

Sleeping, The "Boroughs of the Ocean"

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Sundown, vision's blurry.
The trains sway like sinking ships.
There's something burning Brooklyn bound.
Something's returning, burning down.

Gun's drawn, awkward stare at the bottom of your sea.
Just let me swim.
There's something burning Brooklyn bound.
Something's returning, burning down.

There's something burning Brooklyn bound.
Something's returning, burning down.

I've been waiting, contemplating.
Heart's still racing.
Subway station, Brooklyn bound.

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