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 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 ViennaThe 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 distanceThe image has got 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 This means nothing to me This means nothing to me Oh Vienna

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