

Blondie, Rapture (K-klassic Radio 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.
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.
D.J. spinning, I said, "My, My."
Flash is fast, flash is cool.
Francois, c'est pas flashe 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.
Man to man, body muscular.
Sismic decibel by the jugular.
Wall to wall tea time technology and a digital ladder.
No sign of bad luck in rapture.
In rapture.
In rapture.