

# Alphaville - Fools

Tom: D

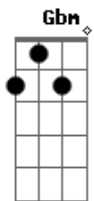
All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide  
 For both our oars, with little skill, by little arms are plied  
 While little hands make vain pretence our wanderings to guide  
 Our wanderings to guide  
 Ah, Cruel Three ! in such an hour, beneath such dreamy weather  
 To beg a tale of breath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

The dream child moving through a land of wonders wild and new  
 In friendly chat with bird or beast - and half believe it true  
 And half believe it true  
 And ever, as the story drained the wells of fancy dry  
 And faintly strove that weary one to put the subject by  
 "The next time -- it is next time" the happy voices cry !  
 The happy voices cry !  
 Thus grew the tale of wonderland, thus slowly one by one  
 It's quaint events were hammered out - and now the tale is done  
 And home we steer a merry crew  
 Beneath the setting sun.

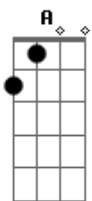
## Acordes



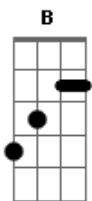
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