

Joy Electric, The Matterhorn

You think back to carousels
You can't explain
Is progress made?
Fashion victims on rising stages
Jets galore for the underage

Is it the same as before
When we went down the matterhorn?
One cannot be too sure
It's different on the matterhorn
Our love encased in ice forever

In lines for submarines
Forgetful you, they've been extinct
Dated gothics with statue faces
Last mistake, you've been replaced