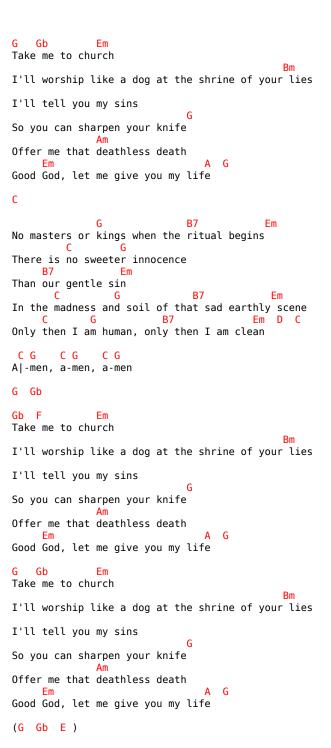
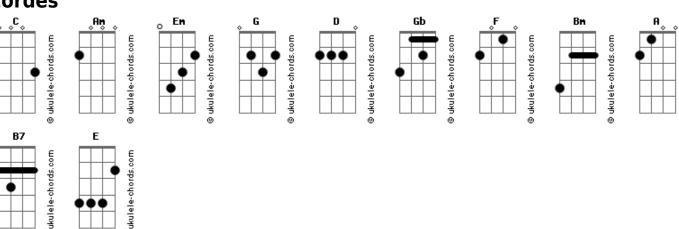


Take Me To Church - Hozier

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Tom: C
My lover's got humour
                      Am
She's the giggle at a funeral
Knows everybody's disapproval
I should've worshipped her sooner
If the heavens ever did speak
                    \mathsf{Am}
She is the last true mouthpiece
                     Am
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
                 Am
Is when I'm alone with you
I was born sick, but I love it
Command me to be well
C G C G
              C G
A|-men, a-men, a-men
Gb F
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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Acordes



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