

Riot on an Empty Street

Kings of Convenience

"Why, why so quiet?
Oh my, mysterious country singer?" she asked. My life, it's a riot
I'm climbing barricades
in empty streets at night. When I'm down
fighting shadows.
Twenty-five postcards
in a box in my room. Telephone conversations,
gas slowly leaking out
of a heart-shaped balloon. It's a dangerous game
that I'm not sure
if I could keep playing for long.
It's a dangerous game,
it's a very fine line
and if one step is wrong...
I have no cards to play
and that's why
I've got nothing to say,
tonight.
I've got nothing to say,
tonight.

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