

# The Black Keys, Brooklyn Bound

Well I hate to leave you,  
Had to put you down,  
But that way you love, darlin',  
Know I'm Brooklyn bound,

I ain't got no money,  
Nor a house on that hill,  
But that way you love, darlin',  
Know you give me my fill,

Well I'm leavin' here, babe,  
Can't say fare you well,  
Well I'm goin' out east, darlin',  
Hope you burn in hell.