

# Starsailor, Empty Streets

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