

# Blondie, Rapture

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 Freddy told me everybody's fly  
Dj spinnin' I said, "My My"  
Flash is fast, Flash is cool  
François c'est pas, Flash ain't no dude  
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 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 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 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  
Said don't stop to 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 when 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  
'Cause the man from Mars stopped eatin' cars and eatin' bars  
And now he only eats guitars, get up