

Heideroosjes, Reachable Barbarian

Help, help, I'm going insane!
I communicate over my neck
An e-mail here, a voicemail there
I internet, call and fax at the same time!

F**k, shit, nothing is private
I feel like a tele-prostitute
Profit by speed, that's what it's all about
The human as machine, it's stupid!

You can call me everywhere, REACHABLE BARBARIAN!
You can fax me everywhere, REACHABLE BARBARIAN!
You can mail me everywhere, REACHABLE BARBARIAN!
You can buzz me everywhere, REACHABLE BARBARIAN!

I admit, it's handy at times
But sometimes I feel like a multi-media-nutcase
The portable bully, it rings everywhere
Soft I hear saying: There's a fool again

Funeral, exams, nothing is sacred
In your street and in your house, nowhere you're safe
The communication, it trots on
Until you think, why am I doing this?

Help, help, I'm going insane!
I'm constantly reachable and I don't know why
Economically justified? I believe that
But first my healthiness and then the rest!

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