

Hoosiers, The "Little Brutes"

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They caught wind of the weak and tied him to a tree
today
Paul's father says they're pests destined to just be strays
They broke his little back with a little game they played
Boys will be boys, isn't that what grown-ups say

I just stood there, silent, rooted to the spot
Marveling, how brave I'm not
How brave I'm not

Don't you see it's already too late for them
Where are men of action, can't they do something
The sun was growing faint and slipping from God's
hand
The day refused to wait and rushed to bury its head
into the sand

If I could only get up, stand up for myself
I have to join the Little Brutes, sadly I'm not bulletproof

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