Pressure

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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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