

# 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

But 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 filled 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

But 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

All that's left behind

Is a shadow on my mind

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves

We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else

But I won't show my face here anymore

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