

# Returning

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

A part of you is ending  
A part of you holds on  
What leaves your life suspended  
Cradled by the sun You found what's right before your eyes  
Speaking like a fool  
You hide yourself inside your words  
Leaving someone else But you must leave and not turn back  
Knowing what you hold  
How much time have we got left  
It's killing us, but carries us on Carries us all A part of you is able  
A part of you is gone  
With leads you from the table  
Returning to the cold You found yourself inside a tomb  
Screaming to the sun  
You feel your heart can only give  
Pieces of a ghost But you must leave and not turn back  
Knowing what you hold  
How much time have we got left  
It's killing us, but carries us on Carries us all I will follow you till we all return  
Till we know our souls survived  
I will follow you till we all return  
Till we know our souls survived I will follow you till we all return  
Till we know our souls survived  
I will follow you till we all return  
Till we know you'll carry us on Carry us on, carry us all  
Carry us on, carry us all  
Carry us on, carry us all Carry us all

Songwriters

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