

## Return

OK Go

Now its years since your body went flat and even memories of th  
at  
are all think and dull, all gravel and glass. But who needs the  
m  
now -- displaced they're easily more safe --  
the worst of it now: I can't remember your face.

Return.

For a while, with the vertigo cured, we were alive -- we were p  
ure.  
The void took the shape of all that you were, but years take th  
eir toll,  
and things get bent into shape...  
Antiseptic and tired, I can't remember your face.

Return.

You were supposed to grow old. Reckless, unfrightened, and old,  
you were supposed to grow old.

Return. You were supposed to return.