

Rapture

Blondie

Toe to toe...dancing very close.
Body breathing...almost comatose.
Wall to wall...people hypnotized.
And they're step-ping lightly.
Hang each night in rapture.

Back to back...sacroiliac.
Spineless movement...and a wild attack.
Face to face...sightless solitude.
And it's fin-ger pop-ping.
Twenty four hour shopping in rapture.

Fab Five Freddy told me everybody's fly.
D.J. spinning, I said, "My, My."
Flash is fast, flash is cool.
Fran  sois, c'est pas flashe non due.
And you don't stop...sure shot.
Go out to the parking lot.
And you get in your car and drive real far.
And you drive all night and then you see a light.
And it comes right down and it lands on the ground.
And out comes the man from Mars.
And you try to run but he's got a gun.
And he shoots you dead and he eats your head.
And then you're in the man from Mars.
You go out at night...eatin' cars.
You eat Cadillacs, Lincolns too.
Mercurys and Subaru.
And you don't stop.
You keep on eatin' cars.
Then when there's no more cars you go out at night
And eat up bars where the people meet.
Face to face.
Dance cheek to cheek.
One to one.
Man to man.
Dance toe to toe.
Don't move too slow
Cause the man from Mars
Is through with cars.
He's eating bars.
Yeah, wall to wall.
Door to door.
Hall to hall.
He's gonna eat 'em all.
Rap-ture.
Be pure.
Take a tour...through the sewer.
Don't strain your brain.
Paint a train.
You'll be singing...in the rain.
Said don't stop...do the punk rock. (BREAK)

Man to man, body muscular
Seismic decibel, by the jugular
Wall to wall, tea time technology
And a digital ladder

No sign of bad luck in rap-ture

Well now you see what you wanna be.
Just have your party on T.V.
Cause the man from Mars won't eat up bars
Where the T.V's on.
Now he's gone back up to space
Where he won't have a hassle with the human race.
Say you hip hop.
And you don't stop.
Just blast off, sure shot.
Cause the man from Mars stopped eatin' cars
And eatin' bars
And now he only eats guitars.
Get up!