

Where Boys Fear to Tread

The Smashing Pumpkins

Candy cane walks 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-kids, 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, the black beauty roam
For June angels, so far from home
For a love lost, a faded picture
To tread lightning, to ink the lavender skies
Get on, get on, get on the bomb
Get back, get back where you belong
Get on, get on, get on the bomb
Get back, get back where you belong
Get on, get on, get on the bomb
Get back, get back where you belong
Get on the bomb

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