Orange

Pascal Pinon

I had a lover
one that'd flown far and high overseas.
Too soon it was over-
it was bittersweet.
And he sent me a letter
and soon all my tears had been shed
He was done getting battered,
it's good it's goneIt said all done inside
his state of mind.
Because nothing ever stays
the same
So I had another,
whose letters were often too sweet
He's still in recovery
from my bitterness.
Now I'm sending letters
one too many months I was late
He's done getter better,
oh it's good it's goneI'd said all done inside
this state of mind,
where nothing ever stays
the same
Now I have a lover,
who lives close to me on the same sea
Sometimes it's bitter,
but most the time sweetWe've said all done inside
this state of mind
And hope that nothing stays the same

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