

# Camomile

Luka Bloom

Mars sits outside my window  
Flames dancing in my stove  
I hold on to the memory of you  
Camomile

The Plough is elegant above me  
The cup sits upon my stove  
I drink to the memory of you  
Camomile

Camomile in my bloodstream  
Camomile on my mind

The half moon is out of view  
My face reddens by the stove  
I remember warm kisses on her mouth  
Camomile

No clouds, the night sky is deepened blue  
Embers dying in my stove  
I imagine, I am sitting here with you  
Camomile

Camomile in my bloodstream  
Camomile on my mind

Camomile  
Camomile ...