

# The Smashing Pumpkins, Disarm

Disarm you with a smile  
And cut you like you want me to  
Cut that little child  
Inside of me and such a part of you  
Ooh, the years burn  
Ooh, the years burn

I used to be a little boy  
So old in my shoes  
And what I choose is my choice  
What's a boy supposed to do?  
The killer in me is the killer in you  
My love  
I send this smile over to you

Disarm you with a smile  
And leave you like they left me here  
To wither in denial  
The bitterness of one who's left alone  
Ooh, the years burn  
Ooh, the years burn, burn, burn

I used to be a little boy  
So old in my shoes  
And what I choose is my voice  
What's a boy supposed to do?  
The killer in me is the killer in you  
My love  
I send this smile over to you

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