

Decline

The Tiger Lillies

Well, the tree it does wither
You're hands like peaches grow old
Your back bends like a willow
With nobody left now to hold

Your dreams, hopes, aspirations
Have all turned to dust
You've nobody left now to talk to
And you've no-one left now to trust

Should I mourn your decline

Should I be nice to you
Where do I draw the line
It is in to a home that awaits you
Should I mourn your final decline

No, I will drink to your decline
I will drink to your decline