

Florence & The Machine, Morning Elvis

When they dressed me and they put me on a plane to Memphis
Well, I never got to see Elvis
I just sweated it out in a hotel room
But I think the king would've understood
Why I never made it to Graceland
Bathroom towels were cool against my head
I pressed my forehead to the floor and prayed for a trapdoor
I've been here many times before, but I've never made it to Graceland

And if I make it to the morning
I should've come with a warning
And if I make it to the stage, I'll show you what it means
To be sad

Well, pick me up in New Orleans pinned
In a bathroom stall
Pick me up above my body
Press my coles against the wall
I told the band to leave without me
I'll get the next flight
And I'll see you all with Elvis
If I don't survive the night

If I make it to the morning
I should've come with a warning
And if I make it to the stage, I'll show you what it means
To be sad

And if they ever tour, I swear I could
It's over boys, now this is it
But the call, it always comes
And it sounds like children
Begging to be born
But, oh, I guess I got my wish
Anything, anything, anything but this

If I make it to the morning
I should've come with a warning
But if I make it to the stage, I'll show you what it means
To be sad
Oh, you know I'm still afraid
I'm still crazy and I'm still scared
But if I make it to the stage, I'll show you what it means
To be spared
To be spared
To be spared
To be spared
To be spared