Snow In Venice

Elizaveta

Maybe my song isn't happy enough but I,
I see it take flight with the snowflakes above me.
My coffee gets cold as I'm staring in throws
At the snow that keeps falling outside.And traveling light is a curse and a blessing
For someone like me whose heart has gone missing.
So get on that plane, as the snow turns to rain
And I'm writing your name on the clouds.
And see you in London or maybe in Paris.
Berlin will be waiting, and so will we roam.
And maybe I'll see you again when it's snowing in Venice
And I will be on my way home.And I dial long distance with frozen finghers
Double O 1 and familiar numbers
And you sound so strange
That I run out of change
How are you dear
Ya it is snowing here
Are you doing alright?
Are you lonley at night?Oh la Venezia
Mi fa cosi bene
Esco ogni sera e vado a ballare
Che ben atmosfera, che bellissima neve
Non c'e' proprio niente che mi possa mancareAnd traveling light is a curse and a blessing
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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