

Empty Streets

Starsailor

I fell into Paris
Seek out my temptress
So I've been told In the bar by the theatre
I'm finding my answer
Cleansing my soul Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here, these empty streets
Everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete Oh, I fell into something
I guess that's how I am
I'm easily led I fell into Paris
Seek out my temptress
She knows how I've bled Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here, these empty streets
But everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here these empty streets
Everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete Newspaper covers my feet
Rinsed out here, these empty streets
Everybody that I meet
Touch my life make me complete
Oh, oh

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