Smashing Pumpkins, Mayonaise

Fool enough to almost be it
Cool enough to not quite see it, doomed
Pick your pockets full of sorrow
And run away with me tomorrow, June
We'll try and ease the pain
But somehow we'll feel the same
Well, no one knows where our secrets go

I'll send my heart to all my dearies
When your life is so, so dreary, dream
I'm rumored to the the straight and narrow
While the harlots of my perils scream
And I fail, but when I can, I will
Try to understand that when I can, I will...

Mother weep the years I'm missing
All our time can't be given back
Shut my mouth and strike the demons
That cursed you and your reasons
Out of hand and out of season
Out of love and out of feeling ...so bad
But when I can, I will
Words defy the plans, but when I can I will

Fool enough to almost be it, cool enough to not quite see it
And old enough to always feel this, always old, I always feel this
No more promise, no more sorrow, no longer will I follow
Can anybody hear me? I just want to be... me
When I can, I will
Try to understand that when I can, I will