

Brooklyn Kids

Pete Townshend

Girl lays on a white sheet, she's deep in a trance
While her friends go out and dance
She's all alone don't ask me why this kid from Brooklyn cries

Boy struts on a main street, he's dressed for effect
But his eye's reveal he's really wrecked
He's all alone don't ask me why this kid from Brooklyn cries

And their both just a mile apart, just streets away from a kind
red heart
But there might as well be an ocean between them
There might as well be an ocean between them

You and me just can't relate, we got love given on a plate
Is it luck or is it fate
Were not alone

Same girl in the sunshine, such a perfect shape
But he can't talk, he just has to gape
She walks alone don't ask me why this kid from Brooklyn cries

Same boy doing cell time, head in his hands
Pickup didn't go quiet as he planned
He feels alone don't ask me why this kid from Brooklyn cries

And their both just a mile apart, just streets away from a kind
red heart
But there might as well be an ocean between them
Yes, there might as well be an ocean between them