

Keep the Streets Empty For Me (Live in Lulea)

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

Songwriters

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