

Alphaville - All In The Golden Afternoon

Tom: D

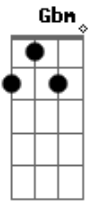
Gbm A
 All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide
 B D
 For both our oars, with little skill, by little arms are
 plied
 Gbm A
 While little hands make vain pretence our wanderings to guide
 B D
 Our wanderings to guide
 Gbm A
 Ah, Cruel Three ! in such an hour, beneath such dreamy
 weather
 B D
 To beg a tale of breath too weak to stir the tiniest feather
 Gbm A
 Yet what can one poor voice avail against three tongues
 together
 B D
 Against three tongues together
 Gbm A
 Anon, to sudden silence won, in fancy they pursue
 B D

The dream child moving through a land of wonders wild and new
 Gbm A
 In friendly chat with bird or beast - and half believe it
 true
 B D
 And half believe it true
 Gbm 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
 Gbm A
 "The next time -- it is next time" the happy voices cry !
 B D
 The happy voices cry !
 Gbm 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
 Gbm A
 And home we steer a merry crew
 B D
 Beneath the setting sun.

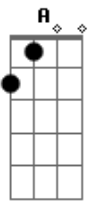
Acordes



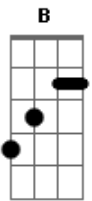
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