

Billy Corgan

"Prairie Song"

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I will sing for you, a Sunday song
of a prairie lost, to open arms
consider now the charms that you hold
inside her belly gold
so follow me, where i go
to the stuff of sleep, and falling snow

I'm a simple man, I have no one
I walk the streets in dusk, to find the air
sometimes I dream I'm alone
asleep on the prairie grass
now at last, now at last
the world will sing for us
now at last, now at last

upon the river dread, I drew forth
the very face of death for her corpse
I played so all within
would come and watch
a gaze away from her is what I'd bought
so follow me where i go
to the stuff of sleep and falling snow

as my city burns, her boulevards
I seal my love in fate, and now this comes
my prayers are real and I can't rest
to watch prairie songs
from dragon's breath

now at last, now at last
the world will sing for us
now at last, now at last
the world will sing for us
now at last, now at last

city long ago, I was your son
I wed your daughter fair
and I was yours
you called me to come
and sift your roads
to sing prairie songs

and keep the cold
so follow me where i go
to the stuff of sleep and falling snow

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