

Annuals "Brother"

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Me, and my Brother hiking.
Me, and my Brother might find a turtle.
We'll just have some fun.

Me, and my Brother playing with our dog;
Two mighty men with a wolf,
Who drinks from the gulf.

Cool, calm water will bring back our voice to Mother.

I fell down in a creek bed.
Brother wept.
In his face I met fear;
That I could die right there.
But I climbed right out.

Now I've grown bold, and lonely.
I should have stayed with dear Brother at home,
But we grew up old

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