

# Hyperactive! (heavy breather sub-version)

Thomas Dolby

At the tender age of three  
I was hooked to a machine  
Just to keep my mouth from spouting junk  
Must have took me for a fool  
When they chucked me out of school  
Cause the teacher knew I had the funk  
But tonight I'm on the edge -  
Better shut me in the fridge  
Cause I'm burning up (I'm burning up)  
With the vision in my brain  
And the dirty rhythm in my blood  
They are messing with my heart  
And they're messing with my heart  
And they're messing with my heart  
Won't stop messing with me  
Ripping me apart !Hyperactive: when I'm small  
Hyperactive: now I'm grown  
Hyperactive: and the night is young  
And in a minute I'll blow Semaphore out on the floor  
Messages from outer space  
Deep heat for the feet  
And the rhythm of your heartbeat  
Cause the music of the street  
It isn't any rap attack  
It isn't any rap attack I can reach into your homes  
Like an itch in your headphones  
You can't turn it up  
I'm the shape in your back room  
I'm the breather on the phone  
And I'm burning up  
But there's one thing I must say  
Before they lock me up again -  
You'd be safer at the back  
When I'm having an attack !Hyperactive: when I'm small  
Hyperactive: now I'm tall  
Hyperactive: as the day is long  
Hyperactive: in my bones  
Hyperactive: in your phones  
Hyperactive: and the night is young  
Hyperactive : when I'm small

Hyperactive: now I'm grown  
Hyperactive: 'til I'm dead and goneStand up : hyperactivate!  
Get up: hyperactivate!  
Wise up: hyperactivate!  
London: hyperactivate!

Songwriters

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