

# 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  
Daffodil  
Daffodil  
Daffodil

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

Daffodil  
Daffodil  
Daffodil  
Daffodil

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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