

# 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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