

The Sound

The Rapture

Ha ha ha ha ha ha woo!

Gimme the sound and I'll make sure you're a hit son
Gimme the sound of the young men plaguing the day

A come oooooooooon... ow
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh

I can relate--did I tell you I was a DJ?
I used to follow the Mondays back in the day
Tell me, have you ever thought about writing in Scotland?
I know a big time producer-man out in LA

You've been to college, you know the score
The world is waiting for that knock at the door
You need a ticket? You need a ride?
Give us a marvel, you'll have two on the side
Three car commercial, 4 on the floor...
Just go through last year's trash and give us some more
Things didn't work out the last time around, but just give us a
moment and gimme the sound

A come oooooooooon... ow
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh

This one's too measured, the one's too lite
Too esoteric for a Saturday nite
Maybe a cover? (Tiga you whore)
Maybe we get Paul Epworth runnin' the board?
It's just those tan brown creepers man how they lie
It's just those tan brown creepers trying to get inside, uh huh

Come on and give it to me--all the things you want to
Come on and give it to me--all the things you can
Come on and give it to me--I know you want to
Come on and give it to me--all the things you can
Come on and give it to me--all the things you want to
Come on and give it to me... all of the things you can

Ha ha ha ha ha ha woo!