

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.