

Stockholm

Jason Isbell

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

Locked 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
Across the ocean, a 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'm falling in love
Stockholm, let me go home
Let me go home

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'm falling in love
Stockholm, let me go home
Let me go home