

4 Lyn "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 dont even try...
hey...

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