

My Brother's Trapper Keeper

Ookla the Mok

I got a call from a dear old friend
He's the kind of friend you can depend on
The kind of friend you can depend on til the end
The kind of friend who'll say, "can you lend me
A dollar or two or three or four
In fact can you lend me just a little bit more
Oh and I borrowed your car I didn't go far
I left your car keys in the yard
Oh and you're out of gas I was driving real fast
How am I supposed to know who's yard?
I remember there was grass oh if anybody asks
I've been here for the last three days and nights
Just say I never left your side
Better dim the lights and hide
And besides I told them I was you
And it's true there's a few things I'd like you to do
My friend Big Lou who arrives tonight from Peru
He's just passing though
Lou and five or six guys from his crew
Will be staying for a day or two
I'm praying that you'll make it through
If I were you I'd buy lots of wine
And oh yeah there's just one thing more
One-Eyed Vinnie's back is sore
He kind of took a slug in the spine
So I hope you don't mind taking the floor
For an indeterminant length of time"
But after all he's my dear old friend
And you know he can depend on me
And when we die I won't stop to wonder why
Just there I'll lie
high on lame excuses and empty promises
I can't justify it
I can't just close my eyes and deny it
I'd tell you the moral if I were able
But this isn't some kind of Aesop's Fable
It more like the story of Cain and Abel
It just took a while to figure out which one I was

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