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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