

No Choir

Florence + the Machine

And it's hard to write about being happy
'Cause the older I get
I find that happiness is an extremely uneventful subject
And there will be no grand choirs to sing
No chorus could come in
About two people sitting doing nothing

But I must confess
I did it all for myself
I gathered you here to hide from some vast unnameable fear
But the loneliness never left me
I always took it with me
But I can put it down in the pleasure of your company

And there will be no grand choirs to sing
No chorus will come in
And no ballad will be written
It will be entirely forgotten

And if tomorrow it's all over
At least we had it for a moment
Oh, darling, things seem so unstable
But for a moment we were able to be still

And there will be no grand choirs to sing
No chorus will come in
No ballad will be written
This will be entirely forgotten