

# Brooklyn's On Fire!

Nicole Atkins

Friday nights on the seventh floor  
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)  
Paper backs on the corner store  
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)  
Looking over the ledge, the sidewalk traffic starts to spread  
Summer's begun across the bay  
And no bit of silence remains

Oh, Brooklyn's on fire, and fills July hearts with desire  
Sleep will not come, until the morn  
Cause tonight your memory is born  
La dee da, la dee da

And the band's not begun just yet  
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)  
Fifty names you're bound to forget  
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)  
Black and blue on the lakes  
Wear badges from happier days  
Late in the night, in '84  
Walked in through the old out door

Oh, Brooklyn's on fire, and fills July hearts with desire  
Sleep will not come, until the morn  
Cause tonight your memory is born  
La dee da, dee da, dee da

(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)  
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)

I'm caught in the way, of tears from much happier days  
When we were young and unafraid, of stupid mistakes that we made

Oh, Brooklyn's on fire, and fills July hearts with desire  
Sleep will not come, until the morn  
Cause tonight your memory is born  
Ladeeda, la dee da, dee da, dee da, dee da