

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...