Return To Sender

Mojave 3

The sun don't love me
And it's easy to cry
I send a letter
But I get no reply
Just a note
Return to sender
Just a note
Return to sender

We talk on tiptoe
Everytime that we meet
But I think breaking up
Is just a conceit
Because love turns sour
Every hour
Oh yeah love turns sour
Every hour

I stand all day
With a rose in my teeth
To give it to the first girl
That will say something sweet
She says thank you but this flower
Will die within the hour
Return to sender
Oh yeah

I went looking for a priest
I said say something please
I don't want to live my life all alone
He said god will take care
Of those that help themselves
But you look pretty screwed
Send a letter

And the word on the street
Is that death is complete
When you think that you know
Where you're going
And the headline in my mind

Says patience for the blind
If you find us
Return to sender
If you find us
Return to sender

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