

## Brooklyn Boy

Kevin Devine

Brooklyn boy, born and raised, chopping lines  
Hey hey, it's my birthday  
It's a toy I torched, a tar pit flame, a lockjaw night  
Hey hey, it's my birthday

Dead end friends that make your stomach shake  
While your hissing head barrels down that blackened lane  
Alone at last to figure how you got this way  
Alone at last to figure how you got this way

Charcoal clouds spot and spray, they kill the sun  
Hey hey, hear its back break  
So I can never tell night from day  
Or right from wrong,  
Hey hey, you're my headache

Your silver tongue it masks your hungry hate  
While your haggard heart whispers through its cracking cage  
You still can change, you have to know, you still can change  
I know, I know, for now I wanna be this way

This was a choice, this was never a mistake