

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 command it,
And the words are all escaping,
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 morning light.

But with all my education,
I can't seem to command it,
And the words are all escaping,
And coming back all damaged,
And I would put them back in poetry,
If I only knew how,
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No words or 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 having,
Words were never so useful,

So I was screaming out a language
That I never knew existed before.