

Bless My Brother

The Wolfgang Press

Bless my brother hiding in the dustbin
I went out to the trees just spoken to the breeze
I said you've gone, you've gone to the dustbinAll over the place I said murder
I said how could you get talking discipline
Because it don't mean, it don't mean a thingYou think yourself so aware, so out of the ordinary
But it don't, it don't, it don't mean a thing
And the only thing you ever believeBless my brother hiding in the dustbin
'Cause everything I do I don't know spoken dreams
I said you've got to be good, I said you've got to be goodI've got to watch catch your step all over him
A deadly poison I'm covered in the, in the right decisions
Outrageous remarks I said fall into misery
Because they don't, they don't, they don't mean a thing
They don't, they don't, they don't mean a thing

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