Stockholm

Pugh Rogefeldt

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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