

Last Day Of Our Love

The Bird and the Bee

On the first day
of our love
you brought me incense and a flower

on the first day
how could we know
that ours was a love that would not last

there is nothing left to do or say
we tried our very best
and as we clear away
all the scraps of our happiness
i feel an ache in my chest

take all my loves
my loves
take them unto thee

on the last day
of this romance
our flame will blush 'til it burns out

there is nothing left to build it up
the river has run dry
but as we clear away
all the scraps of our happiness
i have one more tear to cry

there is nothing left to do or say
we tried our very best
and as we clear away
all the scraps of our happiness
i feel an ache in my chest

there is nothing left to save our love
we cannot bring it back
and as we clear away
all the scraps of our happiness
it fades to black