

Brooklyn, You're Killing Me

Andrew McMahon In the Wilderness

Okay, alright, just let me think
Alright, just let me think
Just let me thinkMy heart is a troubled captain in poisoned television waters
I had this air conditioned nightmare
Like that book you gave to me last summer
That made me think that everything was so much worse than it really was
My heart is a troubled captain
But let's not get caught up on the weather
I could keep searching for the meaning
Try, try to keep this all together
But you've got green eyes like the forest
I got lost in on the way to some other life
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, my dear
Brooklyn, my dear, you're killing me
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, my dear
Brooklyn, my dear, you're killing meMy hand is a braindead magnet
So I keep waking up on fire
Beneath this low rise second city
That's turning good men into liars
And maybe I'm not all that good
But I was better in your west coast bed
My hand is a braindead magnet
But let's not get caught up on connections
I could keep searching for a meaning
But I'm still looking for directions
I was baptized in your parents' pool in southern California
Then I fled
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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