

Zutons

"How Does It Feel?"

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How does it feel to have loved, to have lost
And not know how to feel anymore?
And how many times do you have to be cruel, to be
kind
And show feelings the door?

Well, isn't it strange how much you can change
In a year or minute, or more?
And how can it go from so good to so bad
And my soul is now squished on the floor?

How does it feel? How does it feel?
How does it feel on your own
And you can't even deal with yourself?

How can I move when the ground is so loose
And the sun wants to peel off my skin?
And how can I laugh when my mouth is held back
And I'm struggling now just to grin?

I hold myself up till I run out of luck
While the world carries on in a spin
And now it's so real, and it's paying off well
'Cause my feelings are letting me in

How does it feel? How does it feel?
How does it feel on your own
And you can't even deal with yourself?

I've been asking the same old questions
Time and time again
I find that I don't wanna live this life
But I know that I'll have to pretend

'Cause everybody's hiding from the truth
And they're just lying to themselves
How do you expect me to deal with this
When I can't even deal with myself?

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How does it feel on your own
And you can't even deal with yourself?

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When I can't even deal with myself?

Deal with myself, deal with myself
Deal with myself, deal with myself
Deal with myself, deal with myself

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