

## 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

Return  
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