

# Bobs, Be My Yoko

I need an angel  
I need a pilot  
I need a lover to watch over me  
Into the nightfall  
With scary shadows  
Someone to be my security  
In an awful moment between opening and close  
It would help me greatly to know someone there who knows  
All about the world outside  
How to take an airplane ride  
Where the thorns and stickers hide  
All the other stuff confide  
To be my yoko.....be my yoko.....be my yoko.....be my yoko  
I used to be a  
Famous person  
With all the girls that I ever could want  
I go to movies  
With new teen groupies  
I lived my life for the thrill of the hunt  
But somewhere in the middle of my latest famous craze  
Visions came to me of the remainder of my days  
And I knew it couldn't last  
I was living life too fast  
All those last chance stops I'd passed  
Came to symbolize my task  
To find my yoko.....be my yoko.....be my yoko.....be my yoko  
Now I can't handle  
My daily check book  
The zipcode has too many numbers for me  
I can't decide if  
I need a haircut  
Or if I should just let it grow free  
I lost my phone bill  
My faucet's dripping  
I'm really losing control of my life  
I need somebody  
To run it for me  
A lover, friend or even a wife  
She can tell me where to turn when we came to Times Square  
She could teach and I could learn and wouldn't have a care  
Where the credit cards have gone  
What has happened to my son  
When my favorite show comes on  
Where my next meal is coming from  
I need a yoko.....be my yoko.....be my yoko.....be my yoko