

# Seven

## 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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>