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