

These Streets

Bastille

These streets are yours, you can keep them
I don't want them
They pull me back, and I surrender
To the memories I run from

Oh, we have paved these streets
With moments of defeat

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore

These streets are yours, you can keep them
In my mind it's like you haunt them
And passing through I think I see you
In the shapes of other women

Oh, we have stained these walls
With our mistakes and flaws

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore

All that's left behind
Is a shadow on my mind
(Oh, a shadow comes upon a wall is silhouette and nothing more
but it's all that's left behind)
Is a shadow on my mind
All that's left behind

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore

I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore