

# Alphaville, Point Of Know Return

(Lyrics: Gold / Music: Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

The gentle taste of orange  
A garden of fruit and flowers is what I embrace  
In ocean blue eyes, in each one's an island  
I'm stranded within your love  
And as I fall deeper than ever  
And as we kiss  
We're each other's guide into the unknown  
Where men do not return, where men do not forget  
The sweetest suicide, as if we don't exist but live  
The presence of angels, the incense of Indochine  
The quietness of movements, the slowness of Africa  
A point of know return,  
No way out of here  
Nothing compares to you  
Anything goes

And as I breathe deeper than ever  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home to the unknown  
Where men do not return. . .