

Elizaveta

"Snow In Venice"

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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.

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 posso mancare

Maybe I'll see you again when it's snowing in Venice
And I will be on my way home

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