

# Half-Life Of An Autodidact

Billy Corgan

Is love a fool  
A brackish goad?  
Protected like  
A lilac cove  
Becomes by the breath of the sun  
Denuded and diffused  
Again

And while the winds, so sired, so subsumed  
Forbade his day by rule  
To ever lapse into ruin  
And regret

Juliet, oh I can't crease  
I get tired  
I just get tired

Cause Fleur-de-lis, noblesse oblige  
Down to the wires  
I just got tired  
Along the flame to you  
Among the way to you

40 years to finally wake up  
And 9 more to sling the snakes out of view

Richly pink  
That steel poem flam  
A flint of luck  
Miscast my chance  
As one  
Does after days  
A droll dance  
Triumph after triumph  
Dashed

Words that churned passed fire and the moon  
The stranger crossed my view  
Making good on their promise and our youth

Purity, please, oh I can't preach  
I get tired  
I just get tired

Cause Fleur-de-lis, noblesse oblige  
Down to the wires  
I just got tired

Along the flame to you  
Among the way to you  
Along the flame to you  
I'm on the way to you

40 years to finally wake up  
And 9 more to sling the snakes out of view

Along the flail to you

Among the way to you  
Along the flail to you  
I'm on the way to you