

# Stockholm

## New Fast Automatic Daffodils

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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