

## 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  
(Oh, a shadow comes upon a wall is silhouette and nothing more  
but it's all that's left behind)  
Is a shadow on my mind  
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