The 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