Carol Masters (demo 1)

Alphaville

She sits by the window, stares into the night
Just waiting for a foreign sound from the outside
Far beyond the atmospheres, she is listening for a call
To take her homewards to herself
Oh, I love you so
He who's master of the eyes of chance won't harm you in the morning
She knows that the pavement's hard
There between the stars
To travel on to Martian-Homesick-City

She is weeping silently, but thereâ€šs not a tear
Just raindrops falling from the painted ceiling
The dance of the foraging bee will number all the things
She has been longing for since she was young
"I will not pass this night in vain", she says
"I'll stand this kind of rain
I'll break the glass, I'll find the path"
Yes, Carol wants to go to Mars
Back where the red, cold sun
Is sinking to the Channels of A'DAAR

Day breaks through the grating
Someone moves a chair
And sunlight blisters dazzling on a glass
Take a pill and greet the day
For sedative holidays
Why aren't you sleeping at night?
Oh, I love you so
He who's master of the eyes of chance won't harm you 'til the evening
We shall meet tomorrow night
And I'll kiss you just as tenderly
As CYGNUS kissed the deserts

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