

# Scissor Sisters, Return To Oz

Once there was a man  
who had a little too much time on his hands  
he never stopped to think that he was getting older.  
When his night came to an end  
He tried to grasp for his last friend and pretend  
That he could wish himself health on a four-leaf clover

He said is this the return to Oz?  
The grass is dead, the gold is brown and the sky has claws  
There's a wind-up man walking round and round  
What once was Emerald City is now a crystal town

Its three o' clock in the morning  
You get a phone call from the queen with a hundred heads  
She says that they're all dead  
She tried the last one on  
It couldn't speak, fell off  
And now she just wanders the halls  
Thinking nothing, thinking nothing at all

She says is this the return to Oz?  
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The wheelies are cutting pavement  
and the Skeksis at the rave meant  
to hide deep inside  
their sunken faces  
and their wild, rolling eyes  
But their callous words reveal  
That they can no longer feel  
Love or sex appeal  
The patchwork girl has come to cinch the deal

To return to Oz we've fled the world  
With smiles and clenching jaws  
Please help me friend from coming down  
I've lost my place and now it can't be found  
Is this the return to Oz?  
The grass is dead, the gold is brown and the sky has claws  
There's a wind-up man walking round and round  
What once was Emerald City is now a crystal town