

# 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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