

Al Stewart, Scandinavian Girl

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