

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