

Jonathan Coulton

"Brookline"

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Not far away in a place by the sea
Something is watching and waiting for me
Brookline

Something isn't right in Massachusetts
Don't stray out of Boston town
The home of Samuel Adams, the ride of Paul Revere
Don't go past the signs that say the freedom trail ends
here

First they'll take you in with song and laughter
Then they'll fill your head with lies
Too late you glimpse the secret, the sinister design
That marries you forever to Brookline
Brookline

I was once a man who had a future
And I'm sure I had a past
But now I can't remember the place that I came from
I'm ashamed and frightened of this thing that I've
become

Now I'm rich and smart, my home is charming
Sense of irony well-honed
I buy used books and Britas, I snack on nuts and wine
I have been imprisoned in Brookline
Brookline

You go deeper and deeper to learn how it ticks
If you know what it is you can fight it
Like a tootsie roll pop it takes too many licks
And before you get there you will bite it
Or it may bite you

See the shadow fall across New England
Stretching out to Oregon
A talk show host, an author, a president, a king
If you haven't noticed, they've infected everything

Keep your hometown close, keep Brookline closer
Hide your heart and watch the skies
For when the darkness finds you the sun will cease to

shine
In the end, your only friend, Brookline
Brookline

And it's one if by land, two if by sea
Three if by guile and duplicity
Brookline
Brookline

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