

Paulson, Feast Or Famine

I have to know: is it you I'm seeking? This feeling's strong, and it comes as it...

Please don't leave this in my hands. 'Cause I know love sometimes is feast or famine. No one gets

Love like there's no tomorrow. Live under novacaine. Anything hard to swallow gets iced or numb

And if I made it this far, I'll make it all the way. I'll drown under the Hudson, sleep under these stars

This marks the end. Just say the word and I'll be gone by morning. I call your bluff, and you call mi

Don't let it get this far. She spoke and I was brought back to my senses. No, no one gets this far by

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And if I made it this far, I'll make it all the way. I'll sleep under the Hudson, drown under these stars

And though we try. Still it's never enough.

(Year one the hours measured in sighs, your eyes see only mine. Year three the fights get worse b