

Nicole Atkins

"Brooklyn's On Fire"

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Friday nights on the seventh floor
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)
Paper backs on the corner store
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)
Looking over the ledge, the sidewalk traffic starts to
spread
Summer's begun across the bay
And no bit of silence remains

Oh, Brooklyn's on fire, and fills July hearts with desire
Sleep will not come, until the morn
Cause tonight your memory is born
La dee da, la dee da

And the band's not begun just yet
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)
Fifty names you're bound to forget
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)
Black and blue on the lakes
Wear badges from happier days
Late in the night, in '84
Walked in through the old out door

Oh, Brooklyn's on fire, and fills July hearts with desire
Sleep will not come, until the morn
Cause tonight your memory is born
La dee da, dee da, dee da

(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)
(FOURTH OF, JULY, BROOKLYN'S, ON FIRE)

I'm caught in the way, of tears from much happier days
When we were young and unafraid, of stupid mistakes
that we made

Oh, Brooklyn's on fire, and fills July hearts with desire
Sleep will not come, until the morn
Cause tonight your memory is born
Ladeeda, la dee da, dee da, dee da, dee da

