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 bloodThey 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 blowSemaphore 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 attackI 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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