

South London Forever

Florence + the Machine

When I go home alone
I drive past the place where I was born
And the places that I used to drink
Young and drunk and stumbling in the street
Outside the Joiners Arms like foals unsteady on their feet
With the art students and the boys in bands
High on E and holding hands with someone that I just met

I thought "it doesn't get
Better than this
There can be nothing better than this
Better than this"
And we climbed onto the roof, the museum
And someone made love in the ground
And I'd forgotten my name
And the way back to my mother's house
With your black cool eyes and your bitten lips
The world is at your fingertips
It doesn't get better than this
What else could be better than this?

Oh, don't you know I have seen
I have seen the fields aflame
And everything I ever did
Was just another way to scream your name

Over and over and over and over again
Over and over and over and over again

And we're just children wanting children of our own
I wanted space to watch things grow
But did I dream too big?
Do I have to let it go?
What if one day there is no such thing as snow?
Oh God, what do I know?

And I don't know anything
Except that green is so green
And there's a special kind of sadness
That seems to come with spring

Oh, don't you know I have seen
I have seen the fields aflame
And everything I ever did
Was just another way to scream your name

Over and over and over and over again
Over and over and over and over again

Oh, don't you know that I have seen
I have seen the fields aflame
But everything I ever did
Was just another way to scream your name