

Gravitation Breakdown

Alphaville

The smell of dying shadows, letters filled with flaring words
Burnt to hell or ripped to pieces
All the dreams that drove you crazy, all the love that you could give
Thrown away and gone down the gutter
And you need a place to go and you need a place to rest
You need something to replace the black hole in your chest

Down to the dancefloor and into the glaring lights
It's a gravitation breakdown but it's alright
Into the fire and on to the open space
And you're twirling like a go-go and it's all night long...

Venus' buggin' in your stomach, Mars is blazing in your eyes
There are things you regret before you do them
There's no way to shake off the pain now, there's no way to start again
Just the hammer and the beating of the drums
Where you dance nobody danced before you
They can only stare at you
As you're racing with the music to the end of the world

Down to the dancefloor...