

## 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