

Brother

Vince Martin

Frozen in the place I hide
Not afraid to paint my sky with
Some who say I've lost my mind
Brother, try and hope to find
You were always so far away
I know that pain
So don't you run away
Like you used to do
Roses in a vase of white
Bloodied by the thorns beside the leaves
That fall because my hand is
Pulling them hard as I can
You were always so far away
I know that pain
And I won't run away
Like I used to do
Pictures in a box at home
Yellowing and green with mold
So I can barely see your face
Wonder how that color taste
You were always so far away
I know the way
So don't you run away
Like you used to do

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