

## 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