

Rapture

Lizzo

Toe to toe, dancing very close
Barely breathing, almost comatose
Wall to wall, people hypnotised
And they're stepping lightly
Hang each night in rapture

Back to back, sacroiliac
Spineless movements and a wild attack
Face to face, sadly solitude
And it's finger pop
It's 24-hour shopping in Rapture

Fab Five Freddie told me everybody fly
DJ's spinning I said my oh my
Flash is fast, Flash is cool
Francois sais pas, Flashe no deux
And you don't stop, sure shot
You go out to the parking lot
And you get in your car and you drive real far
And you drive all night, then you see a light
And it comes right down and lands on the ground
And out comes a man from Mars
And you try to run, but he's got a gun
And he shoots you dead and he eats your head
Then you're in the man from Mars
And you go out at night, eatin' cars
You eat Cadillacs, Lincolns, too, Mercuries and Subarus
And you don't stop, you keep on eatin' cars
Then, when there's no more cars
You go out at night and you 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 eatin' 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, just paint a train
And you'll be singin' in the rain
I said, don't stop, do the punk rock
Well now you see what you wanna be
Just have your party on TV
'Cause the man from Mars won't eat up bars
When the, uh, when the TV's on
And 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
'Cause the man from Mars stopped eatin' cars and eatin' bars
And he only eats guitars, get up
And he only eats guitars, get up
And he only eats guitars, get up