

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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