

Alphaville "Carol Masters"

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(Gold/Lloyd/Echolette)

She sits by the window
Stares into the night
Just waiting for a foreign sound from outside
Far beyond the atmospheres, she is listening for a call
To take her homewards to herself
Oh I love you so
He who's Master of the icy shots won't harm you in the
morning
She knows that the pavement's hard, there between the
stars
To travel on to Martian-Homesick-City

She is weeping silently
But there's not a tear
Just raindrops falling from the painted ceiling
The dance of the foraging bee will number all the
things
She has been longing for since she was young
"I will not pass this night in vain!"
She says, "I'll stand this kind of rain, I'll break the
glass,
I'll find the path."
Yes, Carol wants to go to Mars, back, where the red-
cold sun
Is sinking to the Channels of A'DAAR

Day breaks through the grating
Someone moves a chair
And sunlight blisters dazzling on a glass
Take a pill and greet the day for sedative holidays
Why aren't you sleeping at night?!
...Oh I love you so!
He who's Master of the icy shots won't harm you till the
evening
We shall meet tomorrow night, and I kiss you just as
tenderly
As CYGNUS kissed the deserts
We shall meet tomorrow night, and I kiss you just as
tenderly
As CYGNUS kissed the deserts

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