

Middle of the Riddle

Alphaville

At the edge of the moon there's a lonely man
And he blows on his horn as strong as he can
And the girl at the bar wipes the breath of winter
Away with a smile of her face And a little black dog barks along with a loon
Is this my appointment or did I come too soon
Got a strange invitation for tea time
That was given by somebody I can't recall It's the middle of the riddle, it's not very serious
It's nothing but a big surprise
And the president's horse is a rabbit of course
That is living in a big boy's mind
Living in a big boy's mind And I skate on a knife, on a wire
That is strung from this song to a distant shore
And then I say intuition is just another phase of chance
While we're walking the old pyramid's floors
(Little pharaohs) And the little black dog, here it comes again
It's a true companion in a foreign land
On a quest for the valley of boojums and birthdays
And phone calls I cannot recall It's the middle of the riddle, it's not very serious
It's nothing but a big surprise
And the president's horse is a rabbit of course
That is living in a big boy's mind Well, living in a big boy's mind
Living in a big boy's mind Well, living in a big boy's mind
Well, living in a big boy's mind
Well, living in a big boy's mind
Well, living in a big boy's mind All of man shan't talk to the one at the helm
And the man at the helm shall talk to no one
Shall talk to no one at all All of man shan't talk to the one at the helm
And the man at the helm shall talk to no one
Shall talk to no one at all
(Rule forty-two) And a horse is a rabbit of course
(Yes, indeed)
Yes, a horse is a rabbit of course

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