

# Simon And Garfunkel, He Was My Brother

He was my brother  
Five years older than I  
He was my brother  
Twenty-three years old the day he died

Freedom writer  
They cursed my brother to his face  
Go home outsider  
This town's gonna be your buryin' place

He was singin' on his knees  
An angry mob trailed along  
They shot my brother dead  
Because he hated what was wrong

He was my brother  
Tears can't bring him back to me  
He was my brother  
And he died so his brothers could be free  
He died so his brothers could be free