

Florence & The Machine, King

We argue in the kitchen about whether to have children
About the world ending and the scale of my ambition
And how much is art really worth
The very thing you're best at
Is the thing that hurts the most

But you need your rotten heart
Your dazzling pain like diamond rings
You need to go to war to find material to sing
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

I need my golden crown of sorrow
My bloody sword to swing
My empty halls to echo with grand self-mythology
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

But a woman is a changeling
Always shifting shape
Just when you think you have it figured out
Something new begins to take
What strange claws are these
Scratching at my skin
I never knew my killer would be coming from within
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

I need my golden crown of sorrow
My bloody sword to swing
I need my empty halls to echo with grand self-mythology
Cos I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

And I was never as good
as I always thought I was
But I knew how to dress it up
I was never satisfied, it never let me go
Just dragged me by my hair
and back on with the show