

## **Tony Christie**

### **"Vienna Sunday"**

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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 my self, Vienna Sunday

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