

Neva Dinova, Brooklyn

It's a song I wrote for no one and no one's gonna hear
'Cause I'd sooner die than sing it
There aint nobody here
Followed her from brooklyn, from brooklyn where she ran
breaking hearts, stealing cars, smoking cigarettes
Well she's pretty and she's skinny and she hasn't got a clue
That I'd be staring at her coffee as the cup begins to cool

Seen her on the subway, first time i ever did
So I followed her down the street to her apartment
And I sat there until morning, just a staring at the door
The air is cool but visions of her hair will keep me warm
Her hair will keep me warm

When she left I snuck across and stuck a note inside her box
It read, "My dear you are so lovely and I'd really love to talk."
Then she got home then she read it and said, "My god, what do you mean?"
I don't know, I just go where my heart leads me
Where my heart leads me

Well I should have known something when she called the police
And I should have known something when she asked me to leave
But a man just can't give up on a girl he wants to keep
Where my heart leads me
Where my heart leads me