

# Therapy?, Church Of Noise

She goes places I won't go  
She knows things that I don't know

Welcome to the church of noise  
Welcome to the church of noise

(It takes more than intellect to be a musician)  
(Put your soul into it)  
(OK?)

This goes way beyond beliefs  
Take this far away from me

Welcome to the church of noise  
Welcome to the church of noise

Empire's singing on the back door step  
Showband's dying on my radio set  
Every light shines out on a sunday  
Heaven sent with guilt and regret  
I am lost in your acetylene light, so bad  
One more trip, one more trip to my head  
To my head now

Red skies, summer marches on  
We should go away together, mongrels in a mess forever

Welcome to the church of noise (welcome, welcome)  
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