

# 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...