

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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