

# Pulp, F.E.L.L.I.N.G.C.A.L.L.E.D.L.O.V.E.

The room is cold and has been like this for several months  
If I close my eyes I can visualise everything 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 centre

And it's so cold - yeah it's so cold  
It's so cold yeah, it's so cold  
What is this feeling called love?  
Why me, why you, why here, why now?  
It doesn't make no sense, no  
It's not convenient, no  
It doesn't fit my plans, no  
It's something I don't understand, oh  
F.E.E.L.I.N.G. C.A. double L.E.D. L.O.V.E.  
Oh, what is this thing that is happening to me?

And as I'm 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  
This room has become the centre 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 yeah  
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

Oh, What is this feeling called love?  
Why me, why you, why here?  
And why now?  
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  
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?  
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 yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah