

# Billy Joel, Scandinavian Skies

The sins of Amsterdam  
Were still a recent surprise  
And we were flying over  
Scandinavian skies

We climbed towards the sun  
We turned and cursed as one  
We pulled the shades  
And closed our eyes

The Stockholm city lights  
Were slowly starting to rise  
And we were strapped against  
Those Scandinavian skies

The landing gear came down  
And touched the Swedish ground  
And we were all so paralyzed

On the plane  
We were mainly sound and lights  
In the veins  
We could play the blues all night

The tour of Germany  
Was bleeding into our eyes  
And we were sailing over  
Scandinavian skies

We had the Midas touch  
Until we met the Dutch  
And they exhausted our supplies

Who's to pay?  
For this international flight  
Who could stay  
We were only there for the night  
We watched the power fall  
Inside the Oslo hall  
While all the cold Norwegians cried

Who could say  
What was left and where was right?  
By the way  
I could play the blues all night