

You Am I, Hourly Daily

Don't let there be
Something sour in my coffee.
There's fourteen year olds
Screaming get out of my country.
I won't let him rise just to say goodbye.
Hourly, daily.
The August cold
brings something bad in its sock drawer.
There's too much hate
covering up those once white walls.
I don't want my boy thinking I'm only to avoid.
Tread safe hourly, daily.

He's the splitting image and the oldest of two.
Now what kind of mess have you gone and gotten yourself into?

Make a morning pledge
To the heart of the city quiet.
Pray the daybreak sun
Can fill up the halls of a sleepless night.
Bring one good face into this house today.
Hourly, daily.

He's the splitting image and the oldest of two.
Now what kind of mess have you gone and gotten yourself into?