

Midnight. Hallelujah.

Jonatha Brooke

I go to church on Sunday, - incense in full bloom
I'm losing all of my conviction in that suffocating room
There, the stained glass windows, pouring down the day

I'm dreaming of your body as I'm kneeling down to pray

Praying that you stay, - be my midnight Hallelujah
Stay, be my 2 am amen
Stay, be my sweet, sweet revelation
Maybe in the morning we can makes amends
We can make amends, we can make amends

So many rules, no reason, and where the hell is Grace?
I'm tired of hypocrisy, nothing makes sense to me
So I go to church on Sunday, - trying for restraint
But I'm a tongue-
tied black belt sinner and I'm running with the saints

Praying that you stay, - be my midnight Hallelujah
Stay, be my 2 am amen
Stay, be my sweet, sweet revelation
Maybe in the morning we can makes amends

So you lay your hands upon me
My whole world begins
If love is our religion, could it be a sin?

Stay, - be my midnight Hallelujah
Stay, be my 2 am amen
Stay, be my sweet, sweet revelation
Maybe in the morning we can makes amends.
Midnight. Hallelujah.