

Lassie come home - 1/1

Interprété par Alphaville.

Lonely boy gazing on the afternoon
People drifting cross the surface of the twilight day
There's a Little Yellow Man, standing by the railway station
Painting portraits on the brickwalls of Billie Holloway
Lovely Lady S.M.I.L.E.
Dance, my dear, I'm only operating on "Lassie Come Home"
"This was authentic you" she spoke, "this was authentic
you who blew me cold"
He had no chance to realize, it hit her straight between the eyes
So I've been told

In the park, she's giving out some photographs
on which she's giving out some photos of what she hands around
"They videoed a ghost tonight", she said before I turned it out
"It rode an orange paper-bike, and left without a sound."
Keep on riding, Sir
Open up the door and shout it out: "Lassie Come Home,
Come Home!!"
"This was authentic you?" she spoke, "this was authentic
you who blew, who blew me cold"
I had no chance to realize, it hit her straight between the eyes
So I've been told

Lonely Girl dancing in the music-hall
Lightning struck her silver starship and turned it into stone
And now it's falling all the time into that void beyond her grey eyes
Somewhere a telephone is ringing, but nobody's at home
"Hello Junkie-Sweetheart, listen now this is your Captain calling:
Your Captain is dead."
Keep on riding, Sir, open up the door and shout it out --
shout it out...
Lassie come home -- Lassie come home -- Lassie come home
Lassie come home...