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, dressers 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 they've all knocked on his door Beggars and liars, gypsies and thieves They all come to him cause 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 for worse Some say it's a blessing, some say it's 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 each one's been made, he can't see it again He crafts every one with love and with care Then it's thrown in the ground and it just isn't fair

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