

# Little Brutes

## The Hoosiers

They caught wind of the weak  
And tied him to a tree today  
Paul's father says they're pests  
Destined to just be strays  
They broke his little back  
With a little game they played  
Boys will be boys  
Isn't that what grownups say?  
And I just stood there silent  
Rooted to the spot  
Marveling at how brave I'm not  
How brave I'm not  
Don't you see  
It's already too late for them?  
Where are men of action  
Can't they do something?  
The sun was growing faint  
And slipping from God's hand  
The day refused to wait  
And rushed to bury it's head into the sand  
If I could only get up  
And stand up for myself  
I have to join the Little Brutes  
Sadly I'm not bulletproof

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