

Office Of Strategic Influence "Stockholm"

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A boy looks like an old man
He huddles in the cold
And reaching for the darkness
Away from the half-light
A dark girl wanders on, and on
She bears a wound for you
A car comes to a halt
Inside a man is waiting
He is calling his house
Eyes fixed at the gun
A bag is tossed to the ground
It's content's already used
The cold subsides and someone dies
There in the half-light
He is calling his house
Eyes fixed at the gun
A language she don't know
Telling her about love
She lets him in
He takes his chances

