

Return to Sender

Small City Calling

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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