

## 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