

Alphaville, If The Audience Was Listening

If the audience was listening
When the curtains rise again
If I knew what's going on, just a part of your plan

If I had a bit of mind kick,
If the spirit unfurled
But I've only got a vision
A strange kind of world

In eternal isolation, for the sake of inspiration
And the stuff that dreams are made of
The jester takes the violin
And lets the poison flow
Insects whirr into the sky
& atlas dropped the earth u know

U wrote a 2. comedy

With all the nightmares u could feature
But I'm lying in my own world
Learning from my own world's creatures

If the audience was listening
Just for one more time
I could be more than a clown
Living more than a lie

But while I reel in the spotlights
The show must go on
My soufflé is dead and i
Can't remember the song

In eternal isolation, for the sake of inspiration
And the stuff that dreams are made of...