

RAPTURE

Words by
DEBORAH HARRY

Music by
CHRIS STEIN

Moderately

f

Em7

A/E

Em7

Toe to toe Danc-ing ve-ry close Bod-y spine-less
Back to back sac-ra-lil-i-al

breath-ing al-most com-a-tose.
move-ment and a wild at-tack.

Em7

Em7

F A

Wall to wall people hypno-tised and they're step-ping
Face to face sight-less sol-i-tude and it's fin-ger

light - ly hang each night in rap - ture.
pop - ping twen-ty four ho-ur shop - ping in rap - ture.

1 2

Em7

(Semi spoken) Fab Five Fred-dy told me ev-ry-bod-y's fly,

O. J. spin-nin' I said "my! my!" Flash is fast, — Flash is cool, Fran-çoise c'est pas, Flashé no tout, and you



don't stop sure shot go out to the parking lot and 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__ eat-ing cars..You eat Cad-il - lacs,__ Lin-colns too__ Mer-cu-rys__ and Su-ba - ru__and you



don't stop, you keep on eat-ing cars__ then when there's no more cars__ you go out at night__and



eat up bars__where the peo-ple 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

Em7
0 0 0 0 0

eat-ing bars, _yeah wall to wall. _ Door to door, _ hall to hall, he's gon-na eat 'em all. _ Rap - ture

Em7
0 0 0 0 0

be pure _ take a tour _ through the sewer, don't strain your brain, _ paint a train, _ you'll be sing-in'

Em7
0 0 0 0 0

in the rain _ ba-by don't stop do punk rock.

Em7
0 0 0 0 0

(2) Well, now you see _ what you wanna be _ just



have your par-ty on _ T. V. 'cause the man from Mars won't eat up bars where the T. V.s on _ and now he's gone back



up to space _ where he won't have to has-sle with the hu-man race _ and you hip hop and you



don't stop, just blast off _ a sure shot; 'cause the man from Mars stopped eatin' cars and eat-in' bars and

Repeat and Fade ad lib.

now he on - ly eats gui-tars _ yep! _