Brooklyn Boy

Kevin Devine

Brooklyn boy, born and raised, chopping lines
Hey, hey, it's my birthday
It's a toy I torched, a tar pit flame, a lockjaw night
Hey, hey, it's my birthdayDead end friends that make your stomach shake
While your hissing head barrels down that blackened lane
Alone at last to figure how you got this way
Alone at last to figure how you got this wayCharcoal clouds spot and spray, they kill the sun
Hey hey, hear its back break
So I can never tell night from day or right from wrong
Hey hey, you're my headacheYour silver tongue it masks your hungry hate
While your haggard heart whispers through it's cracking cage
You still can change, you have to know, you still can change
I know, I know, for now I wanna be this wayThis was a choice, this was never a mistake

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