

# My Boy Builds Coffins

## Florence + The Machine

My boy builds coffins with hammers and nails  
He doesn't build ships, he has no use for sails  
He doesn't make tables, dresses or chairs  
He can't carve a whistle cause he just doesn't care

My boy builds coffins for the rich and the poor  
Kings and queens them all knocked on his door  
Beggars and liars, gypsies and thieves  
They all come to impact he's so eager to please

My boy builds coffins he makes them all day  
But it's not just for work and it isn't for play  
He's made one for himself  
One for me too  
One of these days he'll make one for you

My boy builds coffins for better or worse  
Some say its a blessing, some say its a curse  
He fits them together in sunshine or rain  
Each one is unique, no two are the same

My boy builds coffins and I think it's a shame  
That when eachones been made, he can't see it again  
He crabs everyone with love and repair  
Then its thrown in the ground and it just doesn't fit

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Lyrics submitted by Amber.

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