

In Brooklyn

Al Stewart

Oh I come from Pittsburgh to study astrology
She said as she stepped on my instep
I could show you New York with a walk between Fourth Street and Nine
Then out of her coat taking seven
harmonicas
She sat down to play on a doorstep
Saying, Come back to my place I will show you the stars and the signs
So I followed her into the black lands
Where the window frames peel and flake
And the old Jewish face behind the lace
Even now trying to get to see what's cooking
Just John the Baptist in the park getting laid
Thinking there's no one looking
And it's eighty degrees
And I'm down on my knees in Brooklyn
Her house was a dusty collection of rusty
Confusion with landings and tunnels
And leaning bookcases and spaces and faces and things
Where twenty-five Puerto Ricans, Manhattan Mohicans
And Jewish-Italian pawnbrokers
Lead their theatrical lives in their rooms in the wings
While outside in the black lands
The violent day runs wild
And the black and white minstrels run through the crazy alleys
While the cops go booking
And ruthless toothless agents sneak around
And there's no one looking
And it's eighty degrees
And I'm down on my knees in Brooklyn
And oh, I'm back in the city again
You can tell by the smell of the hamburger stand in the rain
She spoke of astrology while muttering apologies
For coffee that tasted of hot dogs
I said, That's okay, mine was cold anyway and just grand
Then she lay on the bed while the radio fed
Us with records and adverts for cat food
And I looked at her holding my thoughts in the palm of my hand
And outside in the black lands
The evening came and went
And the bums in the street begging money for one last drink
Are hanging round the liquor stores trying to get a foot in
And the girl from Pittsburgh and I made love on a
mattress
With the new moon looking
And in the cool evening breeze
I was down on my knees in Brooklyn

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