

LADY GAGA – BROOKLYN NIGHTS

"Piano Version"

Hasit Nanda

Piano

Measures 1-4 of the piano arrangement. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody in the right hand features triplets and slurs. The bass line in the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Piano

Measures 5-7 of the piano arrangement. The melody continues with complex rhythmic patterns including triplets and slurs. The bass line remains active with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Piano

Measures 8-10 of the piano arrangement. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic lines, while the left hand continues with a steady eighth-note bass line.

Piano

Measures 11-13 of the piano arrangement. The melody in the right hand includes a long note with a fermata. The bass line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Piano

Measures 14-16 of the piano arrangement. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand.

Piano

17

Piano

20

Piano

23

Piano

26

Piano

29

Piano

32

Watch HASIT NANDA play this arrangement: <http://youtu.be/mpsuRkBO4PA>

Piano

35



Piano

38



Piano

41




Piano

45




Piano

48



Piano

51



Piano

54

Piano

57

Piano

60

Piano

63

Piano

66

Piano

69

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Piano

3

5

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Official Website: <http://hasitnandapiano.webs.com>

FREE HQ MP3: <http://smarturl.it/BrooklynNightsPiano>



[Verse 1]:

I always thought it was you,
You always thought it was me.
We always thought we were it,
Seemed like a real perfect fit,
Those Brooklyn nights set us free.

I always thought even though,
We were so young we could grow,
Up in the end it'd be us,
We'd take the F by the bus,
Where Brooklyn nights set us free.

[Chorus]:

It's not that I don't wanna love you,
(Wanna love you.)
It's not that I'm really over it,
(You know, you know.)
It's just that I can't watch us bleed to death,
When we used to be Brooklyn nights happy.

[Verse 2]:

I miss our cheap chandelier.
Remember when dad hung it there?
And we would watch Rocky IV,
The one where the Russian scored,
I loved Brigitte Nielsen's hair.

I'd call you my champion,
Thought we had already won,
And cracked open our last beer,
Falling asleep in our tears.
Those Brooklyn nights set us free.
(Us free, us free, us free.)

[Chorus]

[Bridge]:

I found an old pair of,
Keys in my purse that opened,
The walkup we shared.
How did they get there, jerk?
I wanna see you there,
I wanna make it work.
(It work, it work, it work.)

I didn't brush my hair,
And my lashes are falling,
Off of seven years,
Of our bad luck dating.
I want one last night there,
A Brooklyn night affair.
(A Brooklyn night affair.)

[Chorus]

[Outro]:

It's not that I don't want to love you
'Cause I really tried, and I,
Just wanna hang with the old you,
For just one Brooklyn night adieu.
Have a drink with your former self,
We both won't act like someone else.
Maybe then we'd both tell the truth,
For just one Brooklyn night adieu.