

## Yoskar Sarante

### "Hourly Daily"

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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 it's 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?

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