

Florence and The Machine - South London Forever

Tom: G

When I go home alone

I drive past the place where I was born

And the places that I used to drink
Young and drunk and stumbling in the street

Outside the Joiners Arms like foals unsteady on their feet

With the art students and the boys in bands
High on E and holding hands with someone that I just met

I thought, "It doesn't get better than this
There can be nothing better than this, better than this."

And we climbed onto the roof, the museum

And someone made love in the ground
And I'd forgot my name

And the way back to my mother's house
With your black cool eyes and your bitten lips
The world is at your fingertips

It doesn't get better than this
What else could be better than this?

[Refrão]

Oh, don't you know? I have seen

I have seen the fields aflame
And everything I ever did

Was just another way to scream your name

Over and over and over and over again
Over and over and over and over again

And we're just children wanting children of our own

I wanted space to watch things grow
But did I dream too big? Do I have to let it go?

And what if one day there is no such thing as snow?
Oh God, what do I know?

And I don't know anything
Except that green is so green
And there's a special kind of sadness that seems to come with spring

[Refrão]

Oh, don't you know? I have seen

I have seen the fields aflame
And everything I ever did

Was just another way to scream your name

Over and over and over and over again
Over and over and over and over again

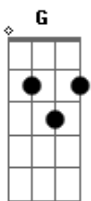
[Refrão]

Oh, don't you know that I have seen

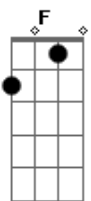
I have seen the fields aflame?
But everything I ever did

Was just another way to scream your name

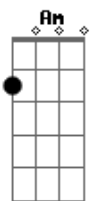
Acordes



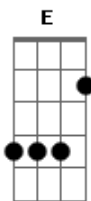
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