

# She Gets The Feeling

Jude.

Yeah, yeah, yeah

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  
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

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"

Anyway, 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 places and the faces  
And it's all the same in the morning game when

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As I was walking out the door, she said, "See  
Why don't you wanna come around the world with me"

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  
Woh, woh, woh, woh  
Woh, woh, woh, woh  
Woh, woh, woh, woh

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 wanna come around the world with me"

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