

## 4Lyn "Lil' Indians"

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There goes my brother i know from my childhood.  
There goes my brother that i doesn't know me now.  
Too emberassing! it's too emberassing.  
I want to greet him, but i don't know how...

In kindergarten we shared everything,  
We were family forever.  
Kings of the hill and the chiefs of the playground,  
Parents hated us but we didn't care.  
The two-little indians who fukked all the cowboys up...  
We killed everyone with our plastic-guns (bang! bang!).  
But that is long ago, you don't know me no more..  
But bakk in the sandbox we were the ones.  
Yo, should i greet, should i not?  
Should i speak, should i not?  
Should i let him pass me by?  
But what if he doesn't recognize my face?  
I'm his brother from bakk in the days!  
Yo, should i run, should i hide?  
Should i jump on the side?  
Should i let him walk away?  
Maybe it's better,  
But i will never know if i don't even try...  
Hey...

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There goes my brother that i doesn't know me now.  
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I want to greet him, but i don't know how...

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