

# 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

