

Hello Saferide, Arjeplog

The obstacles we build for ourselves, my love!
Creating decisions to make, my love! When
really, it could be this easy: you and me, and
house, and food.

Your roots are stuck in the dirt of this land, my
questions all answered in the firmness of your
hand, I buried some hatred in the snow on the
porch, and when it comes undone, I will
understand.

And the wind in the trees are like: sch-uuung,
sch-uuung. And the trains that pass by are like:
sch-du-dung, sch-du-dung. And you and me are
like: come on, let's go out for a walk.

And our feet in the snow are like: tsch-ooo,
tsch-ooo. And the choir in my chest is like:
oooo- oooo. And the Stockholm insecurity is
like: I don't exist.

Night dawns on us now, my love! We finally
found a way to lie, my love! Without an arm
getting numb in the middle of us, my love.

Don't you get scared of the people now who
look you in the eye and smile at you now. Yes,
they condemn you, but they won't tell! And
that's how it goes, my love.

And the wind in the trees are like: sch-ooo,
sch-ooo. And the trains that pass by are like:
sch-du-dung, sch-du-dung. And you and me are
like: take your coat on, let's go out for a walk.

And the tears in our eyes when we ski fast in the
forrest, but the choir in my chest is always stuck
on the chorus. And I know it's in me to get away
from this.

Though I like this the best, I always liked this
the best.

The obstacles we build for ourselves, my love.
The time we spend making decisions, my love.
There's a longing in me for things that yet
haven't occurred. I'll return to you, city, again
and again.