

Sambora Richie, Church Of Desire (Sambora)

Woke up in a cold sweat
In the middle of the night
Seems like a lifetime
When you're wondering who's wrong or right
One confession would resurrect the truth
Revenge or forgiveness for sins between me and you
Now we dance with the devil down lonely
street, lonely street
Looking for a window in the house of tears
Living in hell, I pray the rain disappears
I'm headed for a breakdown
And the fever runs higher
As I kneel at the altar I can feel your fire
In the church of desire
Church of desire
You never find a reason why love falls from grace
Some kind of voodoo, like a spirit you can't embrace
There's a voice in the mirror, and a ghost in my heart
That relives the passion before we were torn apart
Now we dance with the devil down lonely
street, lonely street
Looking for a window in the house of tears
Living in hell, I pray the rain disappears
I'm headed for a breakdown
And the fever runs higher
As I kneel at the altar I can feel your fire
In the church of desire
Church of desire
Now we dance with the devil down lonely
street, lonely street
Looking for a window in the house of tears
Living in hell, I pray the rain disappears
I'm headed for a breakdown
And the fever runs higher
As I kneel at the altar I can feel your fire
In the church of desire
Church of desire