Under Pressure

Jukebox the Ghost

Pressure, pushing down on me
Pressing down on you, no man ask for
Under pressure that burns a building down
Splits a family in two, puts people on streets

It's the terror of knowing what this world is about
Watching some good friends screaming, "Let me out!"
And tomorrow gets me higher
Pressure on people, people on streets

Chippin' around, kick my brains around the floor
These are the days, it never rains but it pours

People on the streets
People on the streets

It's the terror of knowing what this world is about
Watching some good friends screaming, "Let me out!"
And tomorrow gets me higher, higher, high!
Pressure on people, people on streets

Turned away from it all like a blind man
Sat on a fence, but it don't work
Keep comin' up with love, but it's so slashed and torn
Why, why, why?

Love, love, love, love, love, love, love
Insanity laughs, under pressure we're cracking

Can't we give ourselves one more chance?
Why can't we give love that one more chance?
Why can't we give love, give love, give love, give love
Give love, give love, give love, give love

'Cause love's such an old fashioned word
And love dares you to care for the people on the
Edge of the night, and love dares you to
Change our way of caring about ourselves
This is our last dance
This is our last dance
This is ourselves

Under pressure
Under pressure
Pressure

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