

# Cleopatra in Brooklyn

## Frank Turner

Wake up in the morning you feel out of place  
You're a disgrace  
Once more with resignation  
But there's bills to be paid  
So you stumble to the station

You're wearing your most imperceptible frown  
These people are adjectives to your proper noun  
As you wash through the streets of this phony old town  
It's wearing you down

And yet there you are  
Standing out in your favourite blue dress  
Hair is a mess  
Nevertheless  
Cleopatra in Brooklyn

You casually shed poetry like your clothes  
In neat little rows  
On the floor of my hotel room  
You'd always dreamed that you'd be a princess  
But you'd accept less  
Holding court holed-up in your bedroom

And I'd say I was Antony begging at your door  
But I know that you'd laugh and just ask me what for  
And then just roll your eyes as I fell the floor  
And swear that I'm yours

And yet there you are  
Standing out in your favourite blue dress  
Hair is a mess  
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You wait by the Brooklyn bridge for your king to return  
Yeah, you wait by the Brooklyn bridge for your king to return  
Then retire to your palace on Smith Street as the old rope burns

Yet there you are

Standing out in your favourite blue dress  
Hair is a mess  
Nevertheless  
Cleopatra in Brooklyn  
Yes there you are  
A glittering star  
Couldn't care less  
Who do you impress  
You're my thrift store princess  
Cleopatra in Brooklyn  
I'll come find you when the fates desert you  
I'll still hold you when the Gods desert you

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