

# Begin to Return

## The Golden Palominos

Come to the doorway just to see your man comin' home  
So long and slow, walking on down the sun  
But all you see is his memory set aflame in a day that's gone  
Deep in your heart  
There's a pain so deep  
Sunk like a spear  
It leaves a hole and all the sorrows start  
The well for your tears  
It won't quell your thirst but you drink from it for years  
Away from the world you sit with empty eyes  
While the windows cry in the silence of your shadowed room  
Where your life lies in vials kept in bottles of old perfume  
The drugs in the ashtray incant the visions to restore your gloom  
But listen off out there  
Where you cannot hear  
Out so very far  
But it's coming near  
Whispers on the wind are on wings as the morning rises  
As you wake within a dream and place your hands against the sky  
High on a morning wind, on a voices wings you fly  
As the voice becomes your lover's asking you "Oh why, won't you try  
to begin,  
once again  
to return...again..."

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