

# Take me to church -af Hozier

## Vers 1

My lover's got humour  
She's the giggle at a funeral,  
Knows ev'rybody's disapproval  
I should have worshipped her sooner  
If the heavens ever did speak  
She's the last true mouthpiece  
Ev'ry Sunday's getting more bleak  
A fresh poi-son each week.  
We were born sick  
You heard them say it

My church offers no absolutes  
She tells me worship in the bedroom  
The only heaven I'll be sent to  
Is when I'm alone with you

I was born sick  
But I love it  
Command me to be well.

A (Æi)  
Amen  
Amen  
Amen

## Omkvæd (x2)

Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrines  
of your lies  
I tell you my sins so you can sharpen  
your knife.  
Offers me that deathless death and  
good god let me give you my life.

## Vers 2

If I'm a pagan of the good times  
My lovers the sunlight  
To keep the goodness on my side  
She demands a sacrifice  
To drain the whole sea get something  
shiny  
Something meaty for the main course  
That's a fine looking high horse what  
you got in the stable  
We've alot of starving faithfull  
That looks tasty  
That looks plenty  
This is hungry work

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(Hale)  
Good God let me give you my life.