

# Middle Of The Riddle

## Alphaville

At the edge of the moon there's a lonely man  
And he blows on his horn as strong as he can  
And the girl at the bar wipes the breath of winter  
Away with a smile of her face And a little black dog barks along with a loon  
Is this my appointment or did I come too soon  
Got a strange invitation for tea time  
That was given by somebody I can't recall It's the middle of the riddle, it's not very serious  
It's nothing but a big surprise  
And the president's horse is a rabbit of course  
That is living in a big boy's mind  
Living in a big boy's mind And I skate on a knife, on a wire  
That is strung from this song to a distant shore  
And then I say intuition is just another phase of chance  
While we're walking the old pyramid's floors  
(Little pharaohs) And the little black dog, here it comes again  
It's a true companion in a foreign land  
On a quest for the valley of boojums and birthdays  
And phone calls I cannot recall It's the middle of the riddle, it's not very serious  
It's nothing but a big surprise  
And the president's horse is a rabbit of course  
That is living in a big boy's mind Well, living in a big boy's mind  
Living in a big boy's mind Well, living in a big boy's mind  
Well, living in a big boy's mind  
Well, living in a big boy's mind  
Well, living in a big boy's mind All of man shan't talk to the one at the helm  
And the man at the helm shall talk to no one  
Shall talk to no one at all All of man shan't talk to the one at the helm  
And the man at the helm shall talk to no one  
Shall talk to no one at all  
(Rule forty-two) And a horse is a rabbit of course  
(Yes, indeed)  
Yes, a horse is a rabbit of course

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