

The 3 Kids in Brooklyn (demo)

Butch Walker

Well, I left the town of sinners, redneck priests and meth lab stalls
To find myself a few more just like me
The option's pretty skinny and the order's pretty tall
To swim the hippest waters in the sea Somewhere in the sticky city, driving back and forth
I found myself a squat in Williamsburg
Nobody seemed the same sincerely this could be a curse
But everyone's the same with different shirts I'm not sure what part about me they can't understand
No one's really from here, they just all pretend
That's what they've been about
Those three kids left in Brooklyn sure know how to spin me out I see a guy named Ian every morning at the store
Always dissing something with his eyes
He always wears a sweater even in the warmest weather
Not afraid to say what he despised But I did a little searching you know, and much to my surprise
A few years back a metal cover band
He yelled at me and said the Internet is full of lies
And then I never saw Ian again I'm not sure what part about him they can't understand
No one's really from here, they just all pretend
That's what they've been about
Those two kids left in Brooklyn, they know how to spin me out I grabbed shots in Decatur with a girl that's on
my block
She's the best drummer that I know
Her band's always struggling and they always say they're juggling
All their schedules just to play a show Working at American Apparel, selling women's clothes to guys
She got a call to play in someone's band I don't know well
She don't wanna do it, she's so broke that she said screw it
Then I never spoke to her again Well, I'm not sure what part about her she didn't understand
Nobody's really from here, they just all pretend
That's what they've been about
That one kid left in Atlanta, fuck this place, I'm getting out

Songwriters

Bradley Walker Published by

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