

Kevin Coyne

"Brooklyn Boy"

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Brooklyn boy, born and raised
Chopping lines, hey hey
It's my birthday
It's a toy I torch to tarpit flames
A lockjaw night, hey hey
It's my birthday

And your dead end friends
Make your stomach shake
And your hissing head
Barrels down that blackened lane
Alone at last to figure how you got this way

Charcoal clouds spot and spray
They kill the sun, hey hey
Hear it's back break
So I can never tell night from day
Or right from wrong, hey hey
Hear my head ache

And your silver tounge
Masks your hungry hate
While your haggard heart
Whispers through it's cracking cage,
"You still can change; you have to know
You still can change."

I know, I know - for now, I want to be this way.
This was a choice; this was never a mistake.

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