

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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