

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

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