

Smashing Pumpkins "Lucky Thirteen"

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it's in blood
i suppose
breaking jars
i'm no good
as the prodigal son

and i know that you're mesmerized
you had a vision, made these laws
and sanitized, are we above desires
i miss him so

you are so fucked
it has begun
revolution crawls
all over you
i was listening

you light up the sky
and scrape out your skull
your lovely face
will never be claimed thrice

and we're so unlikely to
upon my wrists i bear the cross
my losses mount as i climb across the home
of my own soul

i'll claim my prize
i don't exist
i am divine
a ghost with eyes

[billy: yeah, vietnam.]
[james: you headin' to vietnam?]
[unknown: yes, i need to be at the co-op.]
[unknown: thanks dude.]
[jimmy: i'm jungle-drummed out, man.]

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