

Stockholm

Conner Youngblood

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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