

## Brooklyn

Jesse Malin

The last car on the line  
I guess you're back doing time  
The ghost of Christmas past  
Left Walt Whitman in the trash

You started out with nothing but lonely days  
You used to like the sad songs of doom and gloom  
You started with nothing but throwaways  
You couldn't live with me so you moved to  
Brooklyn

Artificial desserts  
Some have cars some have kids  
Hit the pathmark after work  
Some never been past the bridge

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You used to like the sad songs of doom and gloom  
You started with nothing but throwaways  
You couldn't live with me so you moved to  
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I sometimes lie awake until sunrise  
Wondering how we become what we despise

No more couches to surf  
Only beaches in your dreams  
No more trannies near work  
It's still a drag walking in Queens

It's all blood money in the bank  
Somehow some people find the nerve  
Like the soldiers they thank down in DC  
If I could only find the words