

Brother's Keeper

Aimee Mann

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ladies and gents, fold your tents, cos we have a winner
Come see your Jane try to train every devil in her
There's not a man alive who could tame this creature
You better leave the professor behind, see what time will teach her And when we've all collected a spectacular
sum
We'll get a little glimpse of the disaster to come You can justify what happens then
Cos how could you have known
Leave the dust to dust and say "amen"
Put "sorry" on the stone
You're not not your brother's keeper, now
Your brother's on his own
That's how the seeds of avarice are sown Shit's just a trick and each week's full of compromises
She'll push for a fish like a seal clapping for its prizes
There's not a man alive who could wake this sleeper
Oh, tie the rope, hide the dope, sure there's hope, but denial's cheaper And when've all collected a spectacular
sum
We'll get a Holy Roller in to rattle the drum You can justify what happens then
Cos how could you have known
Leave the dust to dust and say "amen"
Put "sorry" on the stone
You're not your brother's keeper, now
Your brother's on his own
That's how the seeds of avarice are sown And after the fail, you can wail as they drag the river
Silence the band, wring the hand that you didn't give her
And every man alive has to sign a waiver
To put a coin in the plate, so that fate won't return the favour You can justify, oh yes you can
You've got the microphone
Tell them dust is dust and men are men
And men all act alone
You're not your brother's keeper, now
Your brother's on his own
That's how the seeds of avarice are sown How the seeds of avarice are sown

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