

# Luka Bloom, You

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