

Alphaville, Lassie Come Home

(Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

Lonely boy
Gazing on the afternoon
People drifting cross the surface of the twilight day
There's a little yellow man
Standing by the railway station
Painting portraits on the brickwalls
Of Billie Holloway
Lovely lady smile,
Dance, my dear,
I'm only operating on Lassie come home
This was authentic you, she spoke,
This was authentic you who blew me cold
She had no chance to realize
It hit her straight between the eyes
So I've been told
In the park, she's giving out some photographs
On which she's giving out some photos
Of what she hands around
They videoed a ghost tonite,
She said before I turned it off
It rode an orange paper bike
And left without a sound
Keep on riding, Sir, open up the door
And shout it out
Lassie come home, come home
This was authentic you, she spoke,
This was authentic you who blew, who blew me cold
I had no chance to realize
It hit her straight between the eyes
So I've been told
Lonely girl
Dancing in a music hall
Lightning struck her silver starship
And turned it into stone
And now she's falling all the time
Into that void beyond her grey eyes
Somewhere a telephone is ringing
But nobody's at home
Hello, junkie sweetheart
Listen now, this is your captain calling
Your captain is dead
Keep on riding, Sir, open up the door
And shout it out, shout it out
Shout it out
Shout it out
Lassie come home
This is your captain calling
We're falling all the time
All the time
Lassie come home