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.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/