

# Florence & The Machine, Jenny of Oldstones (Gr

High in the halls of the kings who are gone  
Jenny would dance with her ghosts  
The ones she had lost and the ones she had found  
And the ones who had loved her the most

The ones who'd been gone for so very long  
She couldn't remember their names  
They spun her around on the damp old stones  
Spun away all her sorrow and pain

And she never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave  
Never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave

They danced through the day  
And into the night through the snow that swept through the hall  
From winter to summer then winter again  
Til the walls did crumble and fall

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