# Brothers

## Defeater

You need to get out of this house
Iâ€™ll walk you down to town
Weâ€™ll go act our age
Kick rocks, waste summer days
Penny candy at the general store
Iâ€™d buy us a pop if I had more
Keep walking inland all day
Spitting and cursing each otherâ€™s name

â€œAinâ€™t this what, ainâ€™t this what brothers are supposed to do?â€•
The blood between us, makes it all but true

So we roll on through
Out past the quarries, sandpits too
Swim out among the rocks and cliffs
Ignorant youth keeps us from death
Find our way out to the tracks
The sun, it beats down on our backs
Well, heaven help us if thereâ€™s a train
Dodge it like the beaches of Normandy

â€œAinâ€™t this what, ainâ€™t this what brothers are supposed to do?â€•
The blood between us, makes it all but true

And we saw that smoke rising over trees
And I swore, I swore, I swore that train was out for me
So I held him tight and felt those tracks rumble underneath
He swore, he swore if I didnâ€™t let go he would knock me off my feet
And thatâ€™s what he did
And thatâ€™s what he did
And thatâ€™s what he did
And thatâ€™s what he did
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