

# Empty Streets

## Plastique Noir

The city feels clean this time of night  
Just empty streets and me walking home

To clear my head

And though it came as no surprise  
I'm affected more than I had guessed

On what was said

If love's not meant to be  
If the heart's not ready to open

If we make it I won't see

It's broken

If love's not meant to be  
If the heart's not ready to open

If we make it I won't see

How it's broken

How

It's the quiet time before the dawn  
And I'm half past making sense of it

Was I wrong?

Should I think to give it all  
In a world where not much ever seems

To last long

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If the heart's not ready to open

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