

## Stephen Duffy "Sugar High"

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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

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

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

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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

