

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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