

Little Brutes

The Hoosiers

They caught wind of the weak and tied him to a tree today.
Paul's father says they're pests destined to just be strays.
They broke his little back with a little game they played.
Boys will be boys, isn't that what grown ups say?

I just stood there, silent, rooted to the spot.
Marveling at how brave I'm not.

Don't you see it's already too late for them.
Where are men of action, can't they do something?
The sun was growing faint and slipping from God's hand.
The day refused to wait and rushed to bury it's head into the sand.

If I could only get up and stand for myself.
I have to join the Little Brutes, sadly I'm not bullet-proof.