

Stockholm

Arttu Takalo

I've heard love songs make a Georgia man cry
 â€”On the shoulder of somebody's Saturday night
 â€”Read the good book, studied it too
â€”But nothing prepared me for living with youâ€”â€”Lock me up tight in these shackles I wear
 â€”Tied up the keys in the folds of your hair
 â€”And the difference with me is I used to not care
 â€”Stockholm let me go homeâ€”â€”Once a wise man to the ways of the world
 â€”Now I've traded those lessons for faith in a girl
 â€”Crossed the ocean, thousand years from my home
â€”In this frozen old city of silver and stoneâ€”â€”Ships in the harbor and birds on the bluff
 â€”Don't move an inch when their anchor goes up
 â€”And the difference with me is I've fallen in love
 â€”Stockholm let me go home
 â€”Let me goâ€”â€”And the night, so long, I used to pray for the daylight to come
â€”Folks back home surely have called off the search and gone back to their own â€”â€”Ships in the harbor and birds
 on the bluff
 â€”Don't move an inch when their anchor goes up
 â€”And the difference with me is I've fallen in love
 â€”Stockholm let me go home
 â€”Let me go
 â€”Let me go home

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