The Death must be a Viennese

On top of the golden Himmelsbastei

Our Lord has seated himself cheerfully

With a glass wine, or two or three,

looking down at the city of Vienna.

The ghosts dance around him,

yes, he has it in his hands all the time

good luck and bad luck, death and blame,

and love and scorn and envy

and meanness, the greed, the bile and the gout,

yes, there is a very big crowd,

I don’t know how the ghosts are looking over there,

but one thing is clear to me:

The Death must be a Viennese

Just like the Love a French lady

Because who takes you to heaven’s door punctually?

Only the Viennese has a sense for that.

The Death must be a Viennese

Only he strikes the right note

Go darling, go kitty, what are you locking yourself?

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