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Performed in concert by the amazing Jenny Ståbis who put both music and her incredible voice and guitar to my lyric. And many thanks to Johan and Lisa - her talented friends who played with her and helped bring this to life. 4 flights=fyra trappor

Four Flights Above Stockholm Town

Mauro Scocco tips his hat

as

Thunder Bear turns a corner

Angel by his side,

And at last

His feet touch the ground

And it all happens

Four flights above Stockholm Town

There's a perfume in the air this Spring,

And of sweet, complete renewal it sings

Caught on satin butterfly wings

Tis true, Thunder Bear's smelled these scents before

But never quite with this feeling

Lilac, jasmine, and midsummer rose

Take their turn

And swirl

From his head down through his toes

And he's feeling naked fully clothed...

"In her eyes I see my soul

Reflected in the medicine lodge's charcoal glow

She touches my knee

And I feel at ease, presses my hand...

With a gentle squeeze

Lost in a dream,

Suddenly comes a breeze...

She sighs...Life's dance partners gently breathing

On a homeward road filled with wine and spice,
Kings and Queens and mystery scenes unfold

Feeling lost, feeling found, Feeling at home with
My angel, Four Flights above Stockholm Town

Guess it's time to change my bachelor ways
Of skirts and flirts and Hell to pay

Yes, I've been from the roots of the world to Heaven's
Dome and done it all...done it all...Four flights above
Stockholm Town

That's where you will find us, lighting candletips,
Warm bread and cinnamon sticks, drops of honey
Brush our lips...

In a kiss that lingers until dawn, wrapped in each other's arms
Within sweet Stockholm's charms"

the apache kid

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