

# Chamomile

**Slowly Slowly**

You had it coming  
Something for nothing  
Shaky hands cup the water and chamomile leaves  
You labeled the jars wrong  
Complacent songs, sour tongues sing along

Dust the skirting boards, sweep the vinyl floors  
Soak it up in a garden of chamomile my love  
You've been working at your smile  
It's cold and mild  
It ain't worthwhile

Struck by light, cold harsh and white  
Seen from space in a garden of chamomile flowers  
I'll slip through the hole in your chest  
Watch your steps  
Wasps in a nest

Shoulders chipping  
Call the cops in your head  
They can shakedown, scare the thoughts out again  
When your husband comes home, he will turn in your bed  
I heard the drawers on the floor  
And the downstairs door, we're done for

Rip the leaves off the trees  
Made to keep sounds in the homes full of holes  
See the pink smoke out chimneys from the gingerbread cities  
Where the invites fall flat  
Eyes glued to windows and ears stuck to speakers  
Just to stay intact  
Well bad luck for black cats

Static shocks on the locks  
I'll keep you captive in cups of hot chamomile my love  
Speak between sips, speak so soft  
Your love is lost  
But you're not