

## 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, releasing 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, releasing 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