

Prototype

City Sleeps

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 will 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 kisses 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

Her kiss is like a prototype of you

Please come back and rescue me from the machines
I've been wandering while you do it with somebody else
Please come back and rescue me
Now I've been 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
I can barely see the sun
Now it's blue
I can barely see the sun
Because her kiss is like a prototype
Her kiss is like a prototype