

Ed Sheeran - Take Me To Church

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Tom: E
                                                               high horse
                                                                                       Am Em
                                                                What you got in the stable? We've a lot of starving faithful
   [Primeira Partel
                                                                That looks tasty, that looks plenty, this is hungry work
                 Am Em
My lover's got humor, she's the giggle at a funeral
                                                            Am [Refrão]
Knows everybody's disapproval, I should've worshipped her
                                                                              Fm
sooner
                                                                Take me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of
 If the Heavens ever did speak, she?s the last true mouthpiece
                                  Em
                                                                I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife
                         Am
 Every Sunday's getting more bleak, a fresh poison each week
 We were born sick, you heard them say it
                                                                Offer me that deathless death, good God, let me give you my
                                                                life
My church offers no absolutes, she tells me 'worship in the
                                                                Take me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of
bedroom
                          Am
                                Fm
                                                                vour lies
 The only heaven I'll be sent to is when I'm alone with you
                                                                 I'll tell you my sins so you can sharpen your knife
 I was born sick, but I love it, Command me to be well
                C G Cm G Cm G
                                                                Offer me that deathless death, good God, let me give you my
 Ay Ay Ay Ay Amen Amen Amen
                                                                life
[Refrão]
                                                                [Ponte]
 Take me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of
                                                                 No masters or kings when the ritual begins
                                                                 There is no sweeter innocence than our gentle sin
 I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife
                                                                                    G
                                                                                                 B7
                                                                 In the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene
                                                                                              B7
                                                                                G
                                                                                                        Em D C
 Offer me that deathless death, good God, let me give you my
                                                                 Only then I am human, only then I am clean
life
                                                                [Refrão]
 Take me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of
                                                                Take me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of
vour lies
 I'll tell you my sins so you can sharpen your knife
                                                                I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife
Offer me that deathless death, good God, let me give you my
                                                                Offer me that deathless death, good God, let me give you my
life
                                                                life
[Segunda Parte]
 If I'm a pagan of the good times, my lover's the sunlight
                                                                Take me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of
                                                                your lies
                         \mathsf{Am}
 To keep the Goddess on my side she demands a sacrifice
                                                                I'll tell you my sins so you can sharpen your knife
Drain the whole sea, get something shiny
                                                                   Fm
                                                                Offer me that deathless death, good God, let me give you my
 Something meaty for the main course, that's a fine looking
Acordes
     Ε
                                                                                                    В7
                   En
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