

She Gets the Feeling

Jude

Yeah, yeah, yeahTake a look around, baby tell me what you see
'Cause what you see is what you found
 What you found is what you need
Life is hard, there's a feeling on the BoulevardEverybody's got to play a final card
 A way to go do the deed
 Throw the punches like Apollo Creed
'Cause there's a bunch of ways to make it bleed, I knowWell, the words of the prophets are no longer
 Written on the subway walls, one of them lost his hair
 The other publishes poetry here and there
And that is all but, the things you said to meI cannot forget although I try
 To ignore the space beside me
 Where we used to love and you would lieShe gets the feeling
 She gets the feeling
 Up through the ceiling is the only view
 As I was walking out the door, she said, "See
You don't want to go around the world with me"Anyway, the San Francisco blues
 It was a piece of news to me
 It was a little blue book
And a night time nook of Zen philosophyLate at night, a man desires a woman
 White, black, tan, but the fires are flamed
 By names and traces and the places and the faces
And it's all the same in the morning game whenShe gets the feeling
 She gets the feeling
 Up through the ceiling is the only view
 As I was walking out the door, she said, "See
Why don't you wanna come around the world with me"Everyday I climb the mountain
 And everyday I drive a car
 Every night I turn the lights off
 It goes too farWoh, woh, woh, woh
 Woh, woh, woh, woh
 Woh, woh, woh, woh
 Woh, woh, woh, wohShe gets the feeling
 She gets the feeling
 Up through the ceiling is the only view
 She says, "Baby, I just can't believe
You don't wanna come around the world with me"She gets the feeling
 She gets the feeling
 She gets the feeling

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