

ZZ Top, Got Me Under Pressure

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.