Brothers

Dean Brody

The house was like a tomb, I was hiding in my room
As my brother made his way on down the hall
I didn't want to say goodbye and I was trying to deny
There was a war and that he'd got the call
I watched him from my window walking down the drive
Then I ran down the stairway through the front door and I cried
"You come back, you hear?! And I let him see my tears
I said, "I'll give you my rookie of DiMaggio
"I'll do anything you want, clean your room or wash your car
I'll do anything so long as you don't go"
But he said, "This is what brothers are for"
Well I had my heroes but the one I love the most
Taught me how to hunt and swing a bat
And I wrote him every night, I said I miss our pillow fights
But lately I just wonder where you're at
Sometimes freedom makes it hard to live
When it takes things from you that you don't want to give
I said, "You come back, you hear?! I miss you being near
To laugh and fish down in the maple grove
Yeah, I'll do anything you want, there must be someone I can call
And just maybe they would let you come back home"
But he wrote, "This is what brothers are for"
I may never have to face the anger of those guns
Or lie cold and wounded in my blood
Or know the sacrifice and what it must have cost
For him to love me that much
Well it had been two years and I held back my tears
When I saw him in that wheelchair on the shore
And as I ran and held him tight that's when he looked me in the eye
He said, "I'm sorry that you have to push me home"
And I said, "Hey, this is what brothers are for"

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