

Alphaville, The Impossible Dream

This day's an invitation
And it's just for you
You've got a reservation
For the 17th of June
Open your eyes
And let the sun break in for a while
There may be something
That you've never seen inside

Feel how your heart beats
Like a heavy machine
The sound of the traffic
Is like a silent dream
The dust in the park
The exhaust from the cars
Ascends in that heated afternoon
(You touch a sweaty body!)

Summer in Berlin, it's alright
The day feels so tired
From the lead in the air
And the fire in the skies
Life seemed to be a fault of grace
But it's ok
It gave you a kiss
In the middle of the crossroads

Summer in Berlin, it's alright
The heat of the sun
Which is stored in the pavement
Feels so fine
Here stands the innocent
and there it comes oh so wild
That's when you're longing
For a summer by the wall

Summer in Berlin, it's alright
Summer in Berlin, it's ok