

# 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.