

Return
OK Go

D **F#** **Bm**
Now its years since your body went flat and even memories of that
G **D**
are all think and dull, all gravel and glass. But who needs them
F# **Bm** **G**
now -- displaced they re easily more safe -- the worst of it now: I
D
can t remember your face.

Please...

D G
Return.

D **F#** **Bm**
For a while, with the vertigo cured, we were alive -- we were pure.
G **D**
The void took the shape of all that you were, but years take their
F# **Bm** **G**
toll, and things get bent into shape... Antiseptic and tired, I can t
D
remember your face.

Please...

D G
Return.

D **G** **D**
You were supposed to grow old. Reckless, unfrightened, and old,
D
you were supposed to grow old.

D G D
Return. You were supposed to return.