

Pulp, F.E.L.L.I.N.G.C.A.L.L.E.D.L.O.V.E.

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
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
F.E.E.L.I.N.G. C.A. double L.E.D. L.O.V.E.
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

Oh, What is this feeling called love?
Why me, why you, why here?
And why now?
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
F.E.E.L.I.N.G. C.A. double L.E.D. L.O.V.E.
What is this thing that is happening to me?
F.E.E.L.I.N.G. C.A.double L.E.D. L.O.V.E.
What is this thing that is happening to me?
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah