HEART OF GLASS

Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY

Moderate Disco

Verse

1. Once I had a love and it was a
2. Once I had a love and it was di-

gas;
vine,
soon turned out soon found out had a heart of glass.
I was los-ing my mind.
It

Seemed like the real thing only to find
seemed like the real thing, but I was so blind,
Chorus

1. In between, what I find is pleasing and I'm
2. Lost inside, adorable illusion and I

feel ing fine. Love is so confusing, there's no
cannot hide I'm the one you're using, please don't
peace of mind.
If I fear I'm losing you, it's just no good, you teas'in' like you do.

(4 Times) D.S. al Coda (1st Verse, 2nd Ending to 2nd Chorus)

push me aside, we could'a' made it cruisin', yeah.

Coda
Yeah, riding high on
love's true bluish light.
Ooo, oh.

In between, what I find is pleasing and I'm
feeling fine. Love is so confusing, there's no peace of mind. If I fear I'm losing you, it's just no good, you teasin' like you do.

Repeat and fade

THIRD VERSE

Once I had a love
and it was a gas
soon turned out to be a pain in the ass.
Seemed like the real thing
only to find
mucho mistrust,
love's gone behind.
SUNDAY GIRL

Words and Music by
CHRIS STEIN

Brightly

I know a girl from a lonely street,
Hey, I saw your guy with a different girl;
cold as ice-cream, but still as sweet.
Dry your eyes Sunday
looks like he's in another world.
Run and hide Sunday

Hurry up, hurry

card Trick Music Inc./Monster Island Music (USA)
sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
up and wait; I stay away all week and still I wait.

got the blues, please come see what your lovin' means to me.

She can't catch up with the work-baby, I would like to go out.

The weekend mood and she's feeling proud.

To-night, If I go with you my folks'll get up tight.
Live in dreams, Sunday girl.
Stay at home, Sunday girl.

Ooo

Hey, I saw your guy with a different girl.
When I saw you again in the summertime,
Looks like he's in another world,
if your love was as sweet as mine,
Run and hide, Sun-day's

Hurry up, hurry up and wait,
I stay away all week and still I wait,

I got the blues,
please come see what your lovin'
means to me.

Hurry up,

hurry up,

hurry up and wait,

I got the blues. Please,

please,

please come see

what you do to me.

I got the blues.

Repeat and fade
DENIS

Bright rock

Words and Music by
NEIL LEVINSON

© 1968 American Contemporary Music (USA)
sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
Den - is, Den - is,
And when we talk,
I've got a crush on you.  Den - is, Den - is,
It seems like par - a - dise.

I'm so in love with you.
I'm so in love with you.

You're my king.
And I'm in hea - ven ev - 'ry time I look at you.

When you smile, it's such a treat,
And I'm so lucky 'cause I found a boy like you.

Denis, Denis, avec tes yeux si bleus.
Denis, Denis, Je suis folle de toi.

Quand j'ai peché pour deux.
Embras-moi ce soir.

Pour un baiser d'en

Oh, Denis,
do) I'm in love with you, Den-is, (Bee-doo) I'm in love with you.

Oh, Den-is, (Bee-

do) I'm in love with you, Den-is, (Bee-doo) I'm in love with

Repeat till fade
I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up just like that. Oh, no. It's not the things you do that tease and hurt me bad, But it's the way you do the things you do to me.

I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up just like that. Oh, no. The tide is high but I'm holdin' on. I'm gonna be your number one.
Number one. Ev'ry girl wants you to be her man
But I'll wait, my dear, till it's my turn. I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up just like that.
Oh, no. The tide is high but I'm holdin' on, I'm gonna be your number one, Number
To Coda

one,
Number one.

D, al Coda

CODA

The

tide is high but I'm holdin' on,
I'm gonna be your number one. The
RAPTURE

Words by
DEBORAH HARRY

Music by
CHRIS STEIN

Moderately

Toe to toe
Back to back
Dancing very close
Body spine-less

Breathing movement
Almost comatose

© 1980 Rare Blue Music Inc./Monster Island Music,
Administered by Chrysalis Music Ltd., 12 Stratford Place, London W.1.
throughout the U.K. & Eire, British Commonwealth (excluding Canada, Japan and South Africa).
Used by permission.
Wall to wall people hypnotised and they're stepping
Face to face sightless solitude and it's finger

lightly hanging each night in rapture

(Semi spoken) Fab Five Fred-dy told me ev'-ry-bod-y's fly,

O. J. spin-nin' I said: "my! my!" Flash is fast, _ Flash is cool, Fran-quoise c'est pas, Flashé no tout, and you
don’t stop sure shot go out to the parking lot and get in your car and drive real far and you
drive all night and then you see a light and it comes right down and it lands on the ground and
out comes the man from Mars and you try to run but he’s got a gun and he
shoots you dead and he eats your head and then you’re in the man from Mars, you go
out at night eating cars, You eat Cadillacs, Lincoln, too, Mercury and Subaru and you
don't stop, you keep on eating cars then when there's no more cars you go out at night and
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
eating bars, yeah wall to wall. Door to door, hall to hall, he's gon-na eat 'em all. Rap-ture
be pure, take a tour through the sewer, don't strain your brain, paint a train, you'll be sing-in'
in the rain, ba-by don't stop do punk rock.

(2) Well, now you see what you wanna be just
have your party on T. V. 'cause the man from Mars won't eat up bars where the T. V.s on and now he's gone back

up to space where he won't have to hassle with the human race and you hip hop and you

don't stop just blast off a sure shot 'cause the man from Mars stopped eatin' cars and eat-in' bars and

Repeat and Fade ad lib.

now he only eats guitars yep!
DREAMING

Moderately Fast

Words and Music by
DEBORAH HARRY and CHRIS STEIN

1. When I met you in the restaurant,
2. I don't want to live on charity;

you could
plea
sure's

tell I was no deb - u - tant.
real or is it fan - ta - sy?

© 1979 Rare Blue Music Inc./Monster Island Music (USA)
sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
You asked me, "What's my pleasure, a rarity?
Movie or a measure?"
I'll have a cup of tea.
People stop and stare at me,
we just walk on by;
and tell you of my dreaming.

Dreaming is free.
Dreaming.

free.

dreaming.

Dream, dream even for a little while. Meet, meet, meet.

Feet, feet walkin' a two mile. Dream, dream filling me at the turnstile. I never met him.

I'll ing up an idle hour; fade away,
3rd Verse

I sit by and watch the river flow.
I sit by and watch the traffic go.
Imagine something of your very own;
something you can have and hold.
I'd build a road in gold
just to have some dreaming.

(To Coda)
I'm in the phone-booth, it's the one across the hall, if you don't answer I'll just
(3) know it's been so long if I don't get your calls then

Ring it off the wall, I know he's there but I just had to call don't leave me hang-

everything goes wrong, I want to tell you something you've known all long don't leave me hang-

To Coda

Don't leave me hanging on the telephone, don't leave me hanging on the

telephone.

2. I heard your mother, now she's
go in' out the door...

Did she go to work or just go to the store?

All those things she said I told you to ignore.

Your voice across the line gives me a strange sensation.

I'd like to talk when I can.

Oh... why can't we talk again.

Oh... I can't control myself.

Oh... why can't we show you my affection.

Oh... I can't control myself.

Don't leave me hanging on the telephone.

To Codetta

D.S. 3 al Coda

3. It's good to hear your voice you
4. I had to interrupt and

hang up and run to me—oh
hang up and run to me

oh
hang up and run to me—oh
hang up and run to me

oh
run to me
IN THE FLESH

Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY and CHRIS STEIN

Darling, Darling, Darling, I can't wait to see you, your
Darling, Darling, Darling, I can't wait to hear you, re-

picture ain't enough, I can't wait to touch you in the
mem'ring your love is nothing without you in the

flesh. flesh.

© 1977 Jiru Music Inc. (USA)
sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
walking one day on the lower east side,

Met you with a girl friend you were so divine. She said "Hands off this one sweetie,"

this boy is mine. I couldn't resist you, I'm not deaf, dumb and blind.

Darling, Darling, Darling now Darling, Darling, watch
you're out of town
out if I see you, those girls that you run with they'll
bring my head down.
mean you wanna see me in the flesh.
Warm and soft in the
Close and hot in the
flesh.
flesh.
RIP HER TO SHREDS

Medium rock

Words and Music by
DEBORAH HARRY and CHRIS STEIN

Spoken (1st time only) Here — she comes now
(Sung) 1. Ah you know her, would you Miss
2 & D C  Ah you know her,

To Coda

look at that hair, yeah you know her
Grou-pie Su- preme, yeah you know her, Ve-ra
Check out those shoes, She

looks like she stepped out of the, mid-dle of some-bo-dy’s blues.
Red eye sha-dow, green mas-ca-ra, Ugh! she’s too much.
She looks like the Sunday Comics,
She thinks she's Brenda Star,
All she needs is an old knife scar,
She's so dull (Come on) Rip her to shreds,

She doesn't know better,
Dressed in a Robert Hall
tom-ic,
Acting like a soap opera queen,
She's so dull (Come on)
Rip her to shreds.

Ah

(Spoken) She's got the nerve to (Sung) Tell me she's not on it,

But her expression is too serene,
looks like she washes with comet always looking to create a scene.

Three times

She's so dull (come on) Rip her to shreds.

CODA

You know her, with the fish eating grin, She's so dull
(Spoken) Yes, she's got she goes now,

the nerve to tell me, Huh, she's so, she's so, There she'll make another King Kong (Vocal ad' lib.)

Repeat ad lib. till fade.
PICTURE THIS

Moderate Rock

© 1978 Rare Blue Music Inc./Monster Island Music (USA)
sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
Oh, whoa, whoa.

I will give you my finest hour;

the one I spent watching you shower.

pho-to in my wallet,
a small re-mem-brance of some-thing more sol-id.

I will give you my finest hour.

All I want is a pic-ture of you.
Picture this, a day in December; picture this, freezing cold weather. You got clouds on your lids and you'd be on the skids if it weren't for your job at the garage. If you could only oh, oh, picture this, a sky full of thunder.
Picture this, my telephone number. One and one is what I'm telling you. Oh, yeah. (1st x only)

All I want is twenty-twenty vision.
A total portrait with no omissions. All I want

is a vision of you. Oh, if you can,

picture this, a
telling you; get a

pocket computer, try to do what you used to do. Yeah.
CALL ME
Words and Music by DEBORAH HARRY and GEORGI0 MORODER

Moderate Rock (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

\[ \text{Dm, 10fr.} \]

Color me, your color, baby, color me, your car-

\[ \text{Bb, 6fr.} \]

Color me, your color, darling,

\[ \text{Dm, 10fr.} \]

I know who you are

\[ \text{Bb, 6fr.} \]

Come up off your col-

\[ \text{G, 3fr.} \]

© 1979 Rare Blue Music Inc./Monster Island Music/Ensign Music Corp. (USA) sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
or chart...
I know where you're coming from...
Call me...

on the line...
Call me, call me any, any time...
Call me...

oh love...
you can call me any day or night...
Call me.

when you're ready we can
Cover me with kisses, baby, cover me with love.

Roll me in designer sheets, I'll never get enough.

Emotions come, I don't know why.

Cover up love's alibi. Call me.
share the wine... Call me.

Oo, he speaks the languages of love.

Oo, amore, chiamami chiamami

Oo, appelmoi, mon cherie, appelmoi. Any time...
_any place, _any where, _any way._

_An y time._

_any place, _any where, _any day._

_Call me._

_repeat and fade_

_on my line._

_Call me, call me an - y, _any time._

_Call me._

_on my line._

_Call me, call me and a _sweet de - sign._

_Call me._

_for a ride._

_Call me, call me for some _o ver - time._

_Call me._

_call me, _for your lov er's _al - i - bi._

_Call me._
Moderately

© 1979 Rare Blue Music Inc./Monster Island Music (USA) sub-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
Uh huh, make me tonight,
to-night make it right.
Uh huh,
make me to-night, to-
night, tonight.

Oh, uh huh, make it magnificent tonight.

night, right.

Oh, your hair is beautiful,
oh, to-night.

(A-том-и-с.)

To-night, make it magni-ficent,

To-night, make me to-night.
Your hair is beautiful,

oh, to-night.

Repeat and fade

(A - tom - ic, a - tom - ic,

oh.)
PRESENCE DEAR
(I’m Always Touched By Your)

Words and Music by GARY VALENTINE

Was it destiny?
When we play at cards you use an extra sense.
Stay awake at night and count your R. E. M’s.

Was it just by chance, could this be Kismet?
You can read my hand, I’ve got no defense.
When you’re talking with your super friends.

Something in my consciousness
When you send your messages
Levitating lovers in the told me you’d appear
whispered loud and clear in the secret stratosphere.
To Coda

Now I'm al-wa-ys
touched by your pre-sence
dear...

I am al-wa-ys
touched by your pre-sence
dear...

1. Float-ing past the
2. Com-ing in to
e-vi-dence of
con-tact with

pos-si-bi-ly-
out-er en-ti-
ties
we could na-vi-gate
we could en-te-
tain

to-geth-er
each one with
psy-chic fre-
quen-cies
our the-o-
so-phies
Union City, Blue
Union City man,
Arrive,

To the other side,
Climb up four flights
It becomes daylight
to the orange side

I say he's mine.
Re-arrange my mind.
(2) Oh, oh, oh,
(3) In turquoise
Coda

A

E

Repeat 4 times

1. Power passion plays a double hand.
2. Union union Union City man.
3. I say he's mine, I have a plan.
4. I say he's my Union City man.

Repeat and fade

A

E

Oh, oh, oh, oh, what are we gonna do,
Union, union, Union City Blue.
CONTENTS:

ATOMIC...54
CALL ME...49
DENIS...16
DREAMING...30
HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE...34
HEART OF GLASS...6
IN THE FLESH...37
PICTURE THIS...44
PRESENCE DEAR
(I'm Always Touched By Your)...59
RAPTURE...24
RIP HER TO SHREDS...40
SUNDAY GIRL...11
TIDE IS HIGH (THE)...20
UNION CITY BLUE...62

Editor: CECIL BOLTON  Design: DAN GALVIN
Photographs: MARTYN GODDARD, BRIAN COOKE & BRIAN ARIS
Courtesy of: CHRYSALIS Records

© 1981 EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
Distributed by
EMI Music Publishing Ltd.,
188-140 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0LD.
Music Sales Ltd.,
78 Newman Street, London W1P 3LA

ISBN 0 86175 276 7