

Pressure

Wicked boy

You have to learn to pace yourself

Pressure

You're just like everybody else

Pressure

You've only had to run so far

So good

But you will come to a place

Where the only thing you feel

Are loaded guns in your face

And you'll have to deal with

Pressure

You used to call me paranoid

Pressure

But even you cannot avoid

Pressure

You turned the tap dance into your crusade

Now here you are with your faith

And your Peter Pan advice

You have no scars on your face

And you cannot handle

Pressure

All grown up and no place to go

Psych 1, Psych 2

What do you know?

All your life is channel 13

Sesame Street

What does it mean?

(I'll tell you what it means)

Pressure

Pressure

Don't ask for help

You're all alone

Pressure

You'll have to answer

To your own

Pressure

I'm sure you'll have some cosmic rationale
But here you are in the ninth
Two men out and three men on
Nowhere to look but inside
Where we all respond to
Pressure
Pressure

All your life is Time Magazine
I read it too
What does it mean?

Pressure

I'm sure you'll have some cosmic rationale
But here you are with your faith
And your Peter Pan advice
You have no scars on your face
And you cannot handle
Pressure
Pressure
Pressure
One, two, three, four
Pressure

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