

The obstacles we build for ourselves, my love -
creating decisions to make, my love!
When really, it could be this easy:
you and me, and house, and food

Your roots are stuck in the dirt of this land,
my questions all answered in the firmness of your hand,
I buried some hatred in the snow on the porch,
and when it comes undone, I will understand.

And the wind in the trees are all: sch-uuung, sch-uuung
And the trains that pass by are all: sch-du-dung, sch-
du-dung
And you and me are like: come on let's go out for a
walk

And our feet in the snow are like: tsch-ooo, tsch-ooo
and the choir in my chest is like: oooo- oooo
And the Stockholm insecurity is like: I don't exist

Night dawns on us now, my love!
We finally found a way to lie, my love -
without an arm getting numb
in the middle of us, my love.

Don't you get scared of those people now
who look you in the eye and smile at you now
Yes, they condemn you, but they won't tell!
and that's just how it goes, my love.

And the wind in the trees are like: sch-ooo, sch-ooo
And the trains that pass by are like: sch-du-dung, sch-
du-dung
And you and me are like: take your coat on, let's go
out for a walk

And the tears in our eyes when we ski fast in the
forest,
but the choir in my chest is always stuck on the
chorus,
And I know it's in me to get away from all of this.

Though I like this the best, I always liked this the
best.

The obstacles we build for ourselves, my love
The time we spend making decisions, my love
There's a longing in me for things that yet haven't
occured
So I'll return to you, city,
again and again