

Pete Townshend, Brooklyn Kids

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 kindred 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 kindred heart
But there might as well
Be an ocean between them
Yes there might as well
Be an ocean between them