Budapest by Blimp

Thomas Dolby

On the corners of boulevards I call your name
Now and again they play our tune
In the grip of a tiny hand over a flame
Pale as the phases of the moon ...
In the cafes and shopping malls I see your face
turn into mist on evening dew
but a book and a photograph just aren't the same
there is a train that's leaving soon
...Budapest by Blimp
Over pillars and palaces I'll hold your hand
Until the fog is lifted
May be better you hold me close than understand
How far away I've drifted
In the face of a tragedy too bleak to know
The death of some grand illusion
All the treasure we pilloried, splendour we stole ...
They never told you that in school
KONNYEBB VOLNA TAN FELEDNI
MINT TAVOZASOM ERTENI
MULTBOL EGY KISZAK ITTOTT LAP
EKODBOL INDUL EGY VONAT
...Budapest by Blimp
...Que je voudrais vous presenter, messieurs et dames
Regardez bien, je vous en prie
Here's a map and a diagram, a shrivelled page
Ripped from the book of history
See the priceless antiquity frozen in time
Built on the ashes of the Jews
And for your curiosity, beauty sublime
Signed in the blood of Zulus
Not really a goosestep, more of a limp

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