

Alphaville, Carol Masters

(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 all of her life
I will not pass this night in vain, she says
I'll stand this kind of rain
I know the way, I'll find the path
Yes, carol wants to go to mars
Back where the red-cold sun is sinking
To the channels of D'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 in the 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'll kiss you just as tenderly
As Cygnus kissed the deserts