

# South London Forever

Florence + the Machine

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 forgotten 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?

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?  
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

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

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