

Pulp "Feeling Called Love"

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The room is cold
And has been like this for several months
If I close my eyes
I can visualize everythin' 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 center

And it's so cold, yea it's so cold
What is this feeling called love?
Why me? Why you? Why here? Or why now?
Ah, it doesn't make no sense, no
It's not convenient, no
It doesn't fit my plans, oh
It's somethin' I don't understand, oh
F E E L I N G C A double L E D L O V E
(I'm just 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)
Oh, what is this thing that is happening to me, oh
(This room has become the center 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 yea
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

And it's so cold, ahh, ahh
And it's so cold
What is this feeling called love?
Why me? Why you? Why here? And why now?
Ah, 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, oh
F E E L I N G C A double L E D L O V E
([inaudible])
([inaudible])
What is this thing that is happening to me
(Oh yea)
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 yea
(Oh yea)
Oh yea, oh yea, oh yea

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