

The Smashing Pumpkins, Where Boys Fear To Tread

Candy cane walk down to build a bonfire to break my fall...
My baby, my sweet thing, just maybe we could lose ourselves this time.

King of the horseflies, dark prince of death.
His tragic forces are heaven sent.
In sweet things,
In a lover's breath,
In knowing this was meant to be the last.

A go-go-go kid, a go-go-go style.
A suck-suck-suck kiss, a suck-suck-suck smile.
As always, in young need,
A veiled promise, to never die.

On dead highways, her black beauties roam for June angels.
So far from home, for a love lost, a faded picture.
To tread lightning, to ink the lavender sky.

Get on, get on, get on the bomb. Get back, get back where you belong. [x3]

Get on, the bomb.