

Take Me To Church - Hozier

Tom: C

My lover's got humour
 She's the giggle at a funeral
 Knows everybody's disapproval
 I should've worshipped her sooner

If the heavens ever did speak
 She is the last true mouthpiece
 Every sunday's getting more bleak
 A fresh poison 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|men, a-men, a-men

Take me to church

I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies
 I'll tell you my sins
 So you can sharpen your knife
 Offer me that deathless death
 Good God, let me give you my life

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No masters or kings when the ritual begins
 There is no sweeter innocence
 Than our gentle sin
 In the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene
 Only then I am human, only then I am clean

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(G Gb E)

Acordes

