

# Brother Roland

## Pickwick

In the channels of my dreams  
All my greatest future hits  
I sit down to a plate of nothing  
In the pit hole of existenceI know  
It's not even a word  
My name  
It means nothingI go to die, you're telling me lies  
I go to war, like a fool  
My cells are shaped, like a moon  
All I can do is cry  
Can I really sing?  
I'm standing three steps from the altar  
I'm sitting by the window  
As they come looking for my brother  
The pusher ain't nobody's brother  
All I can do is sit down and cryA baby is to be loved  
I'll watch your baby  
I could use the money  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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