

Amanda Mair

"Skinnarviksberget"

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I have a bottle of wine and a secret
That I'd like to share with you
Give me an hour or two and I'd tell you the truth
I will wait for you

Up on the hill, up on the hill
You know the one
Where you first took my hand in your hand

I have a bottle of wine and a blanket
That I'd like to share with you
Hop on your fancy new bicycle, please, please
I will wait for you

Tropical lights, pale city lights
Up on the hill
Will you meet me back there on the hill?

Won't you give me a minute of your precious time?
Won't you give me an hour of your precious time?
Won't you give me a month of your precious time?
Won't you give me a decade of your precious time?
Won't you hold me and tell me how you like the wine?
Won't you smell me and tell me that things will be fine?
Won't you travel me home on your fancy new bike?
Won't you kiss me and spoon me the rest of my life?

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