

OK Go, Return

Now its years since your body went flat and even memories of that
are all think and dull, all gravel and glass. But who needs them
now -- displaced they're easily more safe --
the worst of it now: I can't remember your face.

Return.

For a while, with the vertigo cured, we were alive -- we were pure.
The void took the shape of all that you were, but years take their toll,
and things get bent into shape...
Antiseptic and tired, I can't remember your face.

Return.

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

Return. You were supposed to return.