Hallelujah

Prefab Sprout

HallelujahThere 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, soNo 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 runYou make him suffer for all he's gone done
He'll still be hurting when the kingdom comesMove 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

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