

## Offenbach "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

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