

Florence And The Machine

"Tear Out My Tongue / Ye Olde Hope"

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Old hope, got stuck in your throat,
Wound it's way round your neck
And caused you to choke.
Old hope, made of rope,
That held you tight as the chair legs broke.

When they found you hanging in the wood,
You said at least now I don't have to kind nor good.
I'll be cruel and I'll be obscene,
Tear out my tongue,
'Cause I've been redeemed.

When they found you hanging in the wood,
You said at least now I don't have to be kind nor good.
I'll be cruel and I'll be obscene,
Tear out my tongue,
'Cause I've been redeemed.

Save my blushes for the grave,
No shy glance, no coy restraint,
And I won't hang my head,
And I won't repent,
Won't face the wall and count to ten

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...

Well they tore you down
And they tore out your tongue,
And they made you kneel
For all the things that you'd done.
But you wouldn't cry,
You wouldn't beg,
You just screamed
And tore out your teeth instead.

And when they found you hangin in the woods,
You said at least now I don't have to be kind nor good.
I'll be cruel and I'll be obscene
Tear out my tongue,
I've been redeemed.

