Nectar

Tindersticks

My letters sit on your window-sill Yellowed by the sun Written that time our love was in its prime They just ran off my pen, my pen is broken now Couldn't eat a thing, couldn't sit next to you

For all this sorrow the joy brings It only shows me the truth, changing

So I fretted at you, to swallow the pill That's getting bitterer every day All that joy couldn't help the boys But we look so Just like burning up the crockery With your fire we melt our joy Pour in the sorrow this joy brings Took away the doubt from me, changing

My letters sit on your window-sill Yellowed by the sun Written that time our love was in its prime They just ran off my pen, I can't write them now I can't eat a thing, couldn't sit next to you

All this sorrow the joy brings It only shows me the truth Changing, I'm changing Changing, changing, changing