

# Stockholm

## Artru 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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