

Brother Is Gone

Ry Cooder

We met old Satan down where the two roads crossed
Just me and brother Dave by my side
It was in the prairie town of Wichita
We shook hands with Satan on a deal that night

You will be exalted in the evil works of men
High powered, rolling over land and sea
But some dark night I'll be coming round again
And take one of you down back to Hell with me

Oil spills and cancer towns was our steppin' stones
Immigration bills and foreclosure homes
States' rights we proclaimed like in the good old Jim Crow days
Our highest aim was to take your vote away

Brother is gone
Brother is gone
Brother is gone
Little brother is gone
Brother is gone
When I woke up this morning, he was gone

His bed was made
And there's his Bible, too
I wonder did he have time
To put on his travelin' shoes

Brother is gone
Brother is gone
Little brother is gone
Brother is gone
He's gone
Brother is gone

Old Satan, he's a man of his word
Oh, brother is gone.