

## Little Hands Of Asphalt, The "Oslo"

Visit "[Oslo](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

It was a moment for the books.  
The calendar looked  
just like the novels we had only skimmed through.  
So I circled out the dates that I'll skillfully waste.  
For now that's going to have to do.

It was the brightest summer day, after we swam in the  
lake,  
that you told me our luck is gonna end.  
So we better be concerned. We're where the subway  
turns.  
We need a camera and some cash to spend.

And our picturesque blame; we'll put it in IKEA-frames.  
Up on the wall it looks profound,  
and reminds us Oslo is a small, small town. (Yeah)

So it's night and we dive into a basement that's alive  
with stupidity that melts into pairs.  
But your good intent was clear when you split and left  
me here  
to regret I left my high horse upstairs.

And with the way I say goodbye  
I could have ruined everything.  
But I'll be seeing you around  
because Oslo is a small, small town.

I'm keeping myself calm  
if just for the sake of staying warm.  
So with my eyes fixed on the ground  
I admitted Oslo is a small, small town. (Yeah)

Visit [Little Hands Of Asphalt, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.