All My Brothers

Bobby Long

sleeping through the daytime like a child
up right through the night time running wild
thinking I will never be as strong as the day is longI saw the coward day that sunk the sun
hiding in the house where we belong
I saw the blood flow red and it ran long
and all my brothersIt's a swift turning clock we travel on
from boy to man, from four to one
some of us who rest and grow
don't need to know, don't need to knowI still hear them all summer long
will they let me join them one day
I still hear them all summer long
will they turn me awaywe lost three fighting Booker in Virginia
one came back with a body full of holes
I wouldn't let my mother come and see him
all bound in blood and goldit's a long lonely night we gaze upon
when all the stars are dead and gone
the moon it shines on all our heads
and to the west, and to the west

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