

City Sleeps, Prototype

I made her from pieces of stars
The ones that fell when you shot through
A sky that burned not to return
No other element would do
Her soul was grown in the bathroom
Her heart is just a red balloon
I gave her lips from wild orchids
When she came out of the cocoon

Chorus:

Not the real thing
Not the real thing
Not the real thing
I can barely see the sun
Now it's blue
I can barely see the sun
Because she kissees like a prototype
I programmed her with eye color
Majestic emerald green
Uploaded with your attitude
She will do it like a machine
But no matter how hard I've tried
She never smiles unless she's high
And just like you
Won't ever stop crying

Chorus

She kisses like a prototype of you
Please come back and rescue me from the machines
And I'll be wondering why you do it with somebody else
Please come back and rescue me from the machines
And I'll be wandering while you do it with somebody else

Not the real thing
Not the real thing
Not the real thing
I can barely see the sun
Now it's blue
I can barely see the sun
She's a prototype of you
Not the real thing
Not the real thing
Not the real thing
I can barely see the sun
Now it's blue
I can barely see the sun
Because she kisses like a prototype
Her she kisses like a prototype