When a zither starts to play,
You'll remember yesterday;

In its haunting strain, Vienna lives again,
Free and bright and gay.

Seems to glimmer when you hear That Third Man Theme.

Once again there comes to mind Someone that you let behind

Love that somehow didn't last In that happy city of the past.

Does she still recall the dream, That rapture so supreme When

first she heard the haunting Third Man Theme?