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