

Bran Van 3000

"Brothers"

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So the airs getting colder and the news keeps us
scared.
I still wrestle this summer in the bones of our tired and
blistered hands,
Cause tonight we got drinks and just a couple of
friends.
And the girl my brother likes is finally talking to him,
And his chest is all swelled like he's proud and happy.
Like hes got a great idea, like he's making a memory.

Wake up and come out to the car.
There's a east swell coming and it's howling off shore,
And we'll be lying like lions out in the sands.
But I'll be dead before you put a gun in my brothers
hand.

So we make jokes back home, and we lighten the
mood.
But growing up, my parents saw what sending a kid to
fight could really do.
And now with the war I tell their a little shook up.
Because just a few mothers sons will never really be
enough.
Not till half of our names are etched out on the wall
And the other half ruined from the things we saw.

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