

Return to Oz

Scissor Sisters

Once there was a man
Who had a little too much
Time on his hands
He never stopped to think
That he was getting older
But when his night came to an end
He tried to grasp for his last friend
And pretend
That he could wish himself health
On a four-leaf clover He said, "is this the return to Oz?"
The grass is dead
The gold is brown
And the sky has claws
There's a wind-up man
Walking round and round
What once was Emerald City's
Now a crystal town Three o'clock in the morning
You get a phone call
From the queen with a hundred heads
She says that they're all dead
She tried the last one on
It couldn't speak, fell off
And now she just wanders the halls
Thinking nothing
Thinking nothing at all She said, "is this the return to Oz?"
The grass is dead
The gold is brown
And the sky has claws
There's a wind-up man
Walking round and round
What once was Emerald City's
Now a crystal town The wheelies are cutting pavement
And the Skeksis at the rave meant
To hide deep inside
Their sunken faces
And their wild rolling eyes
But their callous words reveal
That they can no longer feel
Love or sex appeal

The patchwork girl has come to cinch the deal
To return to Oz

We've fled the world

With smiles and clenching jaws

Please help me friend from coming down

I've lost my place and now it can't be found

Is this the return to Oz?

The grass is dead

The gold is brown

And the sky has claws

There's a wind-up man

Walking round and round

What once was Emerald City's

Now a crystal town

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