

The 3 Kids In Brooklyn

Butch Walker

Well, I left the town of sinners, redneck priests and meth lab stalls

To find myself a few more just like me

The option's pretty skinny and the order's pretty tall

To swim the hippest waters in the sea

Somewhere in the sticky city, driving back and forth

I found myself a squat in Williamsburg

Nobody seemed the same sincerely this could be a curse

But everyone's the same with different shirts

I'm not sure what part about me they can't understand

No one's really from here, they just all pretend

That's what they've been about

Those three kids left in Brooklyn sure know how to spin me out

I see a guy named Ian every morning at the store

Always dissing something with his eyes

He always wears a sweater even in the warmest weather

Not afraid to say what he despised

But I did a little searching you know, and much to my surprise

A few years back a metal cover band

He yelled at me and said the Internet is full of lies

And then I never saw Ian again

I'm not sure what part about him they can't understand

No one's really from here, they just all pretend

That's what they've been about

Those two kids left in Brooklyn, they know how to spin me out

I grabbed shots in Decatur with a girl that's on my block

She's the best drummer that I know

Her band's always struggling and they always say they're juggling

All their schedules just to play a show

Working at American Apparel, selling women's clothes to guys

She got a call to play in someone's band I don't know well

She don't wanna do it, she's so broke that she said screw it

Then I never spoke to her again

Well, I'm not sure what part about her she didn't understand

Nobody's really from here, they just all pretend

That's what they've been about

That one kid left in Atlanta, fuck this place, I'm getting out