

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