

Finley Quaye **"Lovers Return"**

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And so you've come back to me
And say the old love's growing, yeah
You've tried through all these weary years
You've tried too vainly to forget

Oh, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart, you slighted then
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Come close and let me see your face
Your raven hair is tinged with snow
Oh, yes, it is the same dear face
I loved so many years ago

Oh, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart, you slighted then

Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Farewell, I think, I'll love yet
As friend to friend, God bless you, dear
And guide you through these weary years
To where the skies are always clears

Oh, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart, you slighted then
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Oh, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart, you slighted then
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth
Yours, my friend, in perfect truth

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