

# My Brother Isn't Dying

The Taxpayers

Skeleton frames of buildings  
Rotting out at the edge of town  
An old man walking away from the bus door with his arm stretched out, acting like an old friend, or something like that  
Trash piles getting sucked up by fire  
Sympathy getting shoved through the phone  
Saying, "I might not have known the man, but listen man, I know what it's like to be alone, to be alone, to be alone"

If you say it like you mean it, you probably don't mean it  
If you act like you care, you probably don't give a fuck  
My brother isn't dying, he's just locked up in an institution

A ride from the house, down 7-mile boulevard  
Gets terrible like pictures, from television magazines  
Bits from the table, eating the bits from the table over again and again and again  
Trash piles getting sucked up by fire  
Sympathy getting shoved through the phone, again  
Saying, "I might not have known the man, but listen man, I know what it's like to be alone, to be alone, to be alone"

If you say it like you mean it, you probably don't mean it  
If you act like you care, you probably don't give a fuck  
My brother isn't dying, he's just locked up in an institution

Front door open of the house  
Leave the front door wide open  
We can bring it out  
We can bring it out  
We can bring it back out, again

If you say it like you mean it...  
If you act like you care...  
If you say it like you mean it...  
If you act like you care...