

Brother

Manchester Orchestra

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