

Be My Yoko

The Bobs

I need an angel
I need a pilot
I need a lover to watch over me
Into the nightfall
With scarey 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