

## Brother Is Gone

Ry Cooder

We met old Satan down where the two roads crossed  
Just me and brother Dave by my side  
It was in the prairie town of Wichita  
We shook hands with Satan on a deal that night

You will be exalted in the evil works of men  
High powered, rolling over land and sea  
But some dark night I'll be coming round again  
And take one of you down back to Hell with me

Oil spills and cancer towns was our steppin' stones  
Immigration bills and foreclosure homes  
States' rights we proclaimed like in the good old Jim Crow days  
Our highest aim was to take your vote away

Brother is gone  
Brother is gone  
Brother is gone  
Little brother is gone  
Brother is gone  
When I woke up this morning, he was gone

His bed was made  
And there's his Bible, too  
I wonder did he have time  
To put on his travelin' shoes

Brother is gone  
Brother is gone  
Little brother is gone  
Brother is gone  
He's gone  
Brother is gone

Old Satan, he's a man of his word  
Oh, brother is gone.