

Stockholm

Hellberg

I've heard love songs make a Georgia man cry
â€œOn the shoulder of somebody's Saturday night
â€œRead the good book, studied it too
â€œBut nothing prepared me for living with youâ€œâ€œLock me up tight in these shackles I wear
â€œTied up the keys in the folds of your hair
â€œAnd the difference with me is I used to not care
â€œStockholm let me go homeâ€œâ€œOnce a wise man to the ways of the world
â€œNow I've traded those lessons for faith in a girl
â€œCrossed the ocean, thousand years from my home
â€œIn this frozen old city of silver and stoneâ€œâ€œShips in the harbor and birds on the bluff
â€œDon't move an inch when their anchor goes up
â€œAnd the difference with me is I've fallen in love
â€œStockholm let me go home
â€œLet me goâ€œâ€œAnd the night, so long, I used to pray for the daylight to come
â€œFolks back home surely have called off the search and gone back to their own â€œâ€œShips in the harbor and birds
on the bluff
â€œDon't move an inch when their anchor goes up
â€œAnd the difference with me is I've fallen in love
â€œStockholm let me go home
â€œLet me go
â€œLet me go home

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