My Brother Paul

The Residents

I still remember that day in December
When you pretended to fall on the stairs
You said you were scared that the top of your head
Was open and bared itself to the airI can cry if I try
But I lie awake at nightYou said that you tripped on a box that he shipped
Before he committed himself to the war
I was at work and believed you were hurt
'Til I saw that dirt from a hole in the yardI was still crying and you were still lying
The following morning out there in the hall
Where it was painful to watch you arrange
Those portraits you painted of my brother PaulI can cry if I try
But I lie awake at nightI can't believe that I was deceived
That day we received that present from Paul

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