

# 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