

Luka Bloom "You"

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Simply living room scene
Photographs of you
The floor is a mess with my things
My jeans, my shoes

A voice called in the dead of the night
I heard it before, it never warns
We love to smell roses
There are no roses without thorns

And I have loved
And I do
Still I love ... you ... you

Outside autumn leaves
Lightly kiss the ground
What once was luscious green
Now is gorgeous brown

And I have loved
And I do
Still I love ... you ... you

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