

# Weeping Willows, Into The Light

Stockholm in dry white snow  
Lights are low  
Cars drive by real slow  
In the cold  
Strangers are passing by  
And sometimes I  
See right through their minds  
But they will never know

I'm waiting for her on a corner, my chest is full of hope  
Songs about her are playing on my Walkman radio

When she comes by  
She'll bring the warmth and melt the ice  
Then we will fly into the light  
She makes me smile  
Diamond flakes fall through the sky  
Then we will fly into the light

Life is all frozen here  
But I don't care  
Cause I will disappear  
Into her smile  
People are passing by  
With staring eyes  
I know what's on their minds  
It scares me deep inside