

## Stockholm City Blues

Mark Lanegan

Starin' out the window of this hotel room  
The waxing and waning, giant northern moon  
Brother Aldo, are you good for a few more bucks?  
I promise someday soon I'm gonna change my luck

The rain is makin' rivers of the Stockholm streets  
Soakin' through my coat, through my boots, to my feet  
No one can ever tell me when enough's enough  
Descendin' every ladder to the final rung

I pay for this pain, I'm runnin' through my blood  
You couldn't ever tell me when enough's enough  
To trade a few more nickels for another nail  
Don't let my will give out before my body fails

Taxi to the corner, it's another mile  
It'll be another corner, somewhere else tomorrow  
No one can tell me that enough's enough  
I pay for this pain I put into my blood

The choppin' and churnin' of the northern tides  
Rip at a wound as deep as the ocean is wide  
And I thank my God because I prayed for it  
I went to my knees when the medicine hit

And felt the slightest sting as though an insect bit  
No one could ever tell me that it's time to quit  
The faint and flickering light is my candle barely lit  
Brother Aldo, are you good for a few more bucks?  
No one could ever tell me that enough's enough

I pay for this pain I put into my blood  
I pay for this pain I put into my blood  
I pay for this pain I put into my blood  
No one could ever tell me that enough's enough  
You couldn't ever tell me that enough's enough  
Stockholm city blues