

# Brother Roland

## Pickwick

In the channels of my dreams  
All my greatest future hits  
I sit down to a plate of nothing  
In the pit hole of existence I know  
It's not even a word  
My name  
It means nothing I go to die, you're telling me lies  
I go to war, like a fool  
My cells are shaped, like a moon  
All I can do is cry  
Can I really sing?  
I'm standing three steps from the altar  
I'm sitting by the window  
As they come looking for my brother  
The pusher ain't nobody's brother  
All I can do is sit down and cry A baby is to be loved  
I'll watch your baby  
I could use the money

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>