

# Old Boy

## Brick + Mortar

What up, what up, old boy?  
It took a while to find you, to track you down.  
By the river with them cold boys, I heard you made a million  
It doesn't matter what I do or say.  
I never ever seem to get his attention.  
He lives a hundred-thousand miles away.  
I can't decide if he's a middle religion  
I can't be the best, still I hold on to.  
Won't be the best, still I hold on to. Still I hold on to  
What up, what up, old boy?  
It took a while to find you, to track you down.  
By the river with them cold boys, I heard you made a million

Hi.

I am your son.

You are to blame, goodbye

I can't be the best, still I hold on to.

Won't be the best, still I hold on to. And still I hold on to

I can't be the best, still I hold on to.

Won't be the best, still I hold on to. More, something more, something more, something, something, something.

Something

What up what up, old boy?

It took a while to find you, to track you down.

By the river with them cold boys, it took a while to find you.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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