

## chamomile

### Field Medic

Traded my creative whim  
For a level head and a phantom limb  
You know chamomile  
Is sweeter when the sky is blushing too

Tell me have you ever thought  
Of leavin' your boys behind?  
I've got no concept of a savior  
There's nothing I could do  
Nothin' I could do

There's somethin' strange inside me  
Diggin' holes with house keys  
I've grown vulgar, vacant, and angry  
So patient & passive  
I thought that would make me wise

'Cause in my mind  
I'm a ballerina  
Straight off of Degas brush  
And when I fall I  
Make a pretty pink mess

In my life, I'm just so angry  
'Bout all of everything I never got  
So when I fall I'm  
Just the ugliest

I'm just the ugliest  
I'm just the ugliest

There's something strange inside me  
Diggin' holes with house keys  
I've grown vulgar, vacant, and angry  
So patient and passive  
I thought that would make me wise

Make me wise  
Make me wise

Pale, but raging  
With darkness  
Like twilight