

Alphaville, The Nelson Highrise Sector 2 (The Mirror)

This is a national anthem from the flip-side of the Empire
Hand on my heart, heart on the sleeve of the constitution
Sinking right into a mirror, leaving reflections on its surface
Caught in a kind of radio-beacon that's sending out signals transmitting
them backwards

HEY, tell me it's true, is this the other side of U.

Worlds gonna change with a move in your face, do I still walk on the same
structure?

HEY, what do we know, re(a)leasing arrows over cosmic meadows?

Nothing is real, even iron or steel melting gently in the cold structure

Watching your face thru' a peephole as I lean against the door

Can't understand what you say but I think that you're calling my name

Leaving the ones I loved is like leaving the one they want me to be

Making decisions in real-time-precision as millions of sailors in parallel
worlds

HEY, tell me it's true, is this the other side of U.

Worlds gonna change with a move in your face, do I still walk on the same
structure?

HEY, what do we know, re(a)leasing arrows over cosmic meadows?

Nothing is real, even iron or steel melting gently in the cold structure

Everybody walks this side of the run-way

Everybody hopes to get off the trap

All we really like is to groove with emotion

Waiting for the airline to lift us up