Brooklyn

Ron Pope

Oh Brooklyn, I wanna come home
Oh Brooklyn, I'm tired of the road

No love, no lust, all ashes to dust
Though we burn deep down, we bottle it up.
Time to leave.

And it's cold out front, the sun's coming up
And we're counting down, heat's on in the truck
And what's one more day? This distance remains hard for me.

Oh Brooklyn, I wanna come home
Oh Brooklyn, I'm tired of the road

Morn' come, my heart, I can't stop the spinnin'
The wind, it sings, the words pull me in.
But slow down, take care, it's darker out there than it seems.

Oh Brooklyn, I wanna come home
Oh Brooklyn, I'm tired of the road
And the parts of me that call for you,
At this moment, they are screaming out loud.
Oh Brooklyn, where are you now?

Wholly, hold me, know what you don't see,
It might mean more than the lies that you told me.
Aye, wholly, hold me, know what you don't see,
It might mean more to me.

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