

## Smashing Pumpkins

### "Mama"

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Mama, you're on my mind  
You're a stitch inside my coat  
Play on the world's grand design  
I think you know  
I think you're sure that you know that  
Butterflies don't get old

And I don't get so young anymore  
What a crime  
The big ideas  
And lost ideals, it's a show  
I must appear in control

Mama  
The show at all  
They're burning books outside of  
What was it that you said?  
to the walls  
Oh, Let the spirit gather up and  
Set us a flame for

Year to year, there's no one here but us crooks  
What a crime  
Are ears to the ground and the fingers on the pulse of  
a pain  
Oh it's worse than change.

Mama  
What is it that they want?  
Mama  
Mama  
Oh what do they want with us  
And all of our abuse of the truth  
Oh whats the use to protest

Mama, is only you  
You're a dancer from the mirrors of  
Lie and with restraint  
This quiet warmth  
I've got my faith restored by the sway of the trees  
That sway in time to one last rhyme of a curse

But what it's worth  
I count you out and still you count me in  
To answer your final bell  
Mama  
what do they care about us  
Mama  
Mama  
They knock and knock  
But no one's homes  
Mama  
Mama  
We're bored and we're not alone

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