

Reead "Brother"

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Sat on this tree trunk
Listen to him play
He slides his fingers on the strings of his guitar

He plays what he is
Melody's n'tunes pour out of him

He stopped playing music we can hear
Feel the reflexion of his life, his ways, of a thousand
stars

Listen
Don't cry
Come with me
I'm with u

He plays what he is
Melody's n'tunes pour out of him

He plays what he is
What surrounds him remains a mystery

Sat on this tree trunk
Listen to him play
He slides his fingers on the strings of his guitar

He plays what he is
Melody's n'tunes pour out of him

He plays what he is
What surrounds him remains a mystery

Listen
Don't cry
Come with me
I'm with u

When he closes his eyes
When he closes his eyes
When he closes his eyes

The desire to follow him submerges us

Everything he does
Makes him what he is

Everything he does
Makes him what he is

Everything he does
Makes him what he is

Everything he does
Makes him what he is

Everything he does
Makes him what he is.

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