

Gypsy

"What I Feel"

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You must know how it feels to belong
Yes you, the fortunate one : So much in demand
So much in want
Maybe you can't see the light in my angle
But I can and I know how it feels
To belong to myself
You might know how to speak the language
And you might know how to suffer it
Yes, maybe you know things that I don't know
More likely just things I've abandoned
All your painted words
Without truth expressions
In your little world
Of acting example
And that's what I feel
About places and speeches and social appeal
Of rumours and judgements and greasing the wheel
I'll have nothing for you 'til you feel what I feel
It's strange how you and I are so different
And it's sad that we can never agree
We will never find a solution
When yours is you and mine is me
We could sit and speak
Letting our words do their dances
Aware of only threats
With dangerous glances
It's what I feel
About places and speeches and social appeal
Of rumours and judgements and greasing the wheel
You'll have nothing for me 'til I feel what you feel
We'll have nothing to gain 'til we learn how to feel
Can't we feel?

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