

# Florence & The Machine, Free

Sometimes I wonder if I should be medicated  
If I would feel better just lightly sedated  
The feeling comes so fast and I cannot control it  
I'm on fire, but I'm trying not to show it

As it picks me up, puts me down  
It picks me up, puts me down  
Picks me up, it puts me down  
A hundred times a day  
It picks me up, puts me down  
Chews me up, spits me out  
Picks me up, it puts me down

I'm always running from something  
I push it back, but it keeps on coming  
And being clever never got me very far  
Because it's all in my head  
"You're too sensitive," they said  
I said, "Okay, but let's discuss this at the hospital"

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Picks me up, puts me down  
Picks me up, it puts me down  
A hundred times a day  
Picks me up, puts me down  
Chews me up, spits me out  
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But I hear the music, I feel the beat  
And for a moment, when I'm dancing, I am free  
I hear the music, I feel the beat  
And for a moment, when I'm dancing  
I am free  
I am free

Is this how it is?  
Is this how it's always been?  
To exist in the face of suffering and death  
And somehow still keep singing?  
All like Christ up on a cross  
Who died for us, who died for what?  
Oh, don't you wanna call it off?  
But there is nothing else that I know how to do  
But to open up my arms and give it all to you

As I hear the music, I feel the beat  
And for a moment, when I'm dancing  
I am free  
I am free  
I am free  
I am free