

# What Kind of Man

Florence + the Machine

I was on a heavy tip  
Tryna cross a canyon with a broken limb  
You were on the other side  
Like always, wondering what to do with life  
I already had a sip  
So I'd reasoned I was drunk enough to deal with it  
You were on the other side  
Like always, you could never make your mind

And with one kiss  
You inspired a fire of devotion  
That lasted 20 years  
What kind of man loves like this

To let me dangle at a cruel angle  
Oh my feet don't touch the floor  
Sometimes you're half in and then you're half out  
But never close the door

What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man  
What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man

You're a holy fool all coloured blue  
Red feet upon the floor  
You do such damage, how do you manage?  
Tryna crawl in back for more

And with one kiss  
You inspired a fire of devotion  
That lasted 20 years  
What kind of man loves like this

What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man  
What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man

But I can't beat you  
Cause I'm still with you  
Oh mercy I implore  
How do you do it  
I think I'm through it  
Then I'm back against the wall

What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man  
What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man

What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man  
What kind of man loves like this  
What kind of man