

Me, and my Brother hiking  
Me, and my Brother might find a turtle  
We'll just have some fun

Me, and my Brother playing with our dog  
Two mighty men with a wolf  
Who drinks from the gulf

Cool, calm water will bring back our voice to Mother

I fell down in a creek bed  
Brother wept  
In his face I met fear  
That I could die right there  
But I climbed right out

Now I've grown bold, and lonely  
I should have stayed with dear Brother at home  
But we grew up old