

# Central Park

## Mr Hudson

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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