

# Rapture

Declan McKenna

Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet black (Woo!)  
Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet black  
Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet black  
Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet black

At first, you will find  
A prophecy of what could have been, you know (You know)  
You know, there's all sorts of crap on the TV these days  
Now you won't live after  
Such disaster you're a lot full of smashed-up cars  
Cross-hatched in the metal when you're cracking up  
But you're part of the pack, pup  
You're part of something bigger than the laws of nature  
Mrs. Thatcher  
Your cruel heart navigates the world we live in  
With its anger  
Going nowhere, coming atcha

Rapture in my head  
I keep looking up like I'm already dead  
Rapture, oh my lord  
I've been playing catch-up  
I'm already bored  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

God, tell me I sure am on the list  
How can you make yourself so scarce from someone you love?  
Oh, it don't make sense  
Your love is never better than the morning after (Morning after)  
Mother Nature, coming atcha

Rapture in my head  
I keep looking up like I'm already dead  
Rapture, oh my lord  
I've been playing catch-up  
I'm already bored  
Rapture in my head  
I keep looking up like I'm already dead  
Rapture, oh my lord  
I've been playing catch-up  
I'm already bored

Oh, rapture  
Oh, rapture  
Oh, rapture  
Oh, rapture  
'Cause it's rapture in my head  
You say this is up  
I'm already dead  
Rapture in my head  
You say this is up  
I'm already dead  
Dead, dead, dead, dead, dead  
I'm already dead  
Dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead

Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet black

Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet black  
Jet black, jet black, jet black, jet