

# Finley Quaye, Lovers Return

And so you have come back to me  
And say the old loves growing yet  
You've tried through all these weary years  
You've tried so vainly to forget

Oh no, I cannot take your hand  
God never gives is back our youth  
The loving heart you slighted then  
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Come close and let me see your face  
Your raven hair is tinged with snow  
Oh, yes, it is the same dear face  
I loved so many years ago

Oh no, I cannot take your hand  
God never gives is back our youth  
The loving heart you slighted then  
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Farewell, I think I love you yet  
As friend to friend, God bless you dear  
And guide you through these weary years  
To where the skies are always clears

Oh no, I cannot take your hand  
God never gives is back our youth  
The loving heart you slighted then  
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth