

To Return

Chevelle

To return to the cold
It isn't much fun
To touch the trees no one has known
Go rest your head

'Cause you can't miss this
Poor boy became
A slave to use
Now despair moves in so close

Too many years free at last
He didn't know so learned to speak
He clears his throat
'Cause you can't miss this

Poor boy became
A slave to use
Rebuild what's left
Of this child, so weak

Sorry, changes, trample the plan
Death, stores, victims
Once more
Keep on burnin' through the noose

To return, to the cold
It isn't much, but I'm free at last

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written by LOEFFLER, PETER/LOEFFLER, SAMUEL/LOEFFLER, JOSEPH
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