

## **Aimee Mann**

# **"Brother's Keeper"**

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Ladies and gents, fold your tents, cos we have a  
winner  
Come see your Jane try to train every devil in her  
There's not a man alive who could tame this creature  
You better leave the professor behind, see what time  
will teach her

And when we've all collected a spectacular sum  
We'll get a little glimpse of the disaster to come

You can justify what happens then  
Cos how could you have known  
Leave the dust to dust and say "amen"  
Put "sorry" on the stone  
You're not not your brother's keeper, now  
Your brother's on his own  
That's how the seeds of avarice are sown

Shit's just a trick and each week's full of compromises  
She'll push for a fish like a seal clapping for its prizes  
There's not a man alive who could wake this sleeper  
Oh, tie the rope, hide the dope, sure there's hope, but  
denial's cheaper

And when've all collected a spectacular sum  
We'll get a Holy Roller in to rattle the drum

You can justify what happens then  
Cos how could you have known  
Leave the dust to dust and say "amen"  
Put "sorry" on the stone  
You're not your brother's keeper, now  
Your brother's on his own  
That's how the seeds of avarice are sown

And after the fail, you can wail as they drag the liver  
Silence the band, wring the hand that you didn't give  
her  
And every man alive has to sign a waiver  
To put a coin in the plate, so that fate won't return the  
favour

You can justify, oh yes you can  
You've got the microphone  
Tell them dust is dust and men are men  
And men all act alone  
You're not your brother's keeper, now  
Your brother's on his own  
That's how the seeds of avarice are sown

How the seeds of avarice are sown

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