

Alphaville

"Icecream girl"

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the world looked better again.
he had survived the dentist's appointment and another
was not in sight. it was a hot late-summer afternoon in
berlin.

marian balanced along the curb of the pavement,
whistling and hands in his pockets, considering what to
do with the rest of the day.

dab-dab-dabba-da-dab ... go see the ice-cream vendor
in the park? arrange a date with her tonight instead of
again just buying an ice-cream?
the park was only two blocks away. a short hop. but he
put off the idea until later. instead he turned into the
small side street leading to his apartment.
was michael still working on the piece (their first
piece!!)? dab-dab-dabba-da-dab ...
the melody was stuck in his brain.

it needed to be at the beginning of the song. what was
the chorus again ... big in japan - da-dam... it had been
michaels idea to make music instead of painting.
marian imagined them playing their song to thousands
of people and the ice-cream girl would be standing
right in front of the stage, cheering him. he
accelerated his step. shame they only decided a month
ago to become popstars. it was a pretty good idea but
playing was still tricky.

not a problem, michael had claimed, we just use
machines, computers, you know. unfortunately an
expensive enterprise when you're bloody 18-years-old,
unemployed and eager to start immediately. marian
had sold his run-down volkswagen, michael his records
(he used to be a dj and owned a few hundred vinyls
from that time). but who cares, ice-cream girls won't
wait for ever.
dab-dab-dabba-da-dab

.. marian arrived home. the apartment was in the
ground floor of the rear building, pretty gloomy but

nice and cool in the summer. a tour poster of tubeway
army hung in the twilight of the living room.
underneath, the lights of the newly arrived synthesizer
glimmered. michael sat on the shabby couch, smoking
a joint. something was wrong.

""what's up?""

""the thing's fucked...""

""...?""

""doesn't work anymore...""

""got another idea for the piece.""

""forget it...""

""why?""

""i told you, the thing's fucked. i can't get a single
damned sound out of it anymore.""

""tell me something new.""

silence...

""okay, listen to this....

dab-dab-dabba-da-dab...""

marian sung the chorus.

""what'd you mean big in japan?""

""well, you know, the name of that band, fits the tune
somehow, don't you think?""

""you'd have to write the lyrics in english.""

""sure...""

""it's not trendy...""

silence...

outside a bird twittered.

someone walked across the courtyard. a police siren
sounded in the distance. michael got up and
disappeared into the kitchen. marian sat down on the
sofa and waited.

""want some?"" michael asked.

marian didn't answer. the bird stopped singing.

something fell to the kitchen floor with a clank.

five minutes later michael returned with a stony look
and, standing by the open window, stared at the grey,
bare walls enclosing the yard.

""it was a ridiculous idea,"" he said.

""how much do we have left?""

""for a couple of days...""

""what'd you suggest?""

""sell the thing again.""

""how much?""

""i spoke to ralph. he'd give us three grand.""

marian was silent.

""it's a lot of money. would last for 'bout a week,""

michael said at the walls.

""shit. the thing cost over seven thousand.""

""it's lot,"" michael repeated.

marian stared at the tour poster. he thought of packed arenas, trips to far-away countries, t.v. appearances, the big bucks they'd be earning, roaring applause and that he would never again ... - he went into the kitchen. there was a candle burning on the table. glimmering next to it in the candlelight lay three tiny silver packets and a teaspoon. in the sink lay a used syringe. a thin streak of blood ran from the tip of the needle all the way to the edge of the plug-hole and formed a red, hairline circle around it. he took one of the wrappers.

dab-dab-dabba-da-dab ... good-bye ice-cream girl ...

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