

Love, is it too late to let you in?
Trade all your love for sin
I'm ready to repent
Take, if all requests are genuine
Take me back and hand me wings
Just like a cherubim

And as you push me away
Forget how I used to pray

Love, we're far from Eden
But I like it, truth be told
Babe, I'm such a heathen
In just the right way
There's room to grow

Love, is it too late for us to mend?
I treated sermons like a prank
Guess I could stay for a drink?
Oooh I take another pill
Cause I love the way it feels
But there ain't nothing like the real thing

And as you push me away
Forget how I used to say

Love, we're far from Eden
But I like it, truth be told
Babe, I'm such a heathen
In just the right way
There's room to grow

No, it's not enough [x8]