

# Tindersticks, Nectar

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  
All this sorrow the joy brings  
It only shows me the truth  
Changing  
So I fretted at you, to swallow the pill  
[ ? ]  
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