feeling again

Holding on to fear and lust and hate, now it's too late

To spin the wheel, it's drink or feel, I'm feeling again

When I get that feeling like a bass drum
Pounding til my head is numb
Electric onion peeling within
I got that feeling again

(I got that) Feeling again
(I got that) Feeling again
(I got that) Feeling again
(I got that) Feeling again
(I got that) Feeling again
(I got that) Feeling again
(I got that) Feeling again