Rapture

Blondie

Toe to toe, dancing very close
Barely breathing, almost comatose
Wall to wall, people hypnotized
And they're stepping lightly
Hang each night in rapture
Back to back, sacroiliac
Spineless movement and a wild attack
Face to face, sadly solitude
And it's finger popping
Twenty-four hour shopping in rapture
Fab Five Freddie told me everybody's fly
DJ's spinnin' are savin' my mind
Flash is fast, flash is cool
Francois sais pas, flashe' no do
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 lands on the ground
And out comes a 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 Subarus
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 eatin' 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 a train
You'll be singin' in the rain
I said, "Don't stop, do punk rock"
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 rapture
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
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
'Cause the man from Mars
Stopped eatin' cars and eatin' bars
And now he only eats guitars
Get up!

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