

# All in the Golden Afternoon

Alphaville

All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide  
for both our oars, with little skill, by little arms are plied  
while little hands make vain pretence our wanderings to guide

ah, cruel three! in such an hour beneath such dreamy wheather  
to beg a tale of breath too weak to stir the tiniest feather  
and what can one poor voice avail against three tongues togethe  
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anon, to sudden silence won, in fancy they persue  
the dream child moving through a land of wonders wild and new  
in friendly chat with bird or beast- and half believe it true

and ever as the story drained the wells of fancy dry  
and faintly strove that weary one to put the subject by  
the next time. it is next time the happy voices cry

thus grew the tale of wonderland, thus slowly, one by one  
it's quaint events were hammered out  
and now the tale is done and home we steer  
a merry crew  
beneath the setting sun