

Ultravox, 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 notes, pizzicato strings,
The rhythm is calling.
Alone in the night as the daylight brings,
A cool empty silence.
The warmth of your hand and a 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.
This means nothing to me.
This means nothing to me.
Oh, Vienna.