

Alphaville, Those Were The Days

there is a landscape in my head
i sometimes travel
but this is strictly after dark
beyond the barricades and trenches
there stands the factory
hand me the costum of the sad acrobat
and he says:
son, this is the bread i break for you
but do not touch it
and he says:
son, this is the wine i pour for you
but do not drink it
dein aschenes haar, sulamith

and he says:
son, this is the bread i break for you
son, this is the wine i pour for you
but do not drink it, don't drink at all..

there is a stranger on the shore
i sometimes travel
but this is strictly in my dreams
he feeds the seagulls in the winds with ashes
and as he speaks he's got my father's voice
and he says:
son, here is some bread i broke for you
son, here is some wine..

those were the days, my friend
dein aschenes haar, sulamith
der tod ist ein meister aus deutschland