

# Ookla The Mok, My Brother's Trapper Keeper

I got a call from a dear old friend  
He's the kind of friend you can depend on  
The kind of friend you can depend on til the end  
The kind of friend who'll say, "can you lend me  
A dollar or two or three or four  
In fact can you lend me just a little bit more  
Oh and I borrowed your car I didn't go far  
I left your car keys in the yard  
Oh and you're out of gas I was driving real fast  
How am I supposed to know who's yard?  
I remember there was grass oh if anybody asks  
I've been here for the last three days and nights  
Just say I never left your side  
Better dim the lights and hide  
And besides I told them I was you  
And it's true there's a few things I'd like you to do  
My friend Big Lou who arrives tonight from Peru  
He's just passing though  
Lou and five or six guys from his crew  
Will be staying for a day or two  
I'm praying that you'll make it through  
If I were you I'd buy lots of wine  
And oh yeah there's just one thing more  
One-Eyed Vinnie's back is sore  
He kind of took a slug in the spine  
So I hope you don't mind taking the floor  
For an indeterminant length of time"  
But after all he's my dear old friend  
And you know he can depend on me  
And when we die I won't stop to wonder why  
Just there I'll lie  
high on lame excuses and empty promises  
I can't justify it  
I can't just close my eyes and deny it  
I'd tell you the moral if I were able  
But this isn't some kind of Aesop's Fable  
It more like the story of Cain and Abel  
It just took a while to figure out which one I was