

# My Brother the Gun

The Bronx

We rode like ghosts across the Earth  
We woke on Spanish clouds of dirt

But if they only knew  
The places we'd been to  
Into the desert night, I ride  
My brother by my side

Mi hermano la pistola  
But tomorrow we'll be gone  
Mi hermano la pistola  
But tomorrow we'll be gone

We left our families for dead  
The kids still sleeping in their beds  
The sea swearing as it grew  
The wind confessing as it blew

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