

Carol Masters

Alphaville

(Gold/Lloyd/Echolette)She sits by the window
Stares into the night
Just waiting for a foreign sound from 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 icy shots won't harm you in the morning
She knows that the pavement's hard, there between the stars
To travel on to Martian-Homesick-CityShe is weeping silently
But there's 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'DAARDay 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 icy shots won't harm you till the evening
We shall meet tomorrow night, and I kiss you just as tenderly
As CYGNUS kissed the deserts
We shall meet tomorrow night, and I kiss you just as tenderly
As CYGNUS kissed the deserts

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