

# Smashing Pumpkins, Annie-Dog

Amphetamine Annie-Dog  
Has her leash and a face  
Her velvet spleen, her shackle spine  
Her diamond curse, it comes with mine

A vessel she, for violent I  
Confession arms awake  
Mine, mine, you were always mine  
Possessed by my taste

And below the angel dog  
Combs her hair and sings her psalms  
The bombs go off, she doesn't notice  
It all goes wrong, she sets things tragic  
She is Venus, she is Mars  
She's electric, and the struggle of

Upon my face we leave no trace  
But in her stomach mercury aged

She holds the blood, she carves the knives  
She digs the wives in our babies

Amphetamine Annie-Dog  
Pulls her trash and her stories  
From place to place, and bed to bed  
Gives of herself and the magnet head

Another floor, another ceiling  
Counting stairs with double meanings

Is it wrong to swallow whole?  
To disappear in her?  
To give her the priceless peace  
Of giving up control?

We tumble out into the streets  
And Annie-Dog, she drags her leash  
Pretty face, ugly mouth  
Bitter bred and so released

And by the no, and in the yes  
Annie goes if you couldn't guess

A simple man, a sycophant  
Her elephant with the laughing call  
She wants clean sheets, and fresh flowers  
And dental shots, and the Hong Kong glue

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Has her leash and a face