

Return

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Wonder where that plane is leading to
Wonder where that boat will ever stop
Wonder if this path I am treading
Will disappear and let me drop

Down to a pen that's surely waiting
Down to the hell I know that I deserve
Even though the spirit is willing
The flesh is blackened to the deepest nerve

When will you learn?
The hurting, it will return
When will you ever learn?
This feeling is all you can discern

Oh my heart, it is a-broken
More than waste upon the golden sand
Fly my love on wings of mute confusion
Oh, in Never-Ever land

When will you learn?
When will you ever learn?
The hurting, it will return
This feeling is all you can discern

When will you learn?
When will you ever learn?
This feeling is all you can discern
The hurting always will return

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