

# Florence & The Machine, King

We argue in the kitchen about whether to have children  
About the world ending and the scale of my ambition  
And how much is art really worth  
The very thing you're best at  
Is the thing that hurts the most

But you need your rotten heart  
Your dazzling pain like diamond rings  
You need to go to war to find material to sing  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

I need my golden crown of sorrow  
My bloody sword to swing  
My empty halls to echo with grand self-mythology  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

But a woman is a changeling  
Always shifting shape  
Just when you think you have it figured out  
Something new begins to take  
What strange claws are these  
Scratching at my skin  
I never knew my killer would be coming from within  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

I need my golden crown of sorrow  
My bloody sword to swing  
I need my empty halls to echo with grand self-mythology  
Cos I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King  
I am no mother, I am no bride, I am King

And I was never as good  
as I always thought I was  
But I knew how to dress it up  
I was never satisfied, it never let me go  
Just dragged me by my hair  
and back on with the show