# 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