

# Fever Ray, Keep The Streets Empty For Me

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, handclaps  
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