

Sweetest Decline (Sessions At West 54th Street)

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 the sweetest decline.
The sweetest decline.
Sober mind 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
Drink in the sweetest decline.
The sweetest decline.
Sober mind 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.

Songwriters

Orton, Beth Published by

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