

My brother

I have one important thing to do
My brother pass on these words to you
A song of great value

When I was of school age
In my quarrels he was engaged
With open arms quick to embrace

**How that time is far away
From the rules of the father
And that child is far away
Waiting for his big brother
How the mound is far away
The park of our prayers
The goal is far away
Marked by our jumpers**

On the business world he pours scorn
And into a pack he wishes to be born
To the great outdoors he is drawn

When the last drink is being savoured
And the dessert at the table is served
Tis then that tales of his setbacks sometimes emerge

**How that time is far away
From the rules of the father
And that child is far away
Waiting for his big brother
How the mound is far away
The park of our prayers
The goal is far away
Marked by our jumpers**

He knew some buddies
Times of difficulties
Soldiers on the high seas

I have this gift for you my brother
My name, my blood, my flesh
These few words of songs I offer

**How that time is far away
From the rules of the father
And that child is far away
Waiting for his big brother
How the mound is far away
The park of our prayers
The goal is far away
Marked by our jumpers**

Now, under our visor
Upright, proud and sincere
Let's follow our light... my brother.