

# Brookline

Jonathan Coulton

Not far away in a place by the sea  
Something is watching and waiting for me  
Brookline

Something isn't right in Massachusetts  
Don't stray out of Boston town  
The home of Samuel Adams, the ride of Paul Revere  
Don't go past the signs that say the freedom trail ends here

First they'll take you in with song and laughter  
Then they'll fill your head with lies  
Too late you glimpse the secret, the sinister design  
That marries you forever to Brookline  
Brookline

I was once a man who had a future  
And I'm sure I had a past  
But now I can't remember the place that I came from  
I'm ashamed and frightened of this thing that I've become

Now I'm rich and smart, my home is charming  
Sense of irony well-honed  
I buy used books and Britas, I snack on nuts and wine  
I have been imprisoned in Brookline  
Brookline

You go deeper and deeper to learn how it ticks  
If you know what it is you can fight it  
Like a tootsie roll pop it takes too many licks  
And before you get there you will bite it  
Or it may bite you

See the shadow fall across New England  
Stretching out to Oregon  
A talk show host, an author, a president, a king  
If you haven't noticed, they've infected everything

Keep your hometown close, keep Brookline closer  
Hide your heart and watch the skies  
For when the darkness finds you the sun will cease to shine  
In the end, your only friend, Brookline  
Brookline

And it's one if by land, two if by sea  
Three if by guile and duplicity  
Brookline  
Brookline