

# Those Were The Days

## Alphaville

There is a landscape in my head  
I sometimes travel  
But this is strictly after dark  
Beyond the barricades and trenches  
There stands the factory  
Hand me the costum of the sad acrobat  
And he says:  
Son, this is the bread I break for you  
But do not touch it  
And he says:  
Son, this is the wine I pour for you  
But do not drink it  
Dein aschenes haar, sulamithAnd he says:  
Son, this is the bread I break for you  
Son, this is the wine I pour for you  
But do not drink it, don't drink at all..There is a stranger on the shore  
I sometimes travel  
But this is strictly in my dreams  
He feeds the seagulls in the winds with ashes  
And as he speaks he's got my father's voice  
And he says:  
Son, here is some bread I broke for you  
Son, here is some wine..Those were the days, my friend  
Dein aschenes haar, sulamith  
Der tod ist ein meister aus deutschland

Lyrics provided by

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