

# 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