

# Hyperactive!

Words & Music:  
Thomas Dolby

*[spoken: "Ahem! Tell me about your childhood."]*

At the tender age of three, I was hooked to a machine  
Just to keep my mouth from spouting junk.  
Ha! 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. Fellas, shut me in the fridge  
'Cause I'm burning up! (I'm burning up.)  
With the vision in my brain and the music in my veins,  
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 my... Oh, ripping me apart!

Hyperactive: when I'm small  
Hyperactive: now I'm grown  
Hyperactive: and the night is young  
*[spoken: "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 rapattack. It isn't any rapattack.

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 was 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 was small.  
Hyperactive: now, I'm grown.  
Hyperactive: 'til I'm dead and gone!