

Alphaville, The One Thing

(Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

With all the grace that you possess
You're telling me your lies
A kiss, a touch, a gentle stroke, a look into my eyes
Your promises and fairytales have all turned into dust
Your star was high, your kingdom grew in vain
Now fades at last
That is the one thing I know
Stop talking
Stop talking with that voice
I can't stand it
When I look into your eyes
Who do you think you are
You're too perfect
But this time you've gone too far
How can you be so sure
About those tears you're giving me
Your mysteries and agonies show no effect on me
I can't believe the love we shared
Would ever grow so old
Your warm embrace was heaven
But tonite it feels so cold
That is the one thing i know...
Stop talking...
I can't stand it
I can't stand it
No more