

What Kind of Man

Florence + The Machine

I was on a heavy tip
Try'na cross a canyon with a broken limb
You were on the other side, like always
Wondering what to do with life

I'd already had a sip
So I'd reasoned I was drunk enough to deal with it
You were on the other side, like always
You could never make you mine

And with one kiss
You inspired a fire of devotion that lasts for twenty years
What kind of man loves like this?

To let me dangle at a cruel angle
Oh, my feet don't touch the floor
Sometimes you're half in and then you're half out
But you never close the door

What kind of man loves like these?
What kind of man?
What kind of man loves like these?
What kind of man?

You're a holy fool, all coloured blue
Red feet upon the floor
You do such damage, how do you manage?
Trying to crawl in back for more

But I can't beat ya, cause I'm still with ya
"Oh mercy," I implore ("Oh mercy," I implore)
How do you do it? I think I'm through it
Then I'm back against the wall

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