

# Florence & The Machine, Choreomania

And I'm freaking out in the middle of the street  
With the complete conviction of someone who has never had anything actually really bad happen to  
But I am committed now to the feeling

I don't know how it started  
Don't know how to stop it  
Suddenly, I'm dancing  
To imaginary music

Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death  
Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death

And this is the end  
And I am thinking about her  
Driving around in the backseat of the car  
I'll be your demon daddy  
And do they speak to you?  
'Cause they speak to me too  
The pressure and the panic  
You push your body through

Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death  
Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death

You said that rock and roll is dead  
But is that just because it has not been resurrected in your image?  
Like Jesus came back  
But in a beautiful dress  
And all the angles were like, "Oh yes"  
"Oh, yes"

Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death  
(Something's coming, something's coming)  
Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death  
(Something's coming, something's coming)  
Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death  
(Something's coming, something's coming)  
Something's coming, so out of breath  
I just kept spinning and I danced myself to death  
(Something's coming, something's coming)