

## Brother, Where Are You

Jack Jones

A small boy walked down a city street  
And hope was in his eyes  
As he searched the faces of the people he'd meet  
For one he could recognize

Brother, where are you?  
They told me that you came this way  
My brother, where are you?  
They told me that you came this way

The eyes of the people who passed him by  
Were as cold and as hard as stone  
And the poor boy whimpered and began to cry  
Because he was all alone

Brother, where are you?  
They told me that you came this way  
My brother, where are you?  
They told me that you came this way

Now there are many  
Who will swear it's true  
That brothers are we all  
And yet it seems there are very few  
Who gonna answer a brother's call

Brother, where are you?  
They told me that you came this way  
My brother, where are you?  
They told me that you came this way

Brother, brother, where are you?  
Oh, brother, where are you?  
Come on, come on, brother, where are you?  
Come on, come on, come on... brother, where are you?  
Brother