

Sweetest Decline

[Beth Orton](#)

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 things 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
Drinking 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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