Bushwick Blues

Delta Spirit

Hold on to my hand
Never let go, never let go
We were just two kids acting tough
Then we grew up, me, not so muchAll the other guys
That you've seen
Are nothing compared to meBecause my love is strong
And my heart is weak after allWhen we first met
We spoke so brief
When you sang a sonnet
I hummed sweet reliefDo you recall that night
We took the L
Out into Bushwick?
It was colder than hellSo maybe there
We should have stopped
'Cause I'm left here
Feeling like a copBecause my love is strong
And my heart is weak after allTo the other side
Of the state's return
I met a young girl
Well, I couldn't manage herBecause I think of you
In every girl I meet
It's no relief
That sounds to me just as sweetSo maybe I'm the fool
For feeling used
By the way we kissed that night
I though you knewBecause my love is strong
And my heart is weak after all

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