

# Keep the Streets Empty For Me

## Fever Ray

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, hand claps  
I will never disappear  
For Forever, I'll be here Whispering  
Morning, keep the streets empty for me I laying down eating snow  
My fur is hot, my tongue is cold  
On a bed of spider web  
I think of how to change myself A lot of hope in a one man tent  
There's no room for innocence  
So 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

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