

Pulp, There's No Emotion

As I lay / down in the bedroom, / there came a sound / from far away.

As I strained / my ears to listen / I could hear / a thin voice say:

"In your heart / there's no emotion, / and your soul,
your soul just dried away.

There's no love, / no love left in your / body;

standing empty forever, / and colder / every day."

So I spent / a night without you, / oh yes, I spent / a night outdoors.

Staring in / to unknown faces, / trying to feel / just like before.

In your heart / there's no emotion, / and your soul,

your soul just dried away. / There's no love, / no love left in your / body;

standing empty forever, / and colder / every day.

Oh yeah. / No I don't

believe in voices, / because I hear / them all the time,

scraping tears / from hardened faces / with their stu- / pid ugly rhymes.

In your heart / there's no emotion, / and your soul,

your soul just dried away.

There's no love, / no love left in your body; / standing empty forever,

and colder / every day.

Standing empty forever, / and colder / every day.

And this is where the story starts, / holding hands / that hold you forever,

only love / will keep you together.

Holding hands / that hold you forever, / holding hands

that throw you forever / away, / away, / oh.