

# Blood Brothers

Ken Boothe

Growing up on the streets of Birmingham  
Where your home was pouring and your life was damned  
I was a hungry black boy living with the world on my back  
Billie was a white man's son living in a one room shack

And split those days in the Alabama heat  
We shared what we had but we never have enough to eat  
Mamma said it didn't look right, black just don't mix with white  
But Billy was my friend and we swore one rainy night

To be blood brother  
Lord, I loved him like no other  
We were blood brother right to the end  
To the end, well, well, well

Turned eighteen and we had no place to go  
'Cause how long can you watch carnival  
Billy said he got the money, put us on the first Greyhound bus  
New York City lights gonna be greetin' us

Oh, the uptown life can cost you poverty  
We're too amused but we suffered in dignity  
Billy couldn't take nine to five, his soul can't stay alive  
He said to me one day, we ain't gonna beat the crime

You're my blood brother  
And I loved him like no other  
We were blood brother right till the end  
Well, well, well, yeah

So I watched him change as the days went by  
And the money rolled in, we were livin' high  
He didn't have to tell me he was breakin' the law  
I knew it was him, the men was lookin' for

And the story goes that he caught a knife  
And he pushed his luck and it cost his life  
I sat down and I cried on that rainy night  
When I heard heard it on the news  
One [Incomprehensible] had died

We were blood brother  
And I loved him like no other  
He was my blood brother  
And I loved him like no other

They were blood brother  
And he loved him like no other  
They were blood brother  
And he loved him like no other