Under Pressure (David R. Fuller Mix)

Queen & David Bowie

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.It's the terror of knowing what this world is about.
Watching some good friends screaming, "let me out".
Tomorrow gets me higher.
Pressure on people, people on streets.Chippin' 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".
Tomorrow gets me higher, higher, 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 comin' up with love, but it's so slashed and torn.
Why, why, why?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, 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 love dares you to
change our way of caring about ourselves.
This is our last dance.
This is ourselves.Under pressure.
Under pressure.
Pressure.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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