

# Russell Watson, Vienna

We walked in the cold air  
Freezing breath on a window pane  
Lying and waiting  
The 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 gone 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 grey sky  
It fades to the distance

The image has gone only you and I  
It means nothing to me  
This means nothing to me  
Oh Vienna....

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