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Hyperspace

When you're two weeks out into hyperspace and you've read all the magazines
And the girl you left is a parsec back, but she's filling all your dreams
Till you wake in a sweat with empty arms and a dirty sock in your face,
And the drummer moans, and the bassist snores, and you find you cannot face
Hyperspace.

(Chorus)

Press Enter to continuum, while you still can keep your head.
Press Enter to continuum, before someone ends up dead.
Press Enter to continuum, she'll be waiting when you land.
Hear her voice, see her smile, take her hand.

When you're three weeks out into hyperspace and the air is full of haze,
And the stuff you smoked shut the filters down and the drummer's in a daze
From the pills that he got on Altair 4 - never seen such a happy place.
He's flying high, he's floating free, but he still cannot erase
Hyperspace.

Press Enter to continuum, looking for the things you lack.
Press Enter to continuum, while your brain is still intact.
Press Enter to continuum, cause you know you're planet bound.
Feel the chord, play the riff, taste the sound.

(Bridge)

Breakout coming soon and you know you must rehearse
Cause the lyric's wrong and you're singing flat and it's gone from bad to verse.
Drums can't keep the beat - a string's popped on the bass.
You swear it's the worst you've ever heard, and you know it's hyperspace.

When you've been four weeks in hyperspace and you finally hit the ground,
And you take the stage, and the lights go down, and you fill the room with sound,
And the energy that flows between is like a lover's warm embrace,
It's a musical high for a four man mind, and it reminds you why you face
Hyperspace.

Press Enter to continuum, beat the drums and play guitars.
Press Enter to continuum, cause it's time to be the stars.
Press Enter to continuum, and you've never felt so grand.
Hit the notes, play the song, be the band.

Hit the notes, play the song, be the band.