Comin' Back To Me

Jefferson Airplane

(Marty Balin)
The summer had inhaled
And held its breath too long
The winter looked the same
As if it never had gone
And through an open window
Where no curtain hung
I saw you, I saw you
Comin' back to me
One begins to read between
The pages of a look
The shape of sleepy music
And suddenly you're hooked
Through the rain upon the trees
The kisses on the run
I saw you, I saw you
Comin' back to me
You came to stay and live my way
Scatter my love like leaves in the wind
You always say you won't go away
But I know what it always has been
It always has been
A transparent dream
Beneath an occasional sigh
Most of the time
I just let it go by
Now I wish it hadn't begun
I saw you, yes, I saw you
Comin' back to me
Strolling the hills
Overlooking the shore
I realize I've been here before
The shadow in the mist
Could have been anyone
I saw you, I saw you
Comin' back to me
Small things like reasons
Are put in a jar
Whatever happened to wishes

Wished on a star?
Was it just something
That I made up for fun?
I saw you, I saw you
Comin' back to me

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