

Brooklyn

Kodaline

I woke up miles away from home
In a cheap hotel I was on my own
Across the bridge I could see the lights of Brooklyn
The traffic on those New York streets
The yellow taxi's underneath
The shadows of the ever growing skylines

I'm a hundred thousand miles away
From Grafton Street and Dublin Bay
But there ain't no place I'd rather be than Brooklyn
Oh Brooklyn

And out my window I can see
A homeless man with cardboard sheets
These people go about their daily business
But nothing's ever as it seems
In this growing land of broken dreams
It's talking talk and nothing lasts forever

And I'm a hundred thousand miles away
From Grafton Street and Dublin Bay
But there ain't no place I'd rather be than Brooklyn
Oh Brooklyn, yeah Brooklyn
Oh Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn

And I'm a hundred thousand miles away
From Grafton Street and Dublin Bay
But there ain't no place I'd rather be
Than Brooklyn, oh Brooklyn

I'm a hundred thousand miles away
From Grafton Street and Dublin Bay
I'm a hundred thousand miles away
From Grafton Street and Dublin Bay
I'm a hundred thousand miles away
From Grafton Street and Dublin Bay
But there ain't no place I'd rather be
There ain't no place I'd rather be
Than Brooklyn, oh Brooklyn, yeah