

Lili & Susie • 155

Sweet n sour pineapple, Lillet Blanc & Suze de Genitiane-served on chrushed ice

Like a pop song from 1985 that still works on the dance floor. Bright, playful and sharp at first, before taking a harder turn and becoming drier, bolder. Like Södermalm in the sunshine – leg warmers going nowhere, sunglasses after four, and the feeling that anything can happen before the night has even begun. Cold, crushed, and impossible not to like..

Blood & Tears • 185

Blood orange, Absolut vodka, white chocolate, sorrel, brittle & Champagne-& Elderflower fluff

This isn't balance. It's emotion. Sharp, sweet, and slightly chaotic — more mood than flavor. Like a breakup that turned into a party, or a party that became a breakup. Everything at once. No apologies. It doesn't linger on your palate — it sticks somewhere else entirely.

Lost in Translation • 185

Tart raspberry juice, Maker's Mark bourbon & dark chocolate spiced with Boge Herbs

Starts bright. Ends deep. Somewhere in between, something happens that can't quite be translated. Like a conversation on Söder at 01:37 – voices overlapping, honesty arriving a little too late, laughter getting stuck halfway. Someone says too much. Someone else should have gone home. No one does. The flavour lingers longer than it should, just like the night.

Rabalder • 175

Tart rhubarb, Absolut vodka, Söder tea & Spring shoot syrup

Like wandering along Slussen on an early spring day: a little mischievous, a little soft, and full of that SÖDER feeling that lingers under the ceiling. First a bright acidity, then a rounded warmth — and finally a quiet green hum that brings to mind inner courtyards, laundry lines, riding a bike hands-free, and a time when everything moved slower. A brief, nostalgic wink from the past.

Mors Lilla Olle • 185

Blueberries, wild lingonberries, Thai basil, Bacardi Carta Blanca & vanilla fluff

Childhood first. Then something strange. Then suddenly — adult. It opens safe and nostalgic before taking a sharp left into deeper territory. Like hearing an old folk tune again, but now on vinyl, slightly warped, played a little too loud — and absolutely right.

South Side • 175

Tart mint juice, Bombay Sapphire gin with a foam made of raspberries

Clean, cold, and dangerously easy. Goes down like it means nothing — which is a lie. Tastes like the moment right before the night derails. Before the cab. Before the message you shouldn't send. Minimal, icy, and promising this is only the beginning.

Tom Kruse • 175

Cucumber, gooseberry, basil, pickled jalapeño & Patrón Silver tequila

It starts polite. Almost suspiciously so. Clean, green, well-behaved. Then something shifts. Someone barges in from the side, raises their voice and takes over. Sharp, herbal, and quietly aggressive. A drink for those who like things calm — right up until they aren't.

Katta Strof • 175

Sweet-sour pomegranate juice, mandarin soda, calamansi, Beefeater gin & Black currant tea

She's flirted with Manhattan, but chose Söder. Polished on the surface, more comfortable in worn sneakers and nights that run too long. Bright and tart with a cocky edge — more Katarina Bangata than rooftop bar. A highball for messy kisses and evenings that never really end.

Red Line • 185

Stockholms Bränneri Navy Gin (57% alc vol), Swedish strawberries & lingonberries finished of with a mist of Absinthe

Like taking testosterone and switching subway cars mid-ride, just because you can. It opens flirtatious, then turns feral — fruity up front, all muscle and menace underneath. Nothing safe here. Just speed, confidence, and a very deliberate middle finger to anything “easy-drinking.” Smells like a platform at dusk and decisions you won't explain tomorrow.