

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.