

Stockholm

Jonathan Johansson

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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