

# Beck, Brother

Brother, are you really here?  
The package I received is gone  
Are you a phantom detective?

Can you read my soul backwards?  
I would glide with you  
If you are a backwards ghost  
I will hire you

Brother, are you really home?  
Holy as a blessed worm  
A paradise ambassador  
Bring me to your room

And I will throw you rocks today  
And watch them pass right through, you say  
And this is not a game or test  
We both have done some grieving

Brother, with your vast reward  
A treasury you can't afford  
Surgeries and innocence abounds

And I have read in paper books  
My eyes are glands on twisted hooks  
Never have I felt or looked  
So sorry for you now

Brother, are you trained to spy?  
One eye open, one eye dry  
When I die, will you be my neighbor?

Tell me things I like to know  
Dressing up from head to toe  
Let them know to and fro  
From here and tomorrow

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