

## Turin Brakes

### "Ballam To Brooklyn"

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I'm on a plane, heading to new york, to see my sister,  
I don't really know what I'm heading for.  
But that's just like me, to leave my friends behind,  
Holding hands, at least holding hands in my eyes.

And it's hard, hard when you don't know why you're  
leaving.  
Yes and it's so so hard,  
But there's three thousand miles from Balham to  
Brooklyn.

I remember the day that she said to me  
Take this magic marker and draw yourself a door,  
And through that door you can take yourself to a better  
place  
A better place you've been longing for.

Yeah and it's hard, hard when you don't know why  
you're leaving.  
Yes and it's so so hard,  
But there's three thousand miles from Balham to  
Brooklyn.

All day, all night, you try, you try,  
But you don't really know where you're going.  
All day, all night, you try, you try,  
But you don't really know where you are

Oh and it's hard, hard when you don't know why you're  
leaving.  
Yes and it's so so hard,  
But there's three thousand miles from Balham to  
Brooklyn

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