

How do you want to drink tonight?

Almost every drink on this list can be made in three ways. Not because we have to, but because we want to.

You can have them with spirits the way they're presented in the menu: clear flavours, a bit more weight. (185 SEK)

You can choose them lower in alcohol, where vermouths, aperitifs and wine-like tones are given room to stretch and breathe. (135 SEK)

And if you'd rather drink without alcohol, we build the same idea, the same feeling, just without the percentage. (95 SEK)

It's not about taking something away. It's about adjusting the volume of the evening. Just tell us how you want it, we'll take care of the rest. Three ways to drink the same drink, ask us and we'll guide you to the right decision.

Rabalder · 185

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

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.

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..

South Side · 185

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

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 · 185

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 · 185

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.

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.

Saltkråkan · 185

Sweetened ugli fruit juice (citrus hybrid), Stockholms Bränneri dry gin, fresh lime & a splash of salt water.

Taut acidity, rounded fruit standing at attention. Summer in the body, salt in the air. Båtsman barking down by the quay, Saltsjön shimmering. A classic that's drifted south to Söder, sunburnt, cocky and entirely without apologies.

Thunder Honey · 185

Browned & acidified honey, Maker's Mark bourbon & toasted hazelnut.

Mute and straight. Sweetness that's taken a beating. Toasted edges, cracked shells. Not kind, not loud, just stubborn. Like Söder on a late weekday night: a little worn, but completely honest. A drink you don't make small talk with. You take it and you shut up.

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 the Hornstull platform at dusk and decisions you can't explain tomorrow.