

# Marc Roberts, Mysterious Woman ( Eurovision 1997 )

Saw you at an airport  
ticket in your hand  
I got a feeling in my heart  
I didn't understand  
Something in the way you were  
something foreign in your eyes  
made me wish that I could share  
a moment of your life  
Mysterious woman  
I wonder did you see  
the kind of spell you put on me  
Mysterious woman  
I wish I could find the key  
To the kind of spell you put on me  
The room was full of faces  
but you stood out from the crowd  
people going places  
far away beyond the crowd  
Were you from the streets of Paris  
or the coast of Italy  
or were you from as far away  
as the Gulf of Araby?  
Mysterious woman  
I wonder did you see  
the kind of spell you put on me  
Mysterious woman  
I wish I could find the key  
To the kind of spell you put on me  
Did I imagine you smiled  
or were my thoughts going wild  
Suddenly you were going  
the speaker called your plane  
there was no way of knowing  
if I'd ever see you again  
But this brief, so brief encounter  
will always stay with me  
I will always treasure  
the bitter-sweet memory  
Mysterious woman  
I wonder did you see  
the kind of spell you put on me  
Mysterious woman  
it will always be a mystery  
the kind of spell  
you put on me