

Congregation

Foo Fighters

Well, I met the seventh son
He came for everyone
The day he heard the lighting in the field
I heard him clear his throat
A fork within the road
That night the Tallahatchie took the wheel

I've been throwing knives
To see just where they land
Now my world is in your hands

Send in the congregation
Open your eyes, step in the light
A jukebox generation
Just as you were

The voice upon the stage
Is the heart inside a cage
And they're singing like a bluebird in the round
There's mystery in this wood
And ghosts within these roots
That are tangled deep beneath this southern ground

I've been going through life
Making foolish plans
Now my world is in your hands

Send in the congregation
Open your eyes, step in the light
A jukebox generation
Just as you were

And you need blind faith
No false hope
No false hope
Do you have blind faith?
No false hope
No false hope
Where is your blind faith?
No false hope
No false hope
Open your eyes, open your eyes
Step into the light
Open your eyes, step into the light
The sound becomes

Congregation
A congregation
A congregation, yeah
And they're singing like a bluebird in the round