

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 much

All the other guys
That you've seen
Are nothing compared to me

Because my love is strong
And my heart is weak after all

When we first met
We spoke so brief
When you sang a sonnet
I hummed sweet relief

Do you recall that night
We took the L
Out into Bushwick?
It was colder than hell

So maybe there
We should have stopped
'Cause I'm left here
Feeling like a cop

Because my love is strong
And my heart is weak after all

To the other side
Of the state's return
I met a young girl
Well, I couldn't manage her

Because I think of you
In every girl I meet
It's no relief
That sounds to me just as sweet

So maybe I'm the fool
For feeling used
By the way we kissed that night
I though you knew

Because my love is strong
And my heart is weak after all