

Beck, Brother

Brother, are you really here?
The package I received is gone
Are you a phantom detective?

Can you read my soul backwards?
I would glide with you
If you are a backwards ghost
I will hire you

Brother, are you really home?
Holy as a blessed worm
A paradise ambassador
Bring me to your room

And I will throw you rocks today
And watch them pass right through, you say
And this is not a game or test
We both have done some grieving

Brother, with your vast reward
A treasury you can't afford
Surgeries and innocence abounds

And I have read in paper books
My eyes are glands on twisted hooks
Never have I felt or looked
So sorry for you now

Brother, are you trained to spy?
One eye open, one eye dry
When I die, will you be my neighbor?

Tell me things I like to know
Dressing up from head to toe
Let them know to and fro
From here and tomorrow

Brother, are you really here?
The message I received is gone
Are you a phantom detective?

Can you read my soul backwards?
I would glide with you
If you are a backwards ghost
I will hire you