

# Smashing Pumpkins, Soot And Stars

The words flow  
Decisions made  
Idea's mine  
But the inspiration not  
Dreams of hangers-on  
Dreams of getting well  
Spells of esmeralda  
Amarose fortold

Splinters in the eye  
Sentiments remain  
Bones are never asked  
Where are we going to  
It was never up to me  
And yet I pushed until it broke

I love the open road  
And all that it suggests  
Wheelwagon dust  
Weeds and infidelities  
And always swore our love  
Never questioned why  
In a wooden house  
Immovable and silent  
And drinking strawberry wine  
Forever lost in town

And through the sleeping streets  
Nightbound and heavy  
Wheels in a spoke  
Just a spoken foreign sound

Know my gates are high  
My friends even higher  
Forgotten in my mind  
Yet the scars still lingering  
Cloud the blue skies  
I'm jealous of you birds  
Was the only truth  
In a world full of words

Hear the prairie sound  
In a friend called Neil  
The heart is pointed down  
But my spirit pointed up  
His voice the siren  
Of greek mythology

I pause with my pen  
I begin to defend  
Every action taken  
Every moment sealed  
When i was quick  
It coursed through open veins  
The will to live  
The urgency to move  
Behind a panel door  
Sealing cherry stain  
I played my guitar  
And lived those lonesome notes

Like a dog that's down  
In a corner just aside  
Waiting to be called

Waiting to be yours  
Ghosts of a machine  
Without purpose or will

I'll often speak of you  
But the you was always me  
'Cause when i speak of me  
It's me I ask of you  
So let there be no truth  
Just trickery in rhymes  
Time the only thing  
Waiting still is death

I hope for resolution  
Pray one defining moment  
Pause without restraint  
Barren without child  
A child is who I was  
A child is who I'll die  
A child is who I'll die

Soot in my hair  
And stars in my hands  
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