TAKE ME TO CHURCH

Words and Music by ANDREW HOZIER-BYRNE

Slowly $\begin{array}{c} \frac{1}{4} \\ \frac{1}{4} \\ \frac{1}{4} \\ \frac{1}{4} \end{array}$

Em Am Em Am

My lover's got humour, She's the giggle at a fun'ral,

G Am Em Am

Knows ev'rybody's dis-approval, I should've worshipped her sooner.

Em Am Em Am

If the heav-ens ever did speak, She's the last true mouth-piece.

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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.
at the shrine of your lies.

I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife.

Offer me that death-less death, and, good God,
let me give you my life.

Take me to church. I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies.

I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife. Offer me that deathless death, and, good God,

let me give you my life.

If I'm a pagan of the good times,

my lover's the sunlight. To keep the goddess on my side,
To drain the whole sea, get something shiny.

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 a lot of starving faithful.

That looks tasty; that looks plenty. This is hungry work. Take me to church.
I am human; of that earthly scene, on ly

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, on ly

Then I am human; on ly then I am clean.
Take me to church.

Oh, men.

Amen.

men, amen.

N.C.

D.S. al Coda II

Take me to church.

let me give you my life.