

## Where Boys Fear to Tread

The Smashing Pumpkins

Candy cane walks down  
To build a bonfire, to break my fall  
My baby, my sweet thing  
Just maybe we could lose ourselves this time  
King of the horseflies, dark prince of death  
His tragic forces are heaven sent  
In sweet things, in a lovers breath  
In knowing this was meant to be the last  
A go-go-kids, a go-go-style  
A suck suck kiss, a suck suck smile  
As always, in young need  
A veiled promise to never die  
On dead highways, her black beauties roam  
For june angels, so far from home  
For a love lost, a faded picture  
To tread lightning, to ink the lavender skies  
So get on the bomb  
Get back where you belong