

Return

Glen Hansard

You're no wiser now
Returning with your head bowed low
Tired of trying to make it happen
Trying to break out on your own
It seems you're always on the fence
You neither one side nor the other now
Well you better make some choices
Before they all start running out

But oh
Tell me do you hear the noise
It's growin'
Tell me do you hear the noise

Battles lost and won
And you're feeling like you've only
You've only just begun
To stand up on your own

Do you feel
Do you feel

Oh
Tell me do you feel the noise
It's growin'
Tell me do you feel the noise

In the hot blown dust we'd kneel
Where we once layed long in the tall grass
And the heart penned its appeal
Return
Return
Return
Return

Oh
In the hot blown dust we'd kneel
Where we'd once layed long in the tall grass
And the heart penned its final appeal
Return
Return
Return
Return