

I've been on tenterhooks, ending in dirty looks  
List'ning to the Muzak, thinking 'bout this 'n' that  
She said, That's that, I don't want to chitter-chat  
Turn it down a little bit or turn it down flat

Pump it up, when you don't really need it  
Pump it up, until you can feel it

Down in the pleasure center, hell-bent or heaven-sent  
Listen to the propaganda, listen to the latest slander  
There's nothing underhand that she wouldn't understand

Pump it up, until you can feel it  
Pump it up, when you don't really need it

[Interlude]

She's been a bad girl, she's like a chemical  
Though you try to stop it, she's like a narcotic  
You want to torture her, you want to talk to her  
All the things you bought for her, puttin' up your temperature

Pump it up, until you can feel it  
Pump it up, when you don't really need it

Out in the fashion show, down in the bargain bin  
You put your passion out under the pressure pin  
Fall into submission, hit-and-run transmission  
No use wishing now for any other sin

Pump it up, until you can feel it  
Pump it up, when you don't really need it

Pump it up, until you can feel it  
Pump it up, when you don't really need it

Pump it up, until you can feel it  
Pump it up, when you don't really need it  
Don't really need it  
Don't really need it  
Don't really need it