

Seven (Crookers Remix)

Fever Ray

I've got a friend who I've known since I was seven
We used to talk on the phone, if we had time, if it's the right time
Accompany me by the kitchen
sink

We talk about love, we talk about dishwasher tablets, illness
And we dream about heaven I know it, I think I know it from a hymn
They've said so, it doesn't need more explanation

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 go
numb

A new colour on the Globe

It goes from white to red, a little voice in my head says oh, oh, oh

I know it, I think I know it from a hymn

They've said so, it doesn't need more explanation

A box to open up with light and sound

And if you don't

You're on your own

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