

Klaus Nomi, Total Eclipse

Big shots
argue about what they've got
making the planet so hot,
hot as a holocaust.

Blow up.
Every thing's gonna go up,
even if you don't show up
in your Chemise Lacoste.

Total Eclipse
It's a Total Eclipse
It's a total Eclipse of the sun.
Can't come to grips
with the total eclipse
just a slip of your lips
and you're go-o-o-o-one.

Fall out,
nobody left to crawl out.
If someone calls, we're all out,
turning in to French fries.
Last dance,
let the entire cast dance,
do the dismembered blast dance
as we get atomized

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