Siouxsie and The Banshees, Return

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 hell 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 so broken More than waves upon the golden sand Fly my love, on wings of mute confusion Oh, and 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 Return