

# In the Mood

## Alphaville

He's in the mood to touch the fire  
He's in the mood to touch everything you are Jacky's locked in a silent dream  
He's watching movies on the tv screen  
He feels unsteady, lights a cigarette  
He's getting mellow in his cabinet Oh, jacky, when everything goes wrong  
Get ready, for you've got to be, you've got to be so strong  
It's so supersensual, sentimental  
Forget about your deepest fears  
Switch back to the golden years You've got to touch the fire, wake up little boy  
You've got to play the fire Jacky's spying, is it her or not  
His eyes are burning cause the brain's too hot  
He sitting calmly on his swivel chair  
There's something coming from the upper stairs Now listen to me, jacky  
You were always so lonesome in that quiet lonely house  
High on a hill  
Now come... come and meet me  
You know where  
And we take a nice and easy holiday  
Back in the old, old days of happiness Oh jacky....  
Switch back to the golden years Gold/1984

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