

Alphaville, Middle Of The Riddle

At the edge of the moon there's
a lonely man
And he blows on his horn as
strong as he can
And the girl at the bar wipoes the breath
of winter away with a smile of her face
And a little black dog barks along
with a loon
Is this my appointment or did I came
too soon
Got a strange invitation for teatime 'twas
given by somebody
I can't recall

It's the middle of the riddle
It's not very serious
It's nothing but a big surprise
And the president's horse is a rabbit
of course
That is livin' in a big boy's mind
Livin' in a big boy's mind

And I skate on a knife on a wire
That is strung from this song
to a distant shore
And then I say
Intuition is just another phase of chance
While we're walking the old
pyramid's floors
(Little pharaoh's)
And the little black dog
Here it comes again
He's a true companion in a foreign land
On a quest for the valley of boojums and birthdays
And phone calls I cannot recall

It's the middle of the riddle
It's not very serious
It's nothing but a big surprise
And the president's horse is a rabbit
of course
That is livin' in a big boy's mind
We're livin' in a big boy's mind
Livin' in a big boy's mind

All of man shan't talk to the one
at the helm
And the man at the helm shall talk to no
one at all (Rule forty-two)
And a horse is a rabbit of course
(Yes indeed)
Yes, a horse is a rabbit of course