## 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
Whoa, whoa, yeah