

# 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