

Jersey Shore

The Smashing Pumpkins

On the Jersey shore
Spend all our dimes
I was getting change
Back of my mind

Shooting blanks
In Jerseytown
We tunneled in
Manhattan-bound

What can we do?
There's life here for me
With a sweet young thing
And a cool, cool breeze

To the smokestack chime
We carry forth
Cinder child
And nights we forced

They are saints hovering
The last soul is carried
Let him go on a riverbed
God rest your soul
God rest this town

What shall we do?
There's life yet for me
With a sweet young thing
And a cool, cool breeze
Say a prayer for me

In the pinball din
Done with glow
Dream the Jersey shore
We kiss in here

I'm the Jersey shore
It's where I died
Hat in hand
My eyes to the sky