

# Riot On An Empty Street

## Kings Of Convenience

"Why, why so quiet?  
Oh my, mysterious country singer?" she asked. My life, it's a riot  
I'm climbing barricades  
in empty streets at night. When I'm down  
fighting shadows.  
Twenty-five postcards  
in a box in my room. Telephone conversations,  
gas slowly leaking out  
of a heart-shaped balloon. It's a dangerous game  
that I'm not sure  
if I could keep playing for long.  
It's a dangerous game,  
it's a very fine line  
and if one step is wrong...  
I have no cards to play  
and that's why  
I've got nothing to say,  
tonight.  
I've got nothing to say,  
tonight.

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