

Florence & The Machine, Bedroom Hymns

This is as good a place to fall as any
We'll build our alter here
Make me your Maria
I'm already on my knees
You had Jesus on your breath
And I caught him in mine
Sweating our confessions
The undone and the divine
This is his body
This is his blood

Such selfish prayers
And I can't get enough
Oh, whoa, whoa, yeah

Spilled milk tears,
I did this for you
Spilling over the idol

The black and the blue

The sweetest submission
Drinking it in
The wine, the women, the bedroom hymns
'Cause this is his body
This is his love
Such selfish prayers and I can't get enough

Whoa, whoa, yeah
I can't get enough

I'm not here looking for absolution
Because I found myself an old solution
I'm not here looking for absolution
Because I found myself an old solution

This is his body
This is his love
Such selfish prayers, I can't get enough

This is his body
This is his love
Such selfish prayers, I can't get enough
Whoa, whoa, yeah
I can't get enough
Whoa, whoa, yeah
I can't get enough
Whoa, whoa, yeah