

47 Black "Brooklyn Girls"

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Standing in your hallway
Kiss your angel hair
Hear your old grandmother
Recite her immigrant prayer
If she knew what you had to do
She'd probably kill you first
But hold on, darlin, this time tomorrow
You'll be over the worst

Brooklyn girls just break your heart
Then they watch you fall apart
With their - incredible eyes
Moistened by the goodbyes
'Til I forget all I ever learned
About those - crazy Brooklyn girls
Now I'm on the sidewalk
Night lights up your room
Go down to the Narrows
Watch the raging moon
Beam down on Staten Island
With its unforgiving sheen
And I'd give everything not to
Hemorrhage all of your dreams

The Verazanno hangs like a string of pearls in the night
I'd steal them for you
Wear them tomorrow
Make everything be alright

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