# 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 timeAccompany me by the kitchen sink
We talk about love, we talk about dishwasher tablets, illness
And we dream about heavenI 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 coldI leave home at seven
Under a heavy sky, I ride my bike up, I ride my bike downNovember 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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