Hourly Daily

You Am I

Don't let there be
Somthing sout in my coffee
This fourteen year old
Is screaming get out of my country
I won't let him rise
Just to say goodbye
Hourly Daily
This August call
Brings somthing bad in his sock draw
There's too much hate
Covering up those once white walls
I don't wan't my boy
To think that I'm only to avoid
Tread safe, Hourly Daily
He's the spiting image of the oldest of two
Now what kind of mess have you got yourself into?
Make the morning pledge
To the hum of the city quiet
Pray [that] 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 spiting image of the oldest of two
Now what kind of mess have you got yourself into

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/