

The Fall, Return

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