

Brooklyn

Woodkid

Buying some vintage records in Williamsberg stores
Playing paper boats on east river shores
Meeting mermaids and lobsters in Coney Island
Puking our deep fried Oreos in Astroland
Spending our days watching skylines from rooftops
On independence day, Manhattan fireworks

Life is easier where the walls are red
Brooklyn is a place stuck in my head
Here in Paris the rain is falling
My heart belongs to Brooklyn

I'm sick of four star food,
I want to be where life is
As simple as two bucks pizza slices
I swear I'll tell you,
next time I knock at your door
That I am not leaving Brooklyn anymore
Would it be that nice if you were not part of it?
Would Brooklyn be worth crossing the Atlantic

Life is easier where we can join our hands
Your face is a face that's stuck in my head
Here in Paris rain is falling
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