

Chamomile

Royal Wood

In the haze of the morning
I was thinking of you
In lacks-a-daisy colors
The pastels took their cue from you

And when you'd hold me up in limelight
As airliners screeched by
It was the best times of my life
Sad to see them all die

You're a sucker
I've a sweet tooth
Finding candy in you
Leading to a belly ache
Rotten all the way through from you

And when I'd hold me up in lamplight
As ceiling fans go by
It was the best times of my life
Sad to see them all die

Come on now dark shades
Come on now blue
Raving in herds now
Coming in grooves

A tongue full of regards
Of best and of true
May the luck fall where you lye
In sapphire shoes
But I'll think on the lamplight
In reverence soon
Like honey in the Chamomile
I'll lick off that spoon
Yes I'll think on the lamplight
In reverence soon
Like honey in the Chamomile
I'll devour that spoon

La da