

Constantines, The "Brother Run Them Down"

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Too many hospital blues
Too many hanging men
Come living rites, come desperation
You are not your generation

Days of doubt can ruin men
Brother, run them down
Come working nights, come paranoia
Come any hard times, waiting for you

Too many restless years friend to me
You're an embassy in the middle of the night
In wayward nations
You are not your generation

Days of doubt can ruin men
Brother, run them down
Come working nights, come paranoia
Come any hard times, waiting for you

[Constantines Lyrics are found on]
When you come home from your good work
And I come home from singing
We'll go out and recognize each other
From a common beginning

Fear will bring a silence
Here I am before him
I should run before him
Catch and deafen me

This is a song for a sensitive man
And the humor that he keeps
For Tim, who brings rest to the restless
I sing so I can sleep

Days of doubt can ruin men
Brother, run them down
Come working nights, come paranoia
Come any hard times waiting for you

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