

Neil Diamond, Brooklyn Roads

If I close my eyes
I can almost hear my mother
Callin', "Neil go find your brother
Daddy's home, and it's time for supper
Hurry on."

And I see two boys
Racin' up two flights of staircase
Squirmin' into Papa's embrace
And his whiskers warm on their face
Where's it gone?
Oh, where's it gone?

Two floors above the butcher
First door on the right
And life filled to the brim
As I stood by my window
And looked out on those
Brooklyn Roads

I can still recall
The smells of cookin' in the hallways
Rubbers drying in the doorways
And report cards I was always
Afraid to show

Mama'd come to school
And as I sit there softly crying
Teacher'd say, "He's just not trying
Got a good head if he'd apply it
But you know yourself,
It's always somewhere else."

I built me a castle
With dragons and kings
And I'd ride off with them
As I stood by my window
And looked out on those
Brooklyn roads

Thought of going back
But all I'd see are stranger's faces
And all the scars that love erases
But as my mind walks through those places
I'm wonderin',
What's come of them?

Does some other young boy
Come home to my room
Does he dream what I did
As he stands by my window
And looks out on those
Brooklyn roads
Brooklyn roads