

Roger Taylor, Breakdown

Now come on
Now come on can't you see
It's printed in black and white
That the news today
Is that some poor boy lies dead
The papers gloat and tell
They live in Bitch City
The one that has no soul
It makes me breakdown breakdown
It makes me breakdown
Breakdown and cry
It makes me breakdown breakdown
So read all about it today
Do you see all us as fools
Suckered by your lies
Yeah you point the finger
Like some power crazy dude
Sensation pushers hound
To feed their addictions
See the jackals at your door
It makes me breakdown breakdown
It makes me breakdown
Breakdown and cry
Breakdown breakdown
So read all about it today
Read all about it
Every day
That ain't news
It makes me breakdown breakdown
It makes me breakdown
Breakdown and cry
Breakdown breakdown yeah
Read all about it today
Might be a breakdown
I know you know I know we know
Could be a breakdown
I know you know I know we know
Might be a breakdown
I know you know I know we know
Could be a breakdown
You can't believe that stuff
I know you know I know we know
Might be a breakdown