

Keep the Streets Empty for Me

Fever Ray

Memory comes when memory's old
I am never the first to know
Following the stream up North
Where do people like us float

There is room in my lap
For bruises, asses, hand claps
I will never disappear
Forever, I'll be here

Whispering
Morning, keep the streets empty for me

I learned to not eat the snow
My fur is hot, my tongue is cold
On a bed of spider web
I think about to change myself

A lot of hope in a one man tent
There's no room for innocence
Take me home before the storm
Velvet mites will keep us warm

Whispering
Morning, keep the streets empty for me

Uncover our heads and reveal our souls
We were hungry before we were born