

# This waltz – Cohen

Now in Vienna there's ten pretty women  
There's a shoulder where Death comes to cry  
There's a lobby with nine hundred windows  
There's a tree where the doves go to die  
There's a piece that was torn from the  
Morning  
And it hangs in the Gallery of Frost  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Take this waltz, take this waltz  
Take this waltz with the clamp on its jaws  
Oh I want you, I want you, I want you  
On a chair with a dead magazine  
In the cave at the tip of the lily  
In some hallways where love's never been  
On a bed where the moon has been sweating  
In a cry filled with footsteps and Sand  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Take this waltz, take this waltz  
Take its broken waist in your hand  
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this  
Waltz  
With its very own breath (OOOOOOUUUUU) of  
Brandy and Death  
Dragging its tail in the sea – aż tuuuuu  
There's a concert hall in Vienna  
Where your mouth had a thousand reviews  
There's a bar where the boys have stopped  
Talking  
They've been sentenced to death by the blues  
Ah, but (uuuuuu) who is it climbs to your  
Picture  
With a garland of freshly cut tears?  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Take this waltz, take this waltz  
Take this waltz it's been dying for years  
There's an attic where children are playing

Where I've got to lie down with you soon  
In a dream of Hungarian lanterns  
In the mist of some sweet afternoon  
And I'll see what you've chained to your  
Sorrow  
All your sheep and your lilies of snow  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Take this waltz, take this waltz  
With its "I'll never forget you, you know!"  
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this  
Waltztuuuu on coś jeszcze śpiewa i  
And I'll dance with you in Vienna  
I'll be wearing a river's disguise  
The hyacinth (HAJESNT) wild on my shoulder,  
My mouth on the dew (DIF) of your thighs  
And I'll bury my soul in a scrapbook,  
With the photographs there, and the moss  
And I'll yield (JULD) to the flood of your  
Beauty  
My cheap violin and my cross (KRAAAS)  
And you'll carry me down on your dancing  
To the pools that you lift on your wist (IST)  
Oh my love, Oh my love  
Take this waltz, take this waltz  
It's yours now It's all that there is



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych