

# No Choir

Florence + the Machine

And it's hard to write about being happy  
'Cause the older I get  
I find that happiness is an extremely uneventful subject  
And there will be no grand choirs to sing  
No chorus could come in  
About two people sitting doing nothing

But I must confess  
I did it all for myself  
I gathered you here to hide from some vast unnameable fear  
But the loneliness never left me  
I always took it with me  
But I can put it down in the pleasure of your company

And there will be no grand choirs to sing  
No chorus will come in  
And no ballad will be written  
It will be entirely forgotten

And if tomorrow it's all over  
At least we had it for a moment  
Oh, darling, things seem so unstable  
But for a moment we were able to be still

And there will be no grand choirs to sing  
No chorus will come in  
No ballad will be written  
This will be entirely forgotten