

# Under Pressure (David Bowie & Queen cover)

## Keane

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, that's okay  
It's the terror of knowing what this world is about  
Watching some good friends screaming, "Let me out"  
Pray tomorrow gets me higher  
Pressure on people, people on streets, okay  
Chipping around, kick my brains around the floor  
These are the days it never rains but it pours  
People on streets, people on streets  
It's the terror of knowing what this world is about  
Watching some good friends screaming, "Let me out"  
Pray tomorrow gets me higher, high, 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 coming 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 loves dares you to change our way of caring about ourselves  
This is our last dance, this is ourselves  
Under pressure, under pressure, pressure

Songwriters

BOWIE, DAVID/MERCURY, FREDDIE/TAYLOR, ROGER/DEACON, JOHN  
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