TAKE ME TO CHURCH

© Andrew Hozier-Byrne ¹My lover's got humour ²She's the giggle at a funeral ³Knows everybody's disapproval ⁴I should've worshipped her sooner ⁵If the Heavens ever did speak ⁶She's the last true mouthpiece ⁷Every Sunday's getting more bleak ⁸A fresh poison each week ⁹We were born sick, you heard them say it ¹⁰My church offers no absolutes ¹¹She tells me worship in the bedroom ¹²The only heaven I'll be sent to ¹³Is when I'm alone with you

¹⁴I was born sick, but I love it
¹⁵Command me to be well
A-A-A-A-¹⁶men A-A-A-men
A-A-A-men A-A-A-men

[²⁰OO I'll worship dog-like to your lies
 I'll tell my sin(s) sharpen your knife
 Offer that Death Good God
 ²³I give you my life] x2

Soprano 1&2

²⁸If I'm a pagan of the good times
²⁹My... My lover's the sunlight
³⁰To... keep the Goddess on my side
³¹She ... demands a sacrifice
³² ... drain the whole SEA Get something shi-NY
³³Oo ... Something meaty for the main course
³⁴Oo... That's a fine looking high horse
³⁵Oo...What you got in the stable
³⁶We've a lot of starving faithful
³⁷That looks tas-TY That looks plenTY
³⁸mm This is hungry work

[³⁹OO I'll worship dog-like to your lies
 I'll tell my sin(s) sharpen your knife
 Offer that Death Good God
 ⁴²I give you my life] x2

Oo ... oo... Ah ... ahh ..a Oo ... oo... Ah ... ahh ..a Oo ... oo... Ah ... ahh ..a Oo ... oo... 54 A-men A-men A-men A-men A-men A-men OH A- 57 men A-A-A-men A-A-A-men A-A-A-men A-A- 61 men A-A-A-men A-A--men A-A--men...