

Karin Park, Stockholm Snow

Dance by my window, so I can see your face
Cause I am locked in here and the key is on the outside
It's almost morning and all the stockholm snow
Is falling on your head and on your window

I won't be forever wanted here
And the sun shall shine on me sometime this year
As I try to find your way

You look like a snowman without the carrotnose
And the jacket that I told you, you looked nice in
You said that all you wanted was to dance
So come on melt the ice outside my window