

B. Dolan

"Leaving New York"

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6:05, Brooklyn Bridge:

Failed and tongue-tied

Body aching

Hands shaking

Bloody inside

Still alive.

Sunrise like a pillar of fire,

Still running like the static on a blank channel

Sunken to the bottom of the barrel of a gun.

Braced against the railing

Looking straight into the sun

Like I was waiting for someone

To burn a picture in my mind...

Like I could recite scripture off the lids of my eyes...

Fishing in the East River for a reason to die

Voices whispered in my mind,

I believe they were mine.

Another pilgrim come to find

That the Bridge is a lie, and

There's nothing on the other side...

I was told to pick my battles.

This isn't my war.

My fight is with myself.

I'm leaving New York

(X2)

Leaving my prayer rug in the apartment off Van

Cortlandt

Caught in constant paranoia coughing someone's

jagged hallelujah

Buildings like a burning cross,

Withdrawal,

The drive north,

All five burroughs fall,

Lizards listen through the walls,

Born into this funeral,

News of war from city hall.

Subway station, FDR,

Tanks and guards, riot squad

Movement of the violent mob

I dissolve

Fall apart
Dusted in the dark,
Watching the war start...

They're gonna send us to the deserts of Mars,

Where we'll die or go crazy with our legs blown off
Don't want to suffocate in space
While God and the State face off
Flags waving in the grey dawn,
Better to break north.

I was told to pick my battles.
This isn't my war.
My fight is with myself.
I'm leaving New York
(X2)

I never found solid ground
But slept in a burning bed
There's a couple landlords
With a bounty on my head
Never learned to bend my neck
Or to worship the dead.
Metro card expired; hop a turnstile and then jet!
Was I a coward to abandon,
The broken down mechanics
That crowned Biggie Smalls as the King of Atlantis?
"Like trees to branches, cliffs to avalanches"
The sea in which she vanished...
Lost Kingdom of Jay-Z and Def Jam Cannibals
Beating a dead break on the decks of the Titanic
I am it but I can't fit.
So when the sky fell
I felt like one of the guilty
With the populace in lockstep,
Ready to come and kill me.
Did Providence demolish the buildings
That rust and rot beneath the Hudson?
All of it came to nothing
And the devil's still running...

And the devil's still running...

I was told to pick my battles.
This isn't my war.
My fight is with myself.
I'm leaving...

