

Balham To Brooklyn

Turin Brakes

i'm on a plane, heading to new york, to see my sister
i dont really know what i'm heading for
but thats just like me, to leave my friends behind
holding hands, at least holding hands in my eyes

and its hard, hard when you don't know why your leaving
yes and its so so hard
but theres three thousand miles from balham to brooklyn

i remember the day, that she said to me, take this magic marker
and draw yourself a door
and through that door, you can take yourself to a better place
a better place, you've been longing for

yeah and it's hard, hard when you don't know why your leaving
yes and it's so so hard
but theres three thousand miles from balham to brooklyn

all day all night, you try you try
but you don't really know where your going
all day all night, you try you try
but you don't really know where you are

oh and it's hard, hard wen you don't know why your leaving
yes and it's so so hard
but theres three thousand miles from balham to brooklyn