

## Return

## The Fall

God bless the cold winds and its refreshing consequence, uh-  
huh,  
Oh please return.

Hellas did tremble  
Hellas did go away  
Finding it difficult  
To stand in its fury  
Over the ironing board  
But still this golden curl  
Vented its Hellas fury

Return, baby baby baby come back to me.  
Come back to me, return.

I was told to go easy and this one did  
But still this golden creature raised its fury  
Head sparkles

Return  
Baby baby baby come back to me  
Return

Is that a hair extension?  
It's soaked in hair lotion  
How can you smell your own head?  
Return

Baby baby baby come back to me

I'll change the latch on the door  
I'll get locks all over  
I ran on up ahead  
Sparkle and pander her