

Paula Cole "Hitler's Brothers"

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Little boy, tries to hide,
From the fire in his backyard.
Burning cross, white cloth,
It's the second time this year.

Hitler's brothers are still alive,
They're wearing everyday disguises.

A woman runs, for asylum,
She's the only one of her kind in this neighborhood.
She knows who they were,
They don't believe a word,
The cops just turn their heads to protect their friends.

Hitler's brothers are still alive,
Their army seems to grow in size,
Hitler's brothers are on the rise,
They're wearing everyday disguises.
...In camouflage or business suits.

Another man, bound and gagged,
Tied upon the railroad tracks.
At nine p.m. the B&M (Boston & Maine)
Rolled across his yellow skin

Hitler's brothers are still alive,
Their army seems to grow in size,
Hitler's brothers are on the rise,
They're wearing everyday disguises.
In camouflage or business suits,
Checkered aprons, combat boots,
Time to let those feelings go,
Hatred only kills your souls

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