

## Take Off Your Shoes

Sinéad O'connor

I bleed the blood of Jesus over you  
I bleed the blood of Jesus over you  
And over every fucking thing you do  
Seven times I bleed the blood of Jesus over you  
Take off your shoes--you're on hallowed ground  
Take off your shoes--you're on hallowed ground  
Even you can't lie when I'm around  
Take off your shoes--you're on hallowed ground  
Behold, at the last lamplight  
At the very end of your street  
I'm whispering something  
"Come closer to me, come closer to me."  
I say you're running out of battery  
You're running out of battery  
And I don't see no bunny  
Around here  
If you believed at all in your breviary  
If you believed even in just the ghost of me  
You wouldn't now be so surprised to see me  
In vanity you took the name of me

You brought me into infamy  
And now you're so surprised to see me  
And now you're so surprised to see me  
Behold, at the last lamplight  
At the very end of your street  
I'm whispering something  
"Come closer to me, come closer to me."  
I say you're running out of battery  
You're running out of battery  
And I don't see no bunny  
Around here  
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