

# Return to Sender

**Jerome Alexander**

Well, I want to return to my sender  
Well, I want to return  
There is so much that I can't remember  
But there's so much to choose  
We are laying the tracks for the company  
Across all space and all time  
Any insinkerator will remind you  
What can happen to you  
There's a billboard as high as a mountain

Neon lights up the hill  
Cast no shadow and leave no traces  
We are grist for the mill  
Hold me, control me into the arms we fall  
Sugar the future sale of the century  
Trying to turn the world around  
Trying to turn the world around  
I've come to turn your world around

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