Disarm

The Smashing Pumpkins

Disarm you with a smile
And cut you like you want me to
Cut that little child
Inside of me, is such a part of you
Oh, the years burn
Oh, the years burn
I used to be a little boy, so old in my shoes
And what I choose is my choice, what's a boy supposed to do?
A killer in me is a killer in you, my love
I send this smile over to you
Disarm you with a smile
And leave you like they left me here
To wither in denial
The bitterness of one who's left alone

Oh, the years burn
Oh, the years burn, burn, burn
I used to be a little boy, so old in my shoes
What I choose is my voice, what's a boy supposed to do?
A killer in me is a killer in you, my love
I send this smile over to you
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Send this smile over to you

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