

Alphaville, Those Were The Days (Revisited)

Alphaville

Miscellaneous

Those Were The Days (Revisited)

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