

That Feeling

Gossling

You got it all laid out
The music's thumping low
Your playlist played just right
Soft but not too slow

The lightings not too bright
The cushions placed just so
The time is pushing on, there's nowhere left to go

The elements together form a statement as to whether there's a
vibe that's gonna carry the night

You won't get that feeling again, you won't get that feeling again
You can try but you won't get high on it
You won't get that feeling again, you won't get that feeling again
You can try but you won't get high on it

The room is filling up
Bodies sway to beats
You drifted through the room
Face is flushed with heat
Your face is flushed with heat

The patterns of attraction don't connect with your reaction and
the scene that's playing out has made you doubt,
forever that the moment you are chasing is a view always escaping
you however many times you hunt it down

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