

# Hallelujah

## Prefab Sprout

Hallelujah There are all kinds of things, I could ask you if I chose  
But I don't, do I dear, good intentions don't survive here  
No, instead my requests tend to be dumb as hell  
Move in close, closer still, I hear the songs of Georgie Gershwin  
I swear at you 'cause I believe that sweet talk like candy rots teeth, so No Hallelujahs, no Hallelujahs or gifted  
voices  
To sing your praises I'd be walking on wheels  
No whoops or war crys, no whoops or war crys or caramias  
All translations will read, 'Marry me now' Well, I sing to express my belief that sweet talk like candy rots teeth,  
so  
With his hand on his heart, it's a posing place  
While draining the mystery from your face  
He admits all he's chasing is the chase  
But you won't let him run You make him suffer for all he's gone done  
He'll still be hurting when the kingdom comes Move in close till you see, he only wants what he can't have  
So when he gets it he's as good as bad  
Move in close, closer still, I hear the songs of Georgie Gershwin  
Oh, Hallelujah, how I'm walking on wheels

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>