

The Herd

"Under Pressure"

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[Verse 1: Urthboy]

'My dearest Grandma' was the way he always started
the letter
it wasn't the only occasion he wrote to keep it together
"Thank you for the birthday present, it'll really come in
handy
I'm writing quietly, 'cause I hope you're not angry,
Mum and Dad are yelling at each other, like every night
Like every night, I end up locking my door and I write
Would you please be able to visit, and maybe make
'em make up?
I'd hate to think that it was me that made my parents
break up
Next year I'll be in high school, I'm pretty nervous,
actually
Though I know it's common, I don't want no broken
family
It's my fault, and I don't like it here
and it's my fault, and now my little brother's in tears
And Gran, I hope you're not mad, I swear I'll try to be
good
'cause Mum and Dad'll get along much better when I'm
being good"
Signin' it, 'Love, your Grandson', quietly he stored it in
the cupboard
with the others, and tightly held his brother, he was...

[Chorus: Jane Tyrell]

Under pressure, I'm heating up.
Under pressure, calm, but it's all front
Under pressure, boiling point has come
Under pressure

{Verse 2: Bezerkatron}

Fast forward twelve years, and he's been out of home
for seven
Never really understood the way he carried it all with
him
Even years later, he hated things gettin' too heated
Whole section of his history he tried to delete
New school, new city, reason justified his leaving

He couldn't leave his guilt seeing his mother's spirit
beaten
She was bleeding, eyes streaming, he had to depart
Frightened sunken-eyed kid became the life of the
party
Only been in town a term, social life like a soap star
Still wrote his grandmother the occasional postcard
"Doin' fine, working hard", he thought that she'd be
relieved
and perhaps a little proud of all the things he'd
achieved
HD's and team captain, a prize in his class
A string of love affairs, but never close enough to see
the scars
Kept the cards to his chest, stressed to less and
conflict
Between the lines his Grandma only one who heard his
bomb tick, he was...

[Chorus]

[Jane Tyrell]

"Child, I miss you greatly, haven't got many letters
lately
I just wrote to let you know that it's OK to show when
you're under pressure
Though I never really needed to explain this is true
I see a lot of your dear father when I'm looking at you
He worked hard, and enjoyed inebriation
And clearly that's a trait that doesn't skip a generation
Once removed, I see clearer than most, dear boy
I see though your illusions, boy
All life's lessons are under pressure"

[Verse 3: Ozi Batla]

Now he's old enough to know better, looking through
those old letters
that he's never sent, he's sure the past is omnipresent
He won't resent the sum total of experience
from delirious days, to some so serious
"Never got those letters, but be sure that I'm hearing
this"
They're really just signposts, landmarks, clippings
Some repetitive themes, like record players skipping
He has torn off the layers and always found something
different
inside him, tiny sparks like stars colliding
And they let him live again, he's never giving in
and without those few friends that always meant well
It might have never got to "all's well that ends well"
Pen fell, swiftly, why he's writing now is still a mystery

Has the feeling history forgotten tends to repeat
So some nights before sleep, he writes to keep it in his
sights
And when it's close enough to touch, he lets fly
just to get by, by any means, to walk the path of many
dreams
The penny seems to fall at the very last moment
The ability to love is like the vast ocean
And with lead-lidded focus, he writes the last lines of
this one
and signs off, "With love, your Grandson"

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