

## 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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