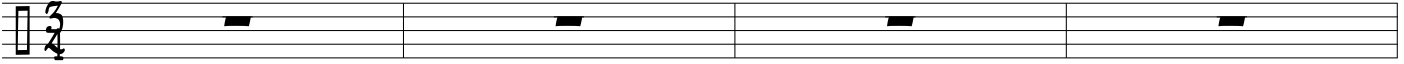


LEAD SHEET

TAKE ME TO CHURCH

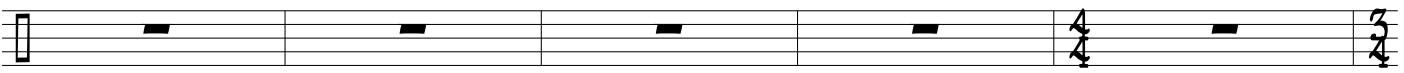
ANDREW HOZIER-BYRNE

EM AM EM AM G AM EM AM

COUplet 

My lover's got humor She's the giggle at a funeral Knows everybody's disapproval I should've worshipped her sooner

EM AM EM AM G AM EM AM D C



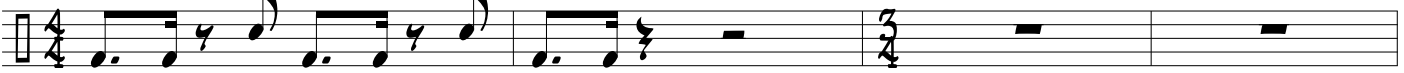
If the Heavens ever did speak Every Sunday's getting more bleak "We were born sick",
She is the last true mouthpiece A fresh poison each week you heard them say it

DRUM IN EM AM EM AM G AM EM AM



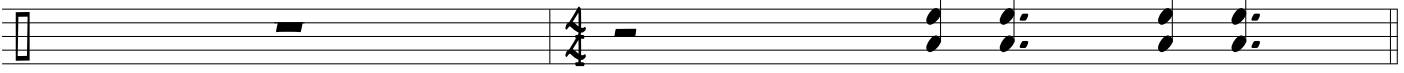
My church offers no absolutes She tells me, "Worship in the bedroom" The only Heaven I'll be sent to Is when I'm alone with you

D C C G C G Cm



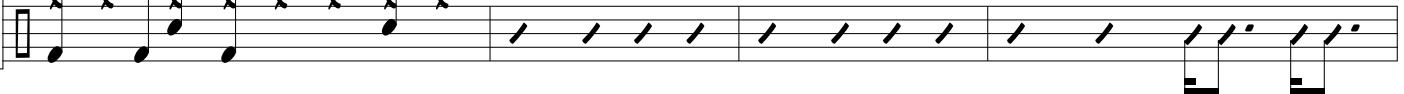
I was born sick, but I love it Command me to be well A men A men

G Cm G



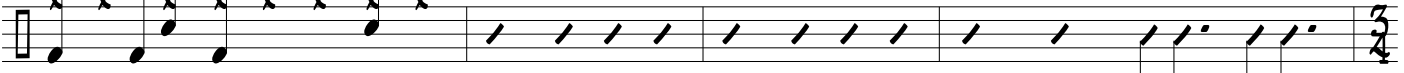
A men Amen Take me to church

EM B7 G AM EM

REFRAIN 

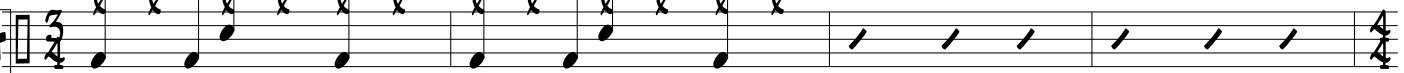
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife
Offer me that deathless death Good God, let me give you my life

EM B7 G AM EM



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 Good God, let me give you my life

EM AM EM AM G AM EM AM

COUplet 

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

TAKE ME TO CHURCH

D C EM AM EM AM G AM EM AM

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

D C

That looks tasty That looks plenty This is hungry work Take me to church

REFRAIN

EM B7 G AM EM

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

EM B7 G AM EM

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

PONT

C G B7/F EM C G B7/F EM

No masters or kings when the ritual begins There is no sweeter innocence than our gentle sin

C G B7/F EM C G B7/F EM

In the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene Only then I am human Only then I am clean

G/D C C G C G CM G CM G

REFRAIN

EM B7 G AM EM

oh oh a men a men a men take me to church

EM B7 G AM EM EM