

Florence & The Machine

"Donkey Kosh"

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Little donkey on my shoulder,
And a jackal on my back.
I carry these, my children,
Keep them safe from attack.
Donkey makes it hard to dance,
The jackal sings too loud.
The donkey cries when it's alone,
And the jackal is too proud.

Little donkey's getting restless, getting heavier as it
grows.
And the jackal is so spiteful, it's body ate my nose.

Oh, I'd have a lover, a husband and a child,
But the donkey is too jealous,
And the jackal is too proud.
You ask me why I keep them,
And why I love them so.
Why they get away with murder,
As they grow and grow and grow and grow.
I keep them 'cos I made them,
They come from within my heart.
With each mistake I make, create and tear apart.
And when it's time to feed them, before they go to bed,
I give them my confessions baked within their bread.

Little donkey's getting restless, getting heavier as it
grows.
And the jackal is so spiteful, it's body ate my nose

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