

# Brooklyn Radio

## Low Level Flight

This broken land of shattered times,  
with dim lit haze and crooked signs.  
Uneven streets, I've tried to walk  
this broken slang, that I've tried to talk.

Turn off the lights turn on the radio  
come on come on and let them know  
We are the ones who run the show.  
Do what you want, make up your role  
It's time, last call  
Go home and take that fall.  
Turn off the lights, turn on the radio  
this Brooklyn

My lost causes, my fallen dreams  
float in the East and drown my screams.  
The stigma breaks, release the pain  
the branches tall,  
one step further you fall.

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I wish you'd come in,  
let the water wash away.  
I wish you'd stay,  
don't let go and float away.

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