

Protégé

Yoke Lore

I sleep too late and lose the day
The night times better for a castaway
So why can't I be blank slate
And etch my name into your soft rock face

I ricochet 'cause I was turned away
In new York Nights I'm a protégé
Spit out your pills 'cause I'm a gateway
And open your mouth 'cause I'm a sugarcane

I'm the saint of broke things
My hearts in the dark so take me home again take me home again
And make me primitive

Everybody wants a home
Cold is when your left alone
Cried from the great divide for a way to survive
For a way to survive

Fix my broken bones
Stay with me 'til I grow old
Don't get hypnotized by the dazzling light
Don't say goodbye

Everybody wants a home
Cold is when your left alone
Cried from the great divide for a way to survive
For a way to survive

I'm not scared of you anymore
So fix my broken bones
Stay with me 'til I grow old
Don't get hypnotized by the dazzling light
Don't say goodbye