

Bronx, The

"My Brother the Gun"

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We rode like ghosts across the Earth
We woke on Spanish clouds of dirt

But if they only knew
The places we'd been to
Into the desert night I ride
My brother by my side

Mi hermano la pistola
But tomorrow we'll be gone
Mi hermano la pistola
But tomorrow we'll be gone

We left our families for dead
The kids still sleeping in their beds
The sea swearing as it grew
The wind confessing as it blew

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The places we'd been to
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