

Come Back

Sharon Van Etten

Wall eyes
Ceiling felt too high
Nights were falling down skies
Was no look in the eyes
Subtle moments of past
What a wondering time

Come back

Swallowed over the stage
Turning into the rage
Wondering what forced the age towards tomorrow

Come back
Come back
Was wild and unsure
And naked and pure
Come back

Turning into the fear
Never something was here
Turning over my mind
Jumping on tenuous time

Come back
Come back
Moments of faith turning out late
Come back

Leaning over the stairs
Tryin' to see what is there
Or does anyone care?
Ominous state

Come back
Come back
Neighboring love won't stay in the home
Come back

Come back
Come back
Moments of fire can turn the car on back home