

Billy Corgan "Black Irish"

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emily, emily i can't, emily
i can't leave
so i climb, so i climb on your
so i climb on your fire escape
in the rush of stealing what was mine
i stumbled on the notion of time lost
emily emily i can't, emily
i can't leave

forgive me, not today
forgive me stay in your sleep
forgive me, not today
forgive me stay
in the last hours of light
your patient pantomime
heals the stories that i tell
to myself/and no one else
no whisper on my mind
no tired arms that bind
can steal you away/from me this time
emily, emily i can't, emily
i can't leave
so i ride, so i ride on your
so i ride/on you hobby horse

finde this a better way
with brides dressed in white
with dreams of starting over right
a kindred soul i'm leaving
a past that i must fight
discover my freedloms/up in lights
the kiss that is america
the babes dressed in blue
my wish of starting over/lies with you
forgive me...

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