

Haunted House

Florence + the Machine

My heart is like a haunted house
There's things in there that scratch about
They make their music in the night
And in the day they give me such a fright

My heart is like a haunted house
There's things in there that scream and shout
They make their music in the night
Wish I could find a way to let them out, oh

Do you remember winding your arm around my shoulder
As we wandered 'round the hill?
Now I'm in that fog forever
And full collaboration with the weather 'cause

I'm not free at all (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
I'm not free at...

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They make their music in the night
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