

Middle of the Riddle

Alphaville

At the edge of the Moon there's a lonely man
And he blows on his horn as strong as he can
And the girl at the bar wipes the breath of winter
Away with a smile of her face
And a little black dog barks along with a loon
Is this my appointment or did I come too soon?
Got a strange invitation for tea time
'Twas given by somebody I can't recall

It's the middle of the riddle, it's not very serious
It's nothing but a big surprise
And the president's horse is a rabbit, of course, that is livin
g in a big boy's mind
(Living in a big boy's mind)

And I skate on a knife on a wire
That is strung from this song to a distant shore and then I say
Intuition is just another phase of chance
While we're crawling through the old pyramid's floors (little p
haraohs)
And the little black dog, here it comes again
It's a true companion in a foreign land
On a quest for the valley of boojums and birthdays
And phonecalls I cannot recall

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Living in a big boy's mind
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All of man shan't talk to the one at the helm
And the man at the helm shall talk to no one, shall talk to no
one at all
(rule 42)

All of man shan't talk to the one at the helm
And the man at the helm shall talk to no one, shall talk to no
one at all

And a horse is a rabbit of course (yes, indeed)

Yes, a horse is a rabbit of course