

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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