

Florence & The Machine

"Little Donkey"

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With a donkey on my shoulder
And a jackal on my back
I'll carry these, my children,
Keep them safe from attack

The donkey makes it hard to dance
And the jackal sings too loud

Little donkey's getting restless,
Getting heavier as it grows
And the jackal, spoiled and spiteful,
Keeps biting at my nose

I would have a lover
A husband and a child
But the donkey is too jealous
And the jackal is too wild
Oh, is too wild

You ask me why I keep them, oh
Why I love them so
Why they get away with murder as they grow and grow
and grow
You ask me why I keep them, oh, oh
Why I love them so
Why they get away with murder as they grow and grow

I keep them 'cause I made them
They come from in my heart
With each mistake I make, created and torn apart
And when it's time to feed them,
Before they go to bed,
I give them my confessions baked within their bread

And as they sleep,
Tucked up tight,
The donkey and the jackal, they snort and snuffle in
the night.
Woah

Little donkey's getting restless,

Getting heavier as it grows
And the jackal, spoiled and spiteful,
Keeps biting at my nose

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