

# Lovers Return

[Finley Quaye](#)

And so you've come back to me  
And say the old love's growing, yeah  
You've tried through all these weary years  
You've tried too vainly to forget Oh, no, I cannot take your hand  
God never gives us 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 us back our youth  
The loving heart, you slighted then  
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth Farewell, I think, I'll love yet  
As friend to friend, God bless you, dear  
And guide you through these weary years  
To where the skies are always clear Oh, no, I cannot take your hand  
God never gives us back our youth  
The loving heart, you slighted then  
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth Oh, no, I cannot take your hand  
God never gives us back our youth  
The loving heart, you slighted then  
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth  
Yours, my friend, in perfect truth

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