

# In Brooklyn

Al Stewart

Oh I come from Pittsburgh to study astrology  
She said as she stepped on my instep  
I could show you New York with a walk between Fourth Street and Ninth

Then out of her coat taking seven harmonicas  
She sat down to play on a doorstep  
Saying, come back to my place I will show you the stars and the signs

So I followed her into the black lands  
Where the window frames peel and flake  
And the old Jewish face behind the lace  
Peeking out trying to get to see what's cooking

Just John the Baptist in the park getting laid  
Thinking there's no one looking  
And it's eighty degrees  
And I'm down on my knees in Brooklyn

Her house was a dusty collection of rusty  
Confusion with landings and tunnels  
And leaning bookcases and spaces and faces and things

Where twenty-five Puerto Ricans, Manhattan Mohicans  
And Jewish-Italian pawnbrokers  
Lead their theatrical lives in their rooms in the wings

While outside in the black lands  
The violent day runs wild  
And the black and white minstrels run through the crazy alleys  
While the cops go booking

And ruthless toothless agents sneak around  
And there's no one looking  
And it's eighty degrees  
And I'm down on my knees in Brooklyn

And oh, I'm back in the city again  
You can tell by the smell of the hamburger stand in the rain

She spoke of astrology while muttering apologies  
For coffee that tasted of hot dogs  
I said, That's okay, mine was cold anyway and just grand

Then she lay on the bed while the radio fed  
Us with records and adverts for cat food  
And I looked at her holding my thoughts in the palm of my hand

And outside in the black lands  
The evening came and went  
And the bums in the street begging money for one last drink  
Are hanging round the liquor stores trying to get a foot in

And the girl from Pittsburgh and I made love on a mattress  
With the new moon looking  
And in the cool evening breeze  
I was down on my knees in Brooklyn