

Daffodil

Florence + the Machine

I couldn't help it, yes, I let it get in
The helpless optimism of spring
Worn out and tired and my heart never tired
And the world bent double from weeping
And yet, the birds begin to sing
Ooh, ooh, oh

Daffodil
Daffodil

I'm not bad, I'm not good
I drank every scar that I could
Made myself mythical, tried to be real
Saw the future in the face of a

Daffodil
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You practice resurrection every night
Raising the dead under the moonlight
And in the gloaming, I start to cry
You're a perfect pearl hung in the sky

There is no bad, there is no good
I drank all the blood that I could
Made myself mythical, tried to be real
Saw the future in the face of a

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English sun, she has come
To kiss my face and tell me I'm that chosen one
A generation soaked in grief
We're drying out and hanging on by the skin of our teeth
I never thought it would get this far
This somewhat drunken joke
Sometimes I see so much beauty
I don't think that I can cope

There is no bad, there is no good
I drank every scar that I could
Made myself mythical, tried to be real
Saw the future in the face of a

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