Brooklyn, You're Killing Me

Andrew McMahon In the Wilderness

Okay, alright, just let me think Alright, just let me think

Just let me thinkMy heart is a troubled captain in poisoned television waters
I had this air conditioned nightmare

Like that book you gave to me last summer

That made me think that everything was so much worse than it really was

My heart is a troubled captain

But let's not get caught up on the weather

I could keep searching for the meaning

Try, try to keep this all together

But you've got green eyes like the forest

I got lost in on the way to some other life

Brooklyn, Brooklyn, my dear

Brooklyn, my dear, you're killing me

Brooklyn, Brooklyn, my dear

Brooklyn, my dear, you're killing meMy hand is a braindead magnet

So I keep waking up on fire

Beneath this low rise second city

That's turning good men into liars

And maybe I'm not all that good

But I was better in your west coast bed

My hand is a braindead magnet

But let's not get caught up on connections

I could keep searching for a meaning

But I'm still looking for directions

I was baptized in your parents' pool in southern California

Then I fled

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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