He Was My Brother

Paul Simon

He was my brother
Five years older than I
He was my brother
Twenty-three years old the day he died
Freedom writer
They cursed my brother to his face
Go home outsider
Mississippi's gonna be your buryin' place
He was singin' on his knees

An angry mob trailed along
They shot my brother dead
Because he hated what was wrong
He was my brother
Tears can't bring him back to me
He, he was my brother
And he died so his brothers could be free
Oh died, he died so his brothers could be free

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