

Brooklyn

Neva Dinova

It's a song i wrote for no one
and no one's gonna hear,
'cause i'd sooner die than sing
it there aint nobody here.

Followed her from brooklyn,
from brooklyn where she ran.
breeding hearts, stealing cars,
and smoking cigarettes.

Well she's pretty and she's skinny and she hasn't got a clue th
at i'd be staring at her coffee as the cup begins to dool.

Seen her on the subway, first time i ever did so i
followed her down the street to her apartment and i
sat there until morning, just a staring at the door.
The air is cool but visions of her hair will keep me warm, her
hair will keep me warm.

When she left i snuck across and stuck a note insider her box i
t read "my dear you are so lovely and i'd really love to talk."

When she got home then she read and said "my god,
what do you mean?" i don't know, i just go, where my
heart leads me. Where my heart leads me.

Well i should have known something when she
called the police, well i should have known somehting shen she
asked me to leave but a man just can't give up on a girl he wan
ts to keep.

Where my heart leads me.
Where my heart leads me.