

Alhaville - All In The Golden Afternoon

Tom: D

Gbm
 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.

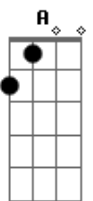
Acordes



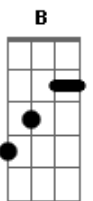
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