

# Take Me To Church

Allison Russell

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's the last true mouthpiece  
Every Sunday's gettin' 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, amen  
Amen, amen

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  
Oh, good God, let me give you my life  
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If I'm a pagan of the good times  
My lover's the sunlight  
To keep the goddess on my side  
She demands a sacrifice  
Drain the whole sea, get somethin' shiny  
Somethin' meaty for the main course  
That's a fine lookin' high horse  
What you got in the stable?  
We've a lot of starvin' faithful  
That looks tasty, that looks plenty  
This is hungry work

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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

Oh, oh, amen  
Amen, amen

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