

Klaus Nomi

"Total Eclipse"

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Big shots argue about what they've got
making the planet so hot, hot as a holocaust.
Blow up, everything's gonna go up
even if you don't show up in your Chemise Lacoste.

Total eclipse, it's a total eclipse,
it's a total eclipse of the sun.
Can't come to grips with the total eclipse
Just a slip of your lips and you're done.

Fall out, nobody left to crawl out
If someone calls, we're all out, turning in to French fries
Last dance, let the entire cast dance, do the
dismembered blast dance
as we get atomized!

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