

Empty Streets

Starsailor

I fell into Paris
Seek out my temptress
So I've been told

In the bar by the theatre
I'm finding my answer
Cleansing my soul

Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here, these empty streets
Everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete

Oh, I fell into something
I guess that's how I am
I'm easily led

I fell into Paris
Seek out my temptress
She knows how I've bled

Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here, these empty streets
But everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete

Oh, Oh, Oh
Oh, Oh
Oh, Oh, Oh

Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here these empty streets
Everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete

Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here, these empty streets
Everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete
Oh, Oh