

Bus To Brooklyn

"Bus To Brooklyn"

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Verse I

Lonely days be coming back to me
I'm heading home
Been gone ten years since last Monday
I was born to roam
My life feels just like a paradox
Too much unknown
Oh these roots, they can't hold me down
I won't be here no more

Verse II

Break these chains that have held me
I'm feeling free
Arms open up to reach me
Blanket insecurities
Gone too far not to see the end, yea yea
And I'm sitting here on my way

Bus to Brooklyn

Verse III

Alright stop the bus
No station near
People out there need something to hear
Spence playing the chords
Casey playing on the bass
Matt's kicking a beat like he's gone insane
Gone too far not to see the end
So I'm sitting here on my way
Bus to Brooklyn

Bridge

I don't know if I'm ever going to
Find my way back home
Bus to Brooklyn
Yea, Bus to Brooklyn

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