

# The Alps

Disco Ensemble

The faint smell of smoke  
Crept across the town  
I'm getting weaker just like vampires in the daylight

One foot in the grave  
One pushing the pedal down  
We'll hide in the alps the alps the alps the alps the alps

And our hearts beat on to  
The rhythm of the windshield wipers

Don't turn back 'cause we have come too far  
Make an escape like a shooting star  
I'm afraid, afraid of everything  
Parking lots filled with empty cars  
Hundreds of things that we can do without  
There's a pill for everything

The road calls me again  
'Cause baby I'm a libertine  
But before I go  
Would you tie my laces

The train's not here  
'Cause someone jumped the tracks again  
We'll head for the alps the alps the alps the alps the alps

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