

Florence + the Machine - My Boy Builds Coffins

[Spicy Filters from BeWellPlayed.com](http://BeWellPlayed.com)

[Verse 1]

My boy builds coffins with hammers and nails
He doesn't build ships, he has no use for sails
He doesn't make tables, dressers or chairs
He can't carve a whistle because he just doesn't care

My boy builds coffins for the rich and the poor
Kings and queens, they've all knocked on his door
Beggars and liars, gypsies and thieves
They all come to him because he's so eager to please

[Chorus]

My boy builds coffins, he makes them all day
But it's not just for work and it isn't for play
He's made one for himself
One for me too
One of these days he'll make one for you
For you, for you, for you

[Verse 2]

My boy builds coffins for better or worse
Some say its a blessing, some say its a curse
He fits them together in sunshine or rain
Each one is unique, no two are the same

My boy builds coffins and I think it's a shame
That when each one's been made, he can't see it
again

He crafts everyone with love and with care
Then it's thrown in the ground, it just isn't fair

[Chorus]

My boy builds coffins, he makes them all day
But it's not just for work and it isn't for play
He's made one for himself
One for me too

And one of these days he'll make one for you
For you, for you, for you

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