

The Wolfgang Press "Bless My Brother"

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Bless my brother hiding in the dustbin
I went out to the trees just spoken to the breeze
I said you've gone, you've gone to the dustbin

All over the place I said murder
I said how could you get talking discipline
Because it don't mean, it don't mean a thing

You think yourself so aware, so out of the ordinary
But it don't, it don't, it don't mean a thing
And the only thing you ever believe

Bless my brother hiding in the dustbin
'Cause everything I do I don't know spoken dreams
I said you've got to be good, I said you've got to be
good

I've got to watch catch your step all over him
A deadly poison I'm covered in the, in the right
decisions
Outrageous remarks I said fall into misery
Because they don't, they don't, they don't mean a thing
They don't, they don't, they don't mean a thing

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