

The Smashing Pumpkins, Pomp And Circumstances

When I was born, I lost.
When I was freed, I fought.
Now that I'm loved, I'm caught.
Between the rest and this tragic mess, an invited guest.

Torn, broken, and frayed, oh, don't we face war, sunshine, and grace?
Oh, won't you stay for a while?
We can fail in style, I can hold your smile for a while.

What was once new, now gone.
What was once praised, now wrong.
As they go, we can say we know, but what do we know,
But war, sunshine, and grace?
Don't we see what's bitter to taste?

Torn, broken, and frayed, don't we face war, sunshine, and grace?
Won't you stay?

Cause I won't tell, I won't tell a soul that I'm mad as hell.
Torn, broken, and frayed, I'm torn, broken, and frayed,
No, I'm cold, worn out, and shamed.