

Florence + The Machine

"Postcards from Italy"

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The times we had
 Oh when the wind would blow with rain and snow
 Were not all bad
 We put our feet just where they had, had to go
 Never to go

The shattered soul
 Following close but nearly twice as slow
 In my good times
 There were always golden rocks to throw
 At those who admit defeat too late
 Those were our times, those were our times

And I will love to see that day
 That day was mine
 When she will marry me outside by the willow trees
 And play the songs we made
 They made me so
 And I would love to see that day
 Her day was mine

Submitter's comments:Â

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