

# The Tiger Lillies, Decline

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