

Beth Orton "Sweetest Decline"

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She weaves secrets in her hair
The whispers are not hers to share
She's deep as a well
She's deep as a well

Another day wastes away
And my heart sinks with the sun
A new day's dawning
And a new day has not yet begun

So, anyway
There I was
Just sitting on your porch
Drinking in your sweetest decline
Your sweetest decline

What's the use in regrets
They're just thing we haven't done yet
What are regrets?
They're just lessons we haven't learned yet

Another day draws away
And my heart sinks with the sun
It's like catching snow on my tongue
It's like catching snow on my tongue

So, anyway
There I was
Just sitting on your porch
Drink in your sweetest decline
The sweetest decline

What are regrets?
What are regrets?
They're just lessons we haven't learned yet
It's like catching snow on your tongue
You can't pin this butterfly down
Can't pin this butterfly down

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