

## 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