

The Nelson Highrise Sector 2: The Mirror

Alphaville

This is a national anthem from the flip-side of the Empire
Hand on my heart, heart on the sleeve of the constitution
Sinking right into a mirror, leaving reflections on it's surface
Caught in a kind of radio-
beacon that's sending out signals transmitting
Them backwards
HEY, tell me it's true, is this the other side of U.
Worlds gonna change with a move in your face, do I still walk on
the same
Structure?
HEY, what do we know, re(a)leasing arrows over cosmic meadows?
Nothing is real, even iron or steel melting gently in the cold
structure
Watching your face thru' a peephole as I lean against the door
Can't understand what you say but I think that you're calling my
name
Leaving the ones I loved is like leaving the one they want me to
be
Making decisions in real-time-
precision as millions of sailors in parallel
Worlds
HEY, tell me it's true, is this the other side of U.
Worlds gonna change with a move in your face, do I still walk on
the same
Structure?
HEY, what do we know, re(a)leasing arrows over cosmic meadows?
Nothing is real, even iron or steel melting gently in the cold
structure
Everybody walks this side of the run-way
Everybody hopes to get off the trap
All we really like is to groove with emotion
Waiting for the airline to lift us up