

These Streets

Bastille

These streets are yours, you can keep them
I don't want them
They pull me back, and I surrender
To the memories I run from Oh, we have paved these streets
With moments of defeat But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore
These streets are yours, you can keep them
In my mind it's like you haunt them
And passing through I think I see you
In the shapes of other women Oh, we have stained these walls
With our mistakes and flaws But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore All that's left behind
Is a shadow on my mind
A shadow on my mind
(Oh, a shadow cast upon a wall is a silhouette and nothing more)
All that's left behind
(But it's all that's left behind)
But even if we won't admit it to ourselves
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else
So I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore I won't show my face here anymore
I won't show my face here anymore

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