Florence + The Machine
"All this and heaven too"

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And the heart is hard to translate
It has a language of its own
It talks in tongues and quiet sighs,
And prayers and proclamations
In the grand days of great men and the smallest of
gestures
And short shallow gasps But with all my education I
can't seem to command it
And the words are all escaping, and coming back all
damaged
And I would put them back in poetry if I only knew how
I can't seem to understand it And I would give all this
and heaven too
I would give it all if only for a moment
That I could just understand the meaning of the word
you see
'Cause I've been scrawling it forever but it never makes
sense to me at all And it talks to me in tiptoes
And it sings to me inside
It cries out in the darkest night and breaks in the
morning light But with all my education I can't seem to
command it
And the words are all escaping, and coming back all
damaged
And I would put them back in poetry if I only knew how
I can't seem to understand it And I would give all this
and heaven too
I would give it all if only for a moment
That I could just understand the meaning of the word
you see
'Cause I've been scrawling it forever but it never makes
sense to me at all And I would give all this and heaven
too
I would give it all if only for a moment
That I could just understand the meaning of the word
you see
'Cause I've been scrawling it forever but it never makes
sense to me at all No, words are a language
It doesn't deserve such treatment
And all of my stumbling phrases never amounted to
anything worth this feeling All this heaven never could

describe such a feeling as I'm hearing Words were
never so useful
So I was screaming out a language that I never knew
existed before