

All This And Heaven Too

Florence + The Machine

And the heart is hard to translate
It has a language of it's own
It talks in tongues and quiet sighs
And prayers and proclamations in the grand days
Of great men and the smallest of gestures
In short shallow gasps

But with all my education
I can't seem to commend it
And the words are all escaping me
And coming back all damaged
And I would put them back in poetry
If I only knew how, I can't seem to understand it

And I would give all this and heaven too
I would give it all if only for a moment
That I could just understand
The meaning of the word you see
'Cause I've been scrawling it forever
But it never makes sense to me at all

And it talks to me in tiptoes
And sings to me inside
It cries out in the darkest night
And breaks in the morning light

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I can't seem to commend it
And the words are all escaping
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No, words are a language
It doesn't deserve such treatment
And all my stumbling phrases
Never amounted to anything worth this feeling
All this heaven never could describe
Such a feeling as I'm healing, words were never so useful
So I was screaming out a language
That I never knew existed before

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written by WELCH, FLORENCE LEONTINE MARY / SUMMERS, ISABELLA JANET FLORENTINA

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