

Vienna Sunday

Tony Christie

The night descends and shadows fall on a angel deep in pray,

a drunken dancing harlequin is tumbling down the stairs, the haunting sounds of violins hangs above the air, is this the place where dreams begin, last night my feet danced there, Vienna Sunday, where lovers came to play, Vienna Sunday, we gave our hearts away, Vienna Sunday, I had you to myself, Vienna Sunday, just you and no one else. The ghost of Mozart walks among the people on the streets, Johan Sebastian shakes the hands of everyone he meets, and still they raise a glass of wine, and drink to absent friends, a long forgotten pantomime, a dream that never ends, Vienna Sunday, where lovers came to play, Vienna Sunday, we gave our hearts away, Vienna Sunday, I had you to myself, Vienna Sunday, just you and no one else. Vienna Sunday, where lovers came to play, Vienna Sunday, we gave our hearts away, Vienna Sunday, I had you to myself, Vienna Sunday, just you and no one else. Vienna Sunday, where lovers came to play, Vienna Sunday, we gave our hearts away, Vienna Sunday, I have you to myself, Vienna Sunday