

## Paulson

### "Feast Or Famine"

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I have to know: is it you I'm seeking?  
This feeling's strong, and it comes as it...

Please don't leave this in my hands.  
'Cause I know love sometimes is feast or famine.  
No one gets this far by speaking tongues or bending  
backwards.

Love like there's no tomorrow.  
Live under novacaine.  
And anything hard to swallow gets iced or numbed and  
swept under the rug.

And if I made it this far, I'll make it all the way.  
I'll drown under the Hudson, sleep under these stars.

This marks the end.  
Just say the word and I'll be gone by morning.  
I call your bluff, and you call mine and find we've both  
been faking.

Don't let it get this far.  
She spoke and I was brought back to my senses.  
No, no one gets this far by speaking tongues or  
bending backwards.

Love like there's no tomorrow.  
Live under novacaine.  
Anything hard to swallow gets iced or numbed and  
swept under the rug.

And if I made it this far, I'll make it all the way.  
I'll sleep under the Hudson, drown under these stars.

And though we try. Still it's never enough.

(Year one the hours measured in sighs, your eyes see  
only mine.  
Year three the fights get worse but we've grown  
frightened to be alone.)

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