

Florence & The Machine, Haunted House

My heart is like a haunted house
There's things in there that scratch about
They make their music in the night
And in the day they give me such a fright

My heart is like a haunted house
there's things in there that scream and shout
They make their music in the night
wish I could find a way to let them out

do you remember winding your arm around my shoulder
as we wandered 'round the hill?
now I am in the fog forever
and full collaboration with the weather
cause

I am not free at all
I am not free at all
I am not free at all
I am not free at all
I am not free at all
I am not free at all
I am not free at all
I am not free at all

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