

## Wolfgang Press

### "Bless My Brother"

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Bless my brother hiding in the dustbin  
I went out to the trees just spoken to the breeze  
I said you've gone, you've gone to the dustbin  
All over the place I said murder  
I said how could you get talking discipline  
Because it don't mean, it don't mean a thing  
You think yourself so aware, so out of the ordinary  
But it don't, it don't, it don't mean a thing  
And the only thing you ever believe  
Bless my brother hiding in the dustbin  
'Cause everything I do I don't know spoken dreams  
I said you've got to be good, I said you've got to be good  
I've got to watch catch your step all over him  
A deadly poison I'm covered in the, in the right decisions  
Outrageous remarks I said fall into misery  
Because they don't, they don't, they don't mean a thing  
They don't, they don't, they don't mean a thing

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