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If we were sitting on my carpet sharing chamomile
Keep a lot of little secrets that I can't reveal
Until we're high at 3 am just sharing chamomile

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I guess...

I've got a letters that I've written
A few of them I'm tempted to incinerate
They tend to pile up around my desk
At the frequency of sadness and dinner plates
It's easy to get lost inside of memories
It's harder to pretend that isn't bothersome
You told me 'bout your favorite kinds of flowers
So I went to the market and I got you some

(Maybe it'll all be okay)

I didn't even break down when I left my house
I didn't even get anxious when I went out
You know the words never sound quite right when they leave my mouth
But, darling, just finish your tea, and we'll go lay down
We can go lay down

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