

Vienna

Russell Watson

We walked in the cold air
Freezing breath on a window pane
Lying and waiting
A man in the dark in a picture frame
So mystic and soulful

A voice reaching out in a piercing cry
It stays with you until

The feeling has got only you and I
It means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh Vienna

The music is weaving
Haunting those pizzicato strings
The rhythm is calling
Alone in the night as the daylight brings
A cool empty silence

The warmth of your hand and the cold gray sky
It fades to the distance

The image has got only you and I
It means nothing to me
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Oh Vienna

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