

Stephen Fretwell "Brother"

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Brother, you and I both know
Brother, you and I both know, what you're doin'
Brother, I've seen you before
Brother, I'm pretty sure, I've seen you before cryin'

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
He used to put me in the
Sand, sand, sand, sand, sand
And put a bullet in my gullet

Lino table tops, cowboy teas
Always enough for you, always enough for me
I can still see him leaning over my meal
I can still see him pouring for me my tea

And keep sake once, three, four
But the girls up Swan Street must cost you more
Now you've got the money

And bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
I'll get you in the sand, sand, sand, sand, sand
And keep well, one, three, four
The chance might not come again like it did before
Ah, will it, David?

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