

Rapture

Full Scale

(written by Stein/Harry)

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

Back to back sacraliliac
Spineless movement and a wild attack
Face to face sightless solitude
And it's finger popping
Twentyfour hour shopping in rapture

Fab Five Freddy told me
Everybody's fly
DJ spinning I said, "My, my"
Flash is fast
Flash is cool
Francois 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 eating cars

You eat Cadillacs
Lincolns too
Mercury's and Subaru
And you don't stop
You keep on eating 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
Rapture

Be pure
Take a tour
Through the sewer
Don't strain your brain
Paint the train
You'll be singing in the rain
Said don't stop
To the punk rock
Well now you see
What you wanna be
Just have your party on TV
'Cause the man from Mars
Won't eat up bars
Where the TV's on
And now he's gone back up to space
Where he won't have
A hassle with the human race
And you hip hop
And you don't stop
Just blast off sure shot
Because the man from Mars
Stopped eating cars
And eating bars
And now he only eats guitars
Get up!

(get up!)
Rapture
(human race, human race, human race)
Rapture

Rapture...
(rapture...)