

She likes wearin' lipstick, she likes French cuisine  
But she won't let me use my passion unless it's in a limousine

She got me under pressure  
She got me under pressure

She likes the art museum, she don't like Pavlov's dog  
She fun at the mind museum, she likes it in a London fog  
She don't like other women, she likes whips and chains  
She likes cocaine and filppin' out with great Danes  
She's about all I can handle, it's too much for my brain

It's got me under pressure  
It's got me under pressure

I'm gonna give her a message  
Here's what I'm gonna say  
It's all over  
She might get out a nightstick  
And hurt me real real bad  
By the roadside in a ditch

It's got me under pressure  
It's got me under pressure

It's got me under pressure  
It's got me under pressure