

Withered on the Vine

Nick Lowe

I once had a true love
I thought it would last
How could I know
That it would go so fast
A love like a holiday
Tender and kind
And I let it whither on the vine

Where did it run to
Where did it go
How could I let it
Slip through my fingers so
For it was a real love
And rare and fine
And I let it whither on the vine

But the hardest pill
To swallow is still
Not the reason for your leaving
But the way I let it happen
Now I'm counting the cost
Of the loss of what was once mine
That I let whither on the vine

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That it would go so fast
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