

Seven (Nic Chacona Strobelight Mix)

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

Songwriters

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