

The Smashing Pumpkins, Porcelina Of The Vast

As far as you take me, that's where I believe.
The realm of soft delusions, floating on the leaves.
On a distant shoreline, she waves her arms to me.
As all the thought police, are closing in for sleep.
The dilly dally, of my bright lit stay.
The steam of my misfortunes has given me the power to be afraid.
And in my mind I'm everyone;
And in my mind.

Without a care in this whole world. [x2]
Without a care in this life.
It's what you take that makes it right.

Porcelina of the oceans blue.
Porcelina, Porcelina.

In the slipstream, of thoughtless thoughts.
The light of all that's good, the light of all that's true.
To the fringes gladly, I walk unadorned.
With gods and their creations, with filth and disease.

Porcelina, she waits for me there with seashell hissing lullabies;
And whispers fathomed deep inside my own hidden thoughts and alibis.
My secret thoughts come alive.

Without a care in this whole world. [x2]
Without a care in this life.
It's what you take that makes it right.
And in my mind I'm everyone. [x2]
And in my mind I'm everyone of you.

You make it right. It's all alright.
You make it right.

Porcelina of the oceans blue. [x2]