

# Black 47, Brooklyn Girls

Standing in your hallway  
Kiss your angel hair  
Hear your old grandmother  
Recite her immigrant prayer  
If she knew what you had to do  
She'd probably kill you first  
But hold on, darlin, this time tomorrow  
You'll be over the worst

Brooklyn girls just break your heart  
Then they watch you fall apart  
With their - incredible eyes  
Moistened by the goodbyes  
'Til I forget all I ever learned  
About those - crazy Brooklyn girls

Now I'm on the sidewalk  
Night lights up your room  
Go down to the Narrows  
Watch the raging moon  
Beam down on Staten Island  
With its unforgiving sheen  
And I'd give everything not to  
Hemorrhage all of your dreams

The Verazanno hangs like a string of pearls in the night  
I'd steal them for you  
Wear them tomorrow  
Make everything be alright