

Smashing Pumpkins, Galapogos

Ain't it funny how we pretend we're still a child?
Softly stolen under blanket skies.

And rescue me from me, and all that I believe.
I won't deny the pain.
I won't deny the change.
And should I fall from grace, here with you.
Will you leave me too?

Carve out your heart for keeps in an old oak tree.
And hold me for goodbyes and whispered lullabies.

And tell me I am still the man I'm supposed to be.
I won't deny the pain.
I won't deny the change.
And should I fall from grace, here with you.
Will you leave me too? [x2]

Too late to turn back now; I'm running out of sound.
And I am changing, changing.
And if we died right now,
This fool you love somehow, is here with you.

I won't deny the pain.
I won't deny the change.
And should I fall from grace, here with you.
Would you leave me too? [x2]