

# Alphaville, All In The Golden Afternoon

(Lyrics: Lewis Carroll / Music: Bloss-Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide  
For both our oars, with little skill  
By little arms are plied  
While little hands make vain pretence  
Our wanderings to guide  
Ah, cruel three!  
In such an hour beneath such dreamy wheather  
To beg a tale of breath too weak  
To stir the tiniest feather  
And what can one poor voice avail  
Against three tongues together

Anon, to sudden silence won, in fancy they persue  
The dream child moving through a land of wonders  
Wild and new  
In friendly chat with bird or beast  
And half believe it true  
And ever as the story drained  
The walls of fancy dry and faintly strove  
That weary one to put the subject by the next time  
It is next time the happy voices cry  
Thus grew the tale of wonderland  
Thus slowly one by one  
It's quaint events were hammered out  
And now the tale is done and home we steer  
A merry crew  
Beneath the setting sun