

Steve Kilbey, Never Come Back

Well I came to this land where the snow and the sand
Cover my footprints with ice
The cool gray sea calls me "come and be free"
And I almost take that advice
And in the night I cling to the names
Of the women I wanted and the men that I blamed
And their scorn that scorches my tracks
One thing I know you can never come back

Oh darling please meet me in the dark empty streets
Won't you bring me the things that I need
No-one is waiting where she used to stand
Just the jagged thorns of the weed
And in the day they drink their hot wine
And I long for the things that can never be mine
So your pretty clothes do not unpack
As plain as the day you can never come back