

## **Swell Season, The "Feeling The Pull"**

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Well I'm heading back to pack a bag  
To head out on the road  
To take away what I know is mine  
And I'm running down and past the yellow house with  
Joe  
Into the breeze  
Where no one seems to care

And I'm feeling the pull  
Dragging me off again  
And I'm feeling so small against the sky tonight

Well stories of an open line  
And every time we work ourselves up into a rage  
We smash and grab  
We pull the handle  
No one says but everyone wants to be the one just  
climbing out

And I'm feeling the pull  
Dragging me off again  
And I'm feeling so small against the big sky tonight  
Tonight  
Yeah

And I'm feeling the pull  
Dragging me off again  
And I'm feeling so small against the big sky tonight

And I'm feeling the pull  
Dragging me on again  
And I'm feeling so small against the big moon in the  
sky tonight  
Tonight  
Oh

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