

# 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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