

Highly Strung

Van der Graaf Generator

The beat, the beat at my temples;
my pulse, my pulse in a rush.
I'm feeling increasingly mental,
legs shaking , my face flushed.
The lights so bright in a dazzle,
the pumping that thumps at my chest.
I'm feeling increasingly frazzled,
need some comfort, need some bedrest
or some kind of intervention,
cold sweat beading up on my brow,
the hairs on my neck at attention.
I don't know why but somehow
I'm highly strung, I'm stressed as hell,
I bite my tongue, I hold my breath as well.
The iron lung, the diving bell...
time to depressurise, my nerves are shot to hell.
The beat, the heat is astounding,
the pressure, the tension full-blown,
the static is cracking around me.
I can't hold on, I can't let go...
I'm highly strung, panic attack,
can't do this one, can't go on with the act.
I'm frozen on the topmost rung,
I can't go on, I'm just too highly string.
Hold her steady as she goes,
just be ready, on your toes,
hold her steady...there she blows!
The case is shut, the song is sung,
the wire's been cut and the acrobat's well hung.