

there goes my brother i know from my childhood.  
there goes my brother that i doesn't know me now.  
too emberassing!it's too emberassing.  
i want to greet him,but i don't know how...

in kindergarten we shared everything,  
we were family forever.  
kings of the hill and the chiefs of the playground,  
parents hated us but we didn't care.  
the two-little indians who fukked all the cowboys up...  
we killed everyone with our plastic-guns (bang!bang!).  
but that is long ago,you don't know me no more..  
but bakk in the sandbox we were the ones.

yo,should i greet,should i not?  
should i speak,should i not?  
should i let him pass me by?  
but what if he doesn't recognize my face?  
i'm his brother from bakk in the days!  
yo,should i run,should i hide?  
should i jump on the side?  
should i let him walk away?  
maybe it's better,  
but i will never know if i dont even try...  
hey...

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