

Brand New, Brothers

So the air's getting colder and the news keeps us scared,
I still wrestle this summer in the bones of our tired and blistered hands,
cause tonight we got drinks with just a couple of friends
and the girl my brother likes is finally talking to him,
and his chest is all swelled like he's proud and happy,
like he's got a great idea like he's making a memory

Wake up and come out to the car,
There's a east swell coming and it's howling off shore,
and we'll be lying like lions out in the sands
but I'll be dead before you put a gun in my brothers hand.

So we make jokes back home and we lighten the mood,
But growing up my parents saw what sending their kids to fight could really do
and now with the war I tell their a little shoke up
just a few mothers sons will never really be enough,
Not till half of our names are etched out on the wall
and the other half ruined from the things we saw

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