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 straysThey 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 notDon'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 sandIf 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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