

Central Park

Mr Hudson

First few horns and the squeak of brakes
Knock on the door and the city wakes

But you, you're still sleeping
And you, you're in love

Painting a pretty picture
How I wish, more of this were drew

But you, you're in London
And you, you're still in love

Fuck this, I'm a 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 heart

This 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