

Butch Walker, The 3 Kids In Brooklyn

Well I left the town of sinners, redneck priests and meth lab stalls
To find myself a few more just like me
The options pretty skinny and the orders pretty tall
To swim the hippest waters in the sea
Somewhere in the sticky city driving back and forth
I found myself a squat in Williamsburg
Nobody seemed the same sincerely this could be a curse
But everyones the same with different shirts

Im not sure what part about me they cant understand
No ones really from here, they just all pretend thats what theyve been about
Those three kids left in Brooklyn sure know how to spin me out

I see a guy named Ian every morning at the store
Always dissing something with his eyes
He always wears a sweater even in the warmest weather
Hes not afraid to say what he despised
But I did a little searching you know, and much to my surprise
A few years back a metal cover band
He yelled at me and said the Internet is full of lies
And then I never saw Ian again

Im not sure what part about him they cant understand
No ones really from here, they just all pretend thats what theyve been about
Those two kids left in Brooklyn sure know how to spin me out

I grabbed shots in Decatur with a girl whos on my block
Shes the best drummer that I know
Her bands always struggling and they always say theyre juggling
All their schedules just to play a show
Working at American Apparel selling womens clothes to guys
She got a call to play in someones band I dont know well
She dont want to do it, shes so broke that she said screw it
Then I never spoke to her again

Im not sure what part about her she didnt understand
Nobodys really from here, they just all pretend thats what theyve been about
That one kid left in Atlanta Fuck this place, Im getting out