

Veda Hille, The Williamsburg Bridge

This morning paint ourselves up
And sit out on the stoop
Last night, got lost in Brooklyn
We ate alphabet soup
Just when you think you got the map straight
They go and change the rules

Last night, there was an accident
On the Williamsburg Bridge

Now me and my companion
We watch each other sleep and play
Weren't really friends in high school
Things grow together strange
Now she knows too much about me
I see her every day

There was an accident
On the Williamsburg Bridge

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Last morning got a phone call
I was in bed with all my friends
Had to take it in the living room
To hear what he said
You know that this ain't easy
Now there's gonna be a kid

There was an accident

Okay, so, take a look around you
Look at everything you've got
So try and tell me that you planned this
You planned every careful step
This is not my beautiful wife
This is not how it will end

There'll be an accident
On the Williamsburg Bridge

Oh, oh, oh, oh

The Williamsburg Bridge