

## Florence + The Machine

### "Donkey Kosh"

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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, the jackal sings  
too loud  
The donkey cries when it's alone, and the jackal is too  
proud

Little donkey is 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

It's too wild

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

I keep them cos I made them,  
They come from in my loins  
With each mistake I make  
Creative, 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

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

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