Central Park

Mr Hudson

First few horns and the squeak of brakes
Knock on the door and the city wakesBut you, you're still sleeping
And you, you're in lovePainting a pretty picture
How I wish, more of this were drewBut you, you're in London
And you, you're still in loveFuck this, I'ma go out walking
Rent a bike and make a few laps
In Central Park in the dark
Love is just a memory
Love along the shadow
In my heart, in my heartThis is where you'll stay
While I'm at the Hudson
I'd like to see my name above the door
It says we, we're still in Brooklyn
And we, we're never in
But you're always welcome
If you run out of dough you know

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