

Saliva, Que Vuelvas (To Return)

and what am i going to do with my selective lack of care
and what with my frustrated dream of learning to cook
and what i'm going to do with sundays
and holidays, no plan is appropriate
when i try not to think
perhaps it will tell me where you go
now that i'm not
tell me where to go
now that you aren't
what will i invent to tell the entire world
if they see me fallen to the ground
without more desire to fly
how do i hide this pair of broken wings
and the soles of my boots
tired of walking
perhaps it will tell me where you go
now that i'm not
tell me where to go
now that you aren't
chorus:

i want you to return
that you are claiming
my lips you haven't kissed in a long time

i want you to come back
already you see that even my hands
from not touching you so much, they ache, they ache
and what am i going to do if my chin hits the floor
and although i tried my smile doesn't leave naturally
if they have already seen with the lost glance
a few pounds less
and some tears of more
perhaps it will tell me where you go
now that i'm not
tell me where to go
now that you aren't

chorus:

i want you to return
that you are claiming
my lips you haven't kissed in a long time
i want you to come back
if you knew that you were for me
and always wanted to be here
i still don't understand how, when, where
or why i lost you, i don't know how to live like this