

## **Pumpkins Smashing**

### **"Mayonaise"**

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Fool enough to almost be it

Cool enough to not quite see it

Doomed

Pick your pockets full of sorrow

And run away with me tomorrow

June

We'll try and ease the pain

But somehow we'll feel the same

Well, no one knows

Where our secrets go

I send a heart to all my dearies

When your life is so, so dreary

Dream

I'm rumored to the straight and narrow

While the harlots of my perils

Scream

And I fail

But when I can, I will

Try to understand

That when I can, I will

Mother weep the years I'm missing

All our time can't be given

Back

Shut my mouth and strike the demons

That cursed you and your reasons

Out of hand and out of season

Out of love and out of feeling

So bad

When I can, I will

Words defy the plans

When I can, I will

Fool enough to almost be it

And cool enough to not quite see it

And old enough to always feel this

Always old, I'll always feel this

No more promise no more sorrow

No longer will I follow

Can anybody hear me

I just want to be me

When I can, I will

Try to understand

That when I can, I will

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