Brooklyn

Fly By Midnight

Cigarette smoke
She's always high on oregano (hell yeah)
Subway go
To Norway she don't care
As long as we go

Polaroid queen
For the last few nights you've dominated my dreams
Dirty ripped jeans
You couldn't keep them on when we were 18

And now we're somewhere in field
Staring at the stars
Then she looks over at me
And says let's steal a car
And go... to Brooklyn

Now we're on the road
Lights flashing she been blasting the radio
Taking it slow nah
Fuck that, she's all about the vertigo

My Polaroid queen
Caught stealing nachos from the vending machine (now she's maki
ng a scene)
Can of whip cream
In a birthday suit she's dressing up for me (the American dream
)

And now we're somewhere in field
Staring at the stars
Then she looks over at me
And says let's hit the bar
And go... to Brooklyn

If you don't know
Hands down this chick is the baddest bitch I know, woah
Look at her go
Follow her flow she's the baddest bitch I know, woah

And now we're somewhere in a street
Drunk outside the bar
Then she sober as can be
Stole my fucking car
Damn, damn

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