

Blondie, Rapture (Special Disco Mix)

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, sacroiliac
Spineless movement and a wild attack
Face to face, sightless solitude
And it's finger-popping
Twenty-four hour shopping in rapture

Fab Five Freddy told me everybody's fly
DJ's spinning, I said "my, my"
Flash is fast, flash is cool
Francois, c'est pas flash 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
Mercurys, 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 a train
You'll be singing in the rain
Said don't stop, do the punk rock

Well, now you see what you want to 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
Because the man from Mars stopped eating cars
And eating bars

And now he only eats guitars
Get up

Man to man, body muscular
Seismic dancing, move, bite the jugular
One to one, teatime technology
And a digital add-up
No sign of bad luck in rapture.