

# Breakdown

Roger Taylor

Now come on can't you see  
It's printed in black and white  
That the news today  
Is that some poor boy lies dead

The papers gloat and tell  
they live in "Bitch City"  
The one that has no soul

It makes me breakdown, breakdown  
It makes me breakdown  
Breakdown and cry  
It makes me breakdown, breakdown  
So read all about it today

Do you see us all as fools  
Suckered by your lies  
Yeah you point the finger  
Like some power crazy dude

Sensation pushers hound  
To feed their addictions  
See the jackals at your door

It makes me breakdown, breakdown  
It makes me breakdown  
Breakdown and cry  
It makes me breakdown, breakdown  
So read all about it today

I know, you know, I know, we know  
Could be a breakdown  
I know, you know, I know, we know  
Might be a breakdown  
I know, you know, I know, we know  
Could be a breakdown  
(You can't believe that stuff)  
I know, you know, I know, we know  
Might be a breakdown