

Rapture by Blondie (1980) Key: Em

[Intro] N.C. | | | | Em | | | |
F | | Em | |

[Verse]

Em

Toe to toe, dancing very close

F Em

Barely breathing, almost comatose

Wall to wall, people hypnotised

F A C Em

And they're stepping lightly

F A C G Em

Hang each night in Rapture

Em Em7

[Verse]

Em

Back to back, sacroiliac

F Em

Spineless movement, and a wild attack

Face to face, sadly solitude

F A C Em

And it's finger popping

F A C G Em

Twenty-four hour shopping in Rapture

[Sax Solo]

Em

[Verse]

Em

Fab Five Freddie told me everybody's fly

DJ's spinning I said my, my

Flash is fast, Flash is cool

Francois sais pas, Flashe no deux

And you don't stop, sure shot

Go out to the parking lot

And you get in your car and you drive real far

Em Em7 Em

And you drive all night and then you see a light

And it comes right down and lands on the ground

Em7 Em

And out comes a man from Mars

And you try to run but he's got a gun

Em7 Em

And he shoots you dead and he eats your head

And then you're in the man from Mars

Em7 Em

You go out at night, eatin' cars

You eat Cadillacs, Lincolns too

Em7 Em

Mercuries and Subarus

Em7

And you don't stop, you keep on eatin' cars

Em

Then, when there's no more cars

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Em7 **Em**
You go out at night and eat up bars where the people
meet

Face to face, dance cheek to cheek

Em7 **Em**
One to one, man to man, dance toe to toe

Em7
Don't move too slow, 'cause the man from Mars

Em
Is through with cars, he's eatin' bars

Em7 **Em**
Yeah, wall to wall, door to door, hall to hall
He's gonna eat 'em all

Em7
Rapture, be pure

Em
Take a tour, through the sewer

Em7
Don't strain your brain, paint a train

Em
You'll be singin' in the rain

Em7
I said don't stop, do punk rock

[Sax Solo #2]

Em **Em7** x16

[Verse]

Em
Well now you see what you wanna be

Em7 **Em**
Just have your party on TV

Em7
'Cause the man from Mars won't eat up bars when the
TV's on

Em
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 now he only eats guitars, get up!

[Guitar Solo]

Em | |
A-C D-E A-C D-E A-C D-E
A-C D-G
Em (to fade-out)