Vienna

Clawfinger

We walked in the cold air
Freezing breath on a window pane
Lying, waiting
A man in the dark in a picture frameSo mystic and soulful
A voice reaching out in a piercing cry
It stays with you untilThe feeling has gone only you and I
It means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh, ViennaThe music is weaving
Haunting notes, pizzicato strings
The rhythm is calling
Alone in the night as the daylight bringsA cool empty silence
The warmth of your hand and a cold gray sky
It fades to the distanceThe image has gone only you and I
It means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh, ViennaThis means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh, Vienna

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