

Stockholm

GRAPEFRUIT MOON

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

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