

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