

# Smashing Pumpkins, Glass And The Ghost Child

To the center of the earth  
Or anywhere god decides  
Full of fever pulling forth  
We hear our call as all  
To the center of the earth  
As if written in  
DNA is reaching out  
To your frequency  
I want to live  
Don't want to die  
I want to live  
I want to try  
All in prayer  
Prayer in all  
All are scared  
Scared of all  
Black rooms are calling  
To men in leather coats  
White labs are cooking up the silver ghost  
The glass migrates under her translucent skin  
And all the spiders wonder what we've got us in  
All is you  
You are all  
All with you  
You in all  
I want to live  
I don't want to die  
I want to live  
I want to try

So beats the final coda  
Of a vinyl storm  
One more cherry cola to lift up her dead arms  
A dream of soft focus sunsets filters thru the din  
We are losing contact as she dials it in  
She can hear glass calling  
Or is it someone that looks like him  
She eyes tv reflection and nods a knowing look  
She says it doesn't matter  
She never liked her looks  
I have seen a thousand fractures  
I have seen everything  
Cause knowing is its own answer  
Love something in a book  
There's not much left to ponder  
Not much left to cook  
As she counted the spiders  
As they crawled up inside her  
As she counted the spiders  
As they crawled up inside her