

Central Park

Brock Berrigan

First few horns and the squeak of brakes
Knock on the door and the city wakes
 But you, you're still sleeping
 And you, you're in love
 Painting a pretty picture
How I wish, more of this were drew
 But you, you're in London
 And you, you're still in love
 Fuck this, I'ma go out walking
 Rent a bike and make a few laps
 In Central Park in the dark

 Love is just a memory
 Love along the shadow
 In my heart, in my heart
 This is where you'll stay
 While I'm at the Hudson
I'd like to see my name above the door
 It says we, we're still in Brooklyn
 And we, we're never in
 But you're always welcome
If you run out of dough you know

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