

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