

# The 3 Kids in Brooklyn

Butch Walker

Well, I left the town of sinners, redneck priests and meth lab stalls  
To find myself a few more just like me  
The option's pretty skinny and the order's pretty tall  
To swim the hippest waters in the sea Somewhere in the sticky city, driving back and forth  
I found myself a squat in Williamsburg  
Nobody seemed the same sincerely this could be a curse  
But everyone's the same with different shirts I'm not sure what part about me they can't understand  
No one's really from here, they just all pretend  
That's what they've been about  
Those three kids left in Brooklyn sure know how to spin me out I see a guy named Ian every morning at the store  
Always dissing something with his eyes  
He always wears a sweater even in the warmest weather  
Not afraid to say what he despised But I did a little searching you know, and much to my surprise  
A few years back a metal cover band  
He yelled at me and said the Internet is full of lies  
And then I never saw Ian again I'm not sure what part about him they can't understand  
No one's really from here, they just all pretend  
That's what they've been about  
Those two kids left in Brooklyn, they know how to spin me out I grabbed shots in Decatur with a girl that's on  
my block  
She's the best drummer that I know  
Her band's always struggling and they always say they're juggling  
All their schedules just to play a show Working at American Apparel, selling women's clothes to guys  
She got a call to play in someone's band I don't know well  
She don't wanna do it, she's so broke that she said screw it  
Then I never spoke to her again Well, I'm not sure what part about her she didn't understand  
Nobody's really from here, they just all pretend  
That's what they've been about  
That one kid left in Atlanta, fuck this place, I'm getting out

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