

4 Lyn, Lil' Indians

there goes my brother i know from my childhood.
there goes my brother that i doesnt know me now.
too emberassing!its too emberassing.
i want to greet him,but i dont know how...
in kindergarten we shared everything,
we were family forever.
kings of the hill and the chiefs of the playground,
parents hated us but we didnt care.
the two-little indians who fukked all the cowboys up...
we killed everyone with our plastic-guns (bang!bang!).
but that is long ago,you dont know me no more..
but bakk in the sandbox we were the ones.
yo,should i greet,should i not?
should i speak,should i not?
should i let him pass me by?
but what if he doesnt recognize my face?
im his brother from bakk in the days!
yo,should i run,should i hide?
should i jump on the side?
should i let him walk away?
maybe its better,
but i will never know if i dont even try...
hey...
there goes my brother i know from my childhood.
there goes my brother that i doesnt know me now.
too emberassing!its too emberassing.
i want to greet him,but i dont know how...