

## **From a room with a view**

From a room with a view in an old town near Vienna  
With this song left unsung I'm waiting for Emma  
There's a man waiting in line, who used to know Mozes  
And that girl in her chair she used to ride horses

So there they stood, still wondering how they could last  
With a choice to be made, here at the gates of the past

Now I hope she'll be waiting for a new morning comes slowly  
And I can hear a man in the street who's whistling so lowly

So there they stood, still wondering how they could last  
With a choice to be made, here at the gates of the past

Like a farmer on his land who's waiting for harvest  
And that girl on the bench day-dreaming 'bout Elvis

So there they stood, still wondering how they could last  
With a choice to be made, here at the gates of the past

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