

Mockingbird Wish Me Luck "Brooklyn, NY"

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Oh Churchyard, Churchyard please,
Sing something back to me.
The bell that rang my bones,
They left me feeling old.

I saw young lovers carved on trees.
My gravel voice and your smoky hair.
To whisper maliciousness and swear
That we'll never leave our names on anything

Brooklyn was calling us out
But I couldn't stand embracing you now.
Lucid dreams on burial schemes
With dead men standing behind me.
Brooklyn was calling us out.

It's a war of dead men vs. new ideas.
My god I hate your friends.
Lucked out and learned to dance to misery
While hanging onto your consent
This is the last romance sponsored by cigarettes.
When these low lives spoke to me of redemption,
I lost my confidence in

Ethics so loosely laced together
Cause I fold at the slightest touch.
Still had the guts to hold your friends
Between our lips.

Ethics this loosely laced together
Cause I fold at the slightest touch.
Still had the grace to torch my past,
Pick up my phone, come pick me up.

Brooklyn was calling us out
But I couldn't stand embracing you now.
Hollow dreams of casualties
That casually rest their hands on me.
Brooklyn...

