

The Feeling

Ben Rector

And your hair's a mess, smashed onto one side of your head.
Weary as your eyes that say you're late today.
Yes, the clothes you threw on your way on through the dark,
That keys you find are not the ones that you've been lookin' for.

Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, the feeling, yeah.
Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, you're feeling, yeah.

It's the way she wears her dress and bats her eyes,
That makes you find the truth in lines of cheesy love songs,
Oh, your favorite ones.
The way she's not who you thought she would be,
But she remains a mystery that you haven't figured out.
But you wouldn't want to, now.

Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, the feeling, yeah.
Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, you're feeling, yeah.

Every garbage worker, waitress and the man who stands the corner,
Are just the same as you and I,
And every CEO in suit and tie.
Different face, a different name.
But all your feelings are the same, oh, your feelings are the same.

It's the heat you feel when someone brings it up,
Someone who doesn't know enough to know it's deep inside,
Or just how hard you try to cover up exactly what you feel is unattractive,
Oh, and all the lonely nights you've spent carrying this alone.

Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, the feeling, yeah.
Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, believe me, yeah.
Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, the feeling, yeah.
Everyone knows the feeling, the feeling, you're feeling, yeah.