

# Brooklyn, You're Killing Me

## Andrew McMahon In the Wilderness

Okay, alright, just let me think  
Alright, just let me think  
Just let me think My 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 me My 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  
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, my dear  
Brooklyn, my dear, you're killing me  
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Brooklyn, my dear, you're killing me

You're killing me

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Brooklyn, Brooklyn

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Brooklyn, Brooklyn

Brooklyn, Brooklyn

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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