

Black 47

"Brooklyn Girls"

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Standing in your hallway, kiss your angel hair
Hear your old grandmother recite her immigrant
prayer
She knew what you had to do, she'd probably kill you
first, 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

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'Til I forget all I ever learned about those crazy
Brooklyn girls

Hey, Brooklyn girl, hey, Brooklyn girl
What you gonna do, Brooklyn girl
[Incomprehensible], it's all upto you
So what you gonna do, Brooklyn girl
What you gonna do?

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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