

# Take Me To Church (The Voice Performance)

[Matt McAndrew](#)

My lover's got humor  
She's the giggle at a funeral  
Knows everybody's disapproval  
I should've worshiped 'er sooner  
If the heavens ever did speak  
She is the last true mouthpiece  
Every Sunday's getting more bleak  
The fresh poison each week  
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  
So you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
For good God, let me give you my life  
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For good God, let me give you my life  
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  
To 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?  
Got a lot of starving faithful  
That looks tasty  
That looks plenty  
This is hungry work  
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For good God, let me give you my life  
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  
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At the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins  
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For good God, let me give you my life  
Take me to church

Songwriters

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