

# Background Noise

Pulp

I walked out of the house, it began to rain  
I got on a train, started thinking about being single again  
I got off at the next station, went to Westfield  
Trying to buy myself some time, but now I'm back here and I'm trying to explain

What brought me back?  
Just a hunch  
Just an inkling  
Just a feeling

A suspicion  
A compromise  
Force of habit  
But I got this feeling

Over years

Love turns into background noise  
Like this ringing in my ears  
Like the buzzing of a fridge  
You only notice when it disappears

I got no evidence  
Don't remember the first time  
Or the last time  
Or the way we got from here to there  
Should I keep you at arm's length?  
Too far away, I'll die of cold  
Too close, I lose my teeth and hair

It's only real if you don't know where you're going  
If you don't know what you're feeling  
The afternoon sunlight in your hair  
Feet on the moss  
Jesus Christ now, what a feeling

How could I know?

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Like this ringing in my ears  
Like the buzzing of a fridge  
You only notice when it disappears

Love turns into background noise  
Like this ringing in my ears  
Like the buzzing of a fridge  
You only notice when it disappears

No, no, no, no background noise  
No more ringing in my ears  
No more buzzing like a fridge  
You only notice when it disappears