

Pomp and Circumstances

The Smashing Pumpkins

When I was born, I lost
When I was freed, I fought
Now that I'm loved, I'm caught
Between the last and this tragic mess
An invited guest
Torn, broken and frayed
Oh, don't we face
War, sunshine and grace
Oh, won't you stay for a while?
We can fail in style
I can hold your smile for a while
What was once new now gone
What was once praised now wrong
As they go, we can say we know
But what do we know

But warm sunshine and graves
Don't we see what's bitter to taste
Torn, broken and frayed
Don't we face
War, sunshine and graves
Won't you stay?
'Cause I won't tell
I won't tell a soul
That I'm mad as hell
Torn, broken and frayed
I'm torn, broken and frayed
No, I'm cold, worn out and ashamed

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