

## Neva Dinova

### "Brooklyn"

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It's a song I wrote for no one  
And no one's gonna hear,  
'Cause I'd sooner die than sing it and there aint nobody  
here.  
Followed her from Brooklyn, from Brooklyn's where she  
ran.  
Breaking hearts, stealing cars, smoking cigarettes.  
Well she's pretty and she's skinny and she hasn't got a  
clue  
That I'd be staring at her coffee as the cup begins to  
cool.  
Seen her on the subway, first tme I ever did, so I  
Followed her down the street to her apartment and I  
Sat there until morning, just a staring at the door.  
The air is cool but visions of her hair will keep me  
warm,  
her hair will keep me warm.  
When she left I snuck across and stuck a note insidier  
her box it read,  
"My dear you are so lovely and I'd really love to talk."  
When she got home then she read and said,  
"My god, what do you mean?"  
I don't know, I just go where my heart leads me.  
Where my heart leads me.  
Well I should have known something when she called  
the police.  
Well I should have known somehting shen she asked  
Me to leave, but a man just can't give up on a girl  
He wants to keep.  
Where my heart leads me.  
Where my heart leads me.

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