

You came with a suitcase, a map, and a plan,
Don't know the city, you don't know if you can.
Rain on the station, wind in your face,
But somehow Groningen will soon be your place.

Bikes flying past like a river in motion,
Students arriving with dreams and devotion.
A weird little language is filling the air,
They speak with a "G", and they smile with a stare.

The market on Tuesdays, terraces are full,
But don't drink too much, cause tomorrow is school.
A coffee, a deadline, a lecture at ten,
And somehow tomorrow you do it again.

But first things first, there are papers to do,
A BSN's waiting, and a DigiD too.
The city will know you, they'll write down your name,
Good old bureaucracy, just part of the game.

Find a room if you can, and boy hold on tight,
Housing in Groningen can be quite a fight.
Check every contract, every door, every key,
Cause a place to belong is much more than a fee.

You'll call your mother, say school's going well,
And leave out the details, you really can't tell.
"I've studied all week, mom!" you'll proudly explain,
Completely forgetting that cloud in your brain.

Weed here is legal, you'll hear on day one,
Mostly from someone who also had some.
It might make you hungry, you don't know why,
So, head to a "snackbar", just stop on by.

You'll eat an eierbal, a glorious sphere,
A gold-brown delight, you can get only here.
Some cultures have heroes, castles, and halls,
And Groningen simply perfected fried balls.

Learn the rhythm of cycling, the language of rain,
How headwinds can humble the strong or insane.
You'd really prefer, to use bus or NS
But the "tyfus OV", leads to financial stress.

Maybe you're lonely, maybe you're lost,
Counting the distance and measuring cost.
But if you feel down, don't you panic or hide,
There are doctors and systems and people beside.

If things go wrong, if you're scared or undone,
Don't hesitate, and just pick up the phone.
Talk to a friend, ask a Dutchie for help.
'Cause locals know better than reviews on Yelp.

Soon you will find what is not on the map,
Which cafés stay open, where students all yap.
You'll learn that a city is more than a place,
It's people who slowly take part of your days.

So welcome to Groningen, stubborn and bright,
Where people complain, even though all is right.
You came with a suitcase, uncertain, alone,
And one day you'll notice, you've made it your home.

