

# Jude, She Gets The Feeling

Take a look around, baby  
Tell me what you see  
'Cause what you see is what you found  
What you found is what you need and  
Life is hard  
There's a feeling on the Boulevard  
Everybody'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 know

Well, 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 me I cannot forget although I try  
To ignore the space beside me where we used to love and you would lie

Chorus:  
She 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

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 philosophy late at night  
A man desires a woman white, black, tan, but the fires are flamed by names and traces and the pla

She 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 want to come around the world with me

Bridge:  
Everyday I climb the mountain and  
Everyday I drive a car  
Every night I turn the lights off  
It goes too far  
Woh, woh, woh, woh...

Chorus  
She 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 want to go around the world with me

She gets the feeling (Repeat)