Central Park

Chris Brooks

First few horns and the squeak of brakes
Knock on the door and the city wakes
But you, you're still sleeping
And you, you're in love
Painting a pretty picture
How I wish, more of this were drew
But you, you're in London
And you, you're still in love
Fuck this, I'ma go out walking
Rent a bike and make a few laps
In Central Park in the dark

Love is just a memory
Love along the shadow
In my heart, in my heart
This is where you'll stay
While I'm at the Hudson
I'd like to see my name above the door
It says we, we're still in Brooklyn
And we, we're never in
But you're always welcome
If you run out of dough you know

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