

Soot and Stars

The Smashing Pumpkins

the words flow, decisions made
idea's mine, but the inspiration not
dreams of hangers on, dreams of getting well
spells of Ezmeralda, emeralds foretold
splinters in the eye, sentiments remain
bones that never rest where we going to
it was never up to me and yet I pushed until it broke

I love the open road and all that it suggests
wheel wagon dust, weeds and infidelities and
always for a love, never question why
in a wooden house, immovable and silent and
drinking strawberry wine, forever lost in town
and through the sleeping streets, night bound and heavy
wheels in the spoke still spoken for himself

now my gates are high, my friends even higher
forgotten in my mind, yet the sky still linger and
cloud the blue skies, I'm jealous of you birds
was the only truth in a world full of words
hear the prairie sound in a friend called near
the heart is pointed down but my spirit pointed up
his voice for siren of Greek mythology

I pause with my pen, I begin to defend
every action taken, every moment sealed
when I was quick it coursed through open veins
the will to live the urgency to move
behind a panel door sealing cherry stain
I play my guitar and live those lonesome notes

like a dog that's down
in a corner just a sigh
waiting to be called
waiting to be yours
ghosts of all my shame
without purpose or will

I often speak of you but the you is always me
cause when I speak of me it's me I ask of you
so let there be no truth just trickery in rhymes
time the only thing waiting still as death

I hope for resolution, pray one defining moment
pause without restrain, barren without child
a child is who I was a child is who I'll die
a child is who I'll die
soot in my hair
and stars in my hands
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and stars in my hands