

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 rest 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 shamed