

# Scandinavian Girl

Al Stewart

The Gothenburg streets were like silver sheets  
As I kicked my feet through the snowy world  
And in that land there I held the hand of my  
Scandinavian girl

We stood as part of a bleak facade  
Though the city's heart was still beating  
And for a while there, I shared a smile with my  
Scandinavian girl

And I stood there quite surprised  
To see reflected in her eyes  
The very thought I left unsaid  
As too unwise

And so we passed through a world of glass  
And the moment passed and was lost to time  
Time too soon with his broken moon took my  
Scandinavian girl

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