

Scandinavian Skies

Billy Joel

The sins of Amsterdam
Were still a recent surprise
And we were flying over
Scandinavian Skies
We climbed towards the sun
We turned and cursed as one
We pulled the shades
And closed our eyes
The Stockholm city lights
Were slowly starting to rise
And we were strapped against
Those Scandinavian skies
The landing gear came down
And touched the Swedish ground
And we were all so paralyzed
On the plane
We were mainly sound and lights
In the veins
We could play the blues all night
The tour of Germany
Was bleeding into our eyes
And we were sailing over
Scandinavian skies
We had the Midas touch
Until we met the Dutch
And they exhausted our supplies
Who's to pay?
For this international flight
Who could stay
We were only there for the night
We watched the power fall
Inside the Olso hall
While all the cold Norweigians cried
Who could say
What was left and where was right?
By the way
I could play the blues all night

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