

She Gets The Feeling

Jude.

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Take a look around, baby tell me what you see
'Cause what you see is what you found
What you found is what you need
Life is hard, there's a feeling on the Boulevard

Everybody's got to play a final card
A way to go do the deed
Throw the punches like Apollo Creed
'Cause there's a bunch of ways to make it bleed, I know

Well, the words of the prophets are no longer
Written on the subway walls, one of them lost his hair
The other publishes poetry here and there
And that is all but, the things you said to me

I cannot forget although I try
To ignore the space beside me
Where we used to love and you would lie

She gets the feeling
She gets the feeling
Up through the ceiling is the only view
As I was walking out the door, she said, "See
You don't want to go around the world with me"

Anyway, the San Francisco blues
It was a piece of news to me
It was a little blue book
And a night time nook of Zen philosophy

Late at night, a man desires a woman
White, black, tan, but the fires are flamed
By names and traces and the places and the faces
And it's all the same in the morning game when

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Up through the ceiling is the only view
As I was walking out the door, she said, "See
Why don't you wanna come around the world with me"

Everyday I climb the mountain
And everyday I drive a car
Every night I turn the lights off
It goes too far

Woh, woh, woh, woh
Woh, woh, woh, woh
Woh, woh, woh, woh
Woh, woh, woh, woh

She gets the feeling
She gets the feeling
Up through the ceiling is the only view
She says, "Baby, I just can't believe

You don't wanna come around the world with me"

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