

# 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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