

# 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