

## **Delta Spirit**

### **"Bushwick Blues"**

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Hold on  
to my hand.  
Never let go.  
Never let go.

We were just two kids,  
acting tough.  
Then we grew up,  
maybe not so much

All the other guys  
that you see  
are nothing,  
compared to me.

Because my love is strong  
and my heart is weak,  
after all

When we first met,  
we spoke so brief.  
You sang a sonnet,  
my home sweet relief.

Do you recall that night  
we took the L,  
Out in the Bushwick?  
It was colder than hell.

So, maybe there,  
we should've stopped,  
cause I'm left here,  
feeling like a cock.

Because my love is strong  
and my heart is weak,  
after all.

Into the other side,  
the states returned.  
I met a young girl,  
well, I couldn't manage her.

Because I think of you,  
in every girl I meet.  
There's no relief  
that sounds to me  
just as sweet.

So, maybe I'm the fool  
for feeling used.  
Well, the way we kissed that night --  
i thought you knew.

Because my love is strong  
and my heart is weak,  
after all.

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