

# Seven

## Fever Ray

I've got a friend  
Who I've known since I was seven  
We used to talk on that phone  
If we have time, if it's the right time  
Accompany me  
By the kitchen sink  
We talk about love  
We talk about dishwasher tablets  
And we dream about heaven  
I know it  
I think I know it from a heaven  
They said so it doesn't need no explanation  
Or a box to open up with light and sound  
Making you cold, very cold  
I leave home at seven  
Under a heavy sky  
I ride my bike up  
I ride my bike down  
November smoke  
And your toes cold now  
It goes from white to red  
A little voice in my head said so  
I know it  
I think I know it from a heaven  
They said so  
It doesn't need no explanation  
Or a box to open up with light and sound  
And if you don't you'll run your own  
I know it  
I think I know it from a heaven  
They said so  
It doesn't need no explanation  
Or a box to open up with light and sound  
Making you cold very cold

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