

Mafia Island

Alphaville

Yes, we sailed
Over the storm whipped, jade-green sea
On Chephren's barge to Mafia island
We broke coral and drank whiskey
In the glowing heat
And the sunsail slattered in the wind
Like beserk machine guns

And the girls from the bar
They were bathing at the beach
And they sang in their melancholic voice
Soft words that were caught
Between the sound of the waves
And they sang in a melancholic voice

We're stuck here for good
The radio had broken off
Just a few days ago
The ether swelled as the earth ran dry
Nothing moved in the flickering ardour

And the girls from the bar
They were bathing at the beach
And they sang in their melancholic voice
Soft words that were caught
Between the sound of the waves
Yes, they sang in a melancholic voice
Melancholic

(And the girls from the bar)
(They were bathing at the beach)
(And they sang in a melancholic voice)
(Soft words that were caught between the sound of the waves)

(And the girls from the bar)
(They were bathing at the beach)
(And they sang in a melancholic voice)
(Soft words that were caught between the sound of the waves)

(And we sang in a melancholic voice)
Melancholic