

Sugar High

Stephen Duffy

The father son and game show host came to me
On the West Coast and told me I could fly
You don't need jets, you don't need wings
You just need faith in silly things
Like don't grow old and die

It's all there in the air
And in every young girl's hair

Sugar high, left suspended in a pale blue sky
Singing songs for mythic lucky guys and girls
Sugar high, in the hit parade I hear the sighs
Of ecstasy that only love and music buy
Hi bye bye, sugar high

The hypo fix the contact strip
Immortalized as far too hip, too good to be alive
Do you deserve the teenage news?
Get your kicks and never bruise in all the hype and jive

At the fade of the refrain
She just hits play again

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Life is far too complicated
To groove along quietly
Have you got what it takes to survive?
Oh, yeah

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