

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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