

Florence & The Machine, Jenny of Oldstones (Gr

High in the halls of the kings who are gone
Jenny would dance with her ghosts
The ones she had lost and the ones she had found
And the ones who had loved her the most

The ones who'd been gone for so very long
She couldn't remember their names
They spun her around on the damp old stones
Spun away all her sorrow and pain

And she never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave
Never wanted to leave, never wanted to leave

They danced through the day
And into the night through the snow that swept through the hall
From winter to summer then winter again
Til the walls did crumble and fall

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