

All In The Golden Afternoon
Alphaville

F#m **A**
All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide
B **D**
For both our oars, with little skill, by little arms are plied
F#m **A**
While little hands make vain pretence our wanderings to guide
B **D**
Our wanderings to guide

F#m **A**
Ah, Cruel Three ! in such an hour, beneath such dreamy weather
B **D**
To beg a tale of breath too weak to stir the tiniest feather
F#m **A**
Yet what can one poor voice avail against three tongues together
B **D**
Against three tongues together

F#m **A**
Anon, to sudden silence won, in fancy they pursue
B **D**
The dream child moving through a land of wonders wild and new
F#m **A**
In friendly chat with bird or beast - and half believe it true
B **D**
And half believe it true

F#m **A**
And ever, as the story drained the wells of fancy dry
B **D**
And faintly strove that weary one to put the subject by
F#m **A**
The next time -- it is next time the happy voices cry !
B **D**
The happy voices cry !

F#m **A**
Thus grew the tale of wonderland, thus slowly one by one
B **D**
It s quaint events were hammered out - and now the tale is done
F#m **A**
And home we steer a merry crew
B **D**
Beneath the setting sun.